

# ·Ex Libris Duquesne University:











7378.05 1946 V.12.

7319

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1905.

No. 1.

### Clytie.

Away, 'way down in the deep, deep sea
Where the starfish have their homes,
Where goldfish dart o'er the shingly strand
And the pearly nautilus roams,
Where shells upon shells lie glistening
With varied, sparkling sheen,
Was a tiny cave in the side of a rock
All draped with seaweed green.

There Clytic abode, a water nymph,
Endowed with gifts most rare,
The favorite sprite of the lesser gods
That held dominion there.
Like shy forget-me-nots were her eyes,
As soft as silk was her hair,
And the sunny smile on her sweet face showed
That life had never a care.

But, alas, one day, past Clytie's cave,
With graceful stroke and strong,
A mermaid, swimming, with siren voice
Lured Clytie with her song.
She sang of a wonderful golden light
High over all human abode,
'Midst which, in a chariot gleaming bright,
The life-giving sun-king rode.

Then over the nympth came a strong desire
This glorious king to see—
In vain she'd tried to paint to herself
What this wonderful light might be.
But the way was long to the top of the sea,
And the path was dangerous, too—
There hungry sharks with gaping jaws
Sought their prey in the waters blue.



She feared to make the trip alone
In her carriage frail and small;
The ocean fairies she dared not ask,
And the gods were beyond her call.
At last one day came the chance desired;
All fresh from their night's repose
Her finny steeds to her car she yoked
And up toward the surface rose.

The water was warm, and the car went slow
As it wended its way from the deep,
And the song of the mermaid, sweet and low,
Lulled Clytie to peaceful sleep.
Now slowly along through the watery waste
To the top of the ocean wide
Did the sleeping nymph all unaware
In her dainty chariot glide.

'Twas early morn; the sky in the east
Was tinted with colors rare;
The song of the birds and the scent of flowers
Fresh-blown and fair filled the air.
At last in the east rose a golden ball
All streaked with purple and red,
And, oh, delight! in the midst sat the king—
'Twas just as the mermaid said.

Next day her swiftest fish she took
And hastened back to the land;
With longing eyes and throbbing heart
She took her seat on the strand.
She cherished a hope that in time might she
Resemble the king above,
The while on her beauteous countenance glowed
An expression of tenderest love.

'Twas dusk when Clytie, with dreamy eyes,
Awoke from her reverie sweet;
The darkness she noticed with frightened start,
And fain would spring to her feet.
In vain she struggled to leave the spot
And speed through the waters blue,
For now, as she gazed o'er the moon-lit sea,
Her wish she found had come true.

Bright golden petals her hair had replaced,
Her feet were roots in the ground,
Her dress was leaves, her face had changed
To a lovely sunflower round.
And ever since then through the livelong day
From dawn to eve she turns
To the glorious king for whom in her heart
Love's steady flame still burns.

### Pius VII. and Napoleon I.

Whatever may be our private opinions or prejudices regarding Napoleon, we never hesitate to admit that he was one of the greatest of the world's few really great men. His final failure at Waterloo, after the long and bitter struggle of "all Europe against one man," detracts but little from the glory of the young Corsican general, before whom all the crowned heads of Europe bowed or were broken.

American views of him, formed as they generally are, from ardent and patriotic French works or from those which have the French for their basis, are nearly always disposed to regard him rather in a favorable light, than otherwise. The mighty tempest of the Hundred Days, and the downfall of the Empire, built on the ruins of the Revolution; the years of confinement of the great uncrowned, who had ruled the world, on the little island of St. Helena; and, more than all, our natural antipathy to the nation which was then our common enemy, England, render all the more intense this feeling of pleasure for his triumphs and sympathy for his downfall.

In perusing the pages of history we see more and more clearly the truth of the saying that "the greatest men make the greatest mistakes," and it was never more true than with him. How great soever our admiration for him may be, we must admit in him glaring faults and final failure due to mistakes at critical times. His proud, imperious nature brooked no opposition, his indomitable will knew not how to bend, and he could not bear the thought of recognizing any power superior to his own. His diplomatic powers were as shrewd and far-seeing, as his military genius was mighty and effective, and these two faculties made him invincible in war and a marvel in government. So long as he confined his policy of usurpation to earthly potentates, all went well; but when, even in the midst of his greatest glory, after the treaty of

Tilsit, that had finally broken Austria's power, he began imperiously to encroach upon the power which is not of earth, we begin to trace the course of illusion, madness and destruction.

Then, when all the princes of continental Europe had either fled or bowed in submission, when even England, herself, was forced to pause from sheer exhaustion—then in the heart of Italy, in a ruler, of small temporal authority, did Napoleon find a man, old and infirm in health, gentle and benign in disposition, yet indomitable, calm and firm, who, even when despoiled of every possession, stricken with poverty, and imprisoned, still resisted the demigod's power, in all that concerned the welfare of the souls of his spiritual children.

Barbara Chiaramonti succeeded to the chair of Peter, as Pius VII., after the death of his illustrious predecessor, Pius VI., at Valencia, whither he had been transported and imprisoned by the Directory. The new pontiff was already more than sixty years of age. He was venerable in appearance, his hair was silvery white, and, although he survived for a long reign, his health was never good. He was bishop of Imola when he first met Napoleon, who was at that time, as a general under the Directory, bringing the transalpine states into subordination to the republic. From best authorities it seems that at the first meeting of these two men who were afterwards to have so much and such great concern with eace other, the one as supreme ruler of the spiritual, the other as the mighty despot of temporal power, a feeling of admiration, almost of affection, sprang up which was never entirely obliterated, during all the years of strife that followed, and which excited a great influence over both.

The state of the Church in France when Napoleon was made first consul was truly deplorable. The feelings of the tenants, a poverty stricken class, and especially of the poorer classes in Paris, caused them to drive out all their priests, as well as the nobles. Then as there were none to administer the rites of religion, matters went from

bad to worse. There were no marriages outside the civil code, and these could hardly be dignified with the name, the dying could not receive the consolations of religion, and the worship of the goddess of nature, with its vicious tendencies, and moral degradation was fostered to the highest degree. The greater part of the immense property of the Church was sold, and the buildings themselves were burned or devoted to profane uses.

Still, at heart the people of France and especially those outside Paris, which was then, as it has always been, the center of all disturbances, were Catholic, and, after the first bloodthirsty fury had died out, and Robespierre and his comrades had suffered the death they had meted out to so many, the Directory wished to bring back many of the priests; but they insisted on administering an oath which no priest could conscientiously take, and which Rome emphatically interdicted, and consequently the state of affairs was very little improved. The majority of the clergy and all but three bishops rejected the oath: those who accepted it were deposed. Tallyrand ordained priests and consecrated bishops among such as he could find willing to support the oath, thus forming a civil clergy in opposition to a religious clergy under legitimate ecclesiastical authority.

This division of the clergy into orthodox and unorthodox was the cause of great scandal and trouble. The faithful for the most part after they had recovered from the shock of the Revolution, and in the natural revulsion of feeling which set in, supported those who had not taken the oath, as being still in union with the See of Rome, but the State persecuted them relentlessly, and only recognized what they called the constitutional clergy.

This was the condition in which Nopoleon tound France when he became dictator. He saw that it could not continue—that some uniform religion was necessary. He consulted all his advisors and fellow-votaries on the best plan to persue. It was suggested that he found

a new religion, with himself at the head, or that he set the example, and urge the country to follow into Protestantism, as Henry VIII., of England, had done. The absurdity and practical impossibility of either plan in France was too evident to his genius to cause a second thought. Finally, influenced by his knowledge of the character and tendencies of the French, and by his acquaintance with several religious works, especially those of Bossuet, he concluded that the only way of saving religion and even France, was to renew the true religion of the French people. Moreover, from the tenacity with which the faithful adhered to the orthodox clergy, he saw that his subjects still held a warm place in their hearts for the religion of their fathers; around which were centered the bright and happy recollections of their childhood—all enhanced by comparison with the bloody revolutionary period. He felt that in his power, he was, then, popular and loved, and that the people were for the most part grateful to him for removing from their shoulders the burden of the reaction. Now, however, if he should attempt to set up a new religion, he would change this feeling of loyal devotion into stubborn opposition; and as to forcing the nation into Protestantism that was even less to be thought of. For the Catholics and Protestants would tear each other to pieces, and ruin France, which he wished to make mistress of the world: These were the motives which influenced him in his subsequent proceedings.

He decided to ask Pope Pius to send a legate to treat on the restoration, and draw up an agreement. Circumstances favored him; for at that very time, just after the victory of Marengo, which had made Napoleon master of Italy, the pope was anxiously seeking for some way to renew peace with his French children. The general sent the bishop of Vercelli as an embassador to the pope. He proclaimed that peace existed; that the Holy See should be established and recognized by France as of old; that the Neopolitans should evacuate the Roman States;

and, as a voucher, he sent Murat, the French commander and afterwards one of the most famous of the marshals, into the south of Italy to kneel in allegiance at the papal throne.

At this time Cardinal Consalvi became papal Secretary of State, which position he held during nearly the entire reign of Pius; and Monsignor Spina was appointed minister to France. These two men, especially the former, were afterwards closely connected with the dealings of the consul and the pope. Spina went to Paris to complete negotiations regarding the restoration of religion, and Bonaparte appointed the Abbè Bernier, who had become famous as the instrument who quelled the civil war of La Vendee, to confer with him. men immediately began the Concordat, that has since become so famous. Two questions, however, were very stubborn obstacles to its completion. They regarded the sale of church property and the reorganization of dioceses, but all was finally arranged. It was agreed that, since the church property had been sold, it would be unjust to take it from those who had lawfully acquired it from the previous governments, but the First Counsel promised to restore the property still in the hands of the government, and to pay a certain pension, as a renumeration, to ecclesiastics who had been despoiled during the Revolution. Then, as to the reconstruction of Sees, the pope was to ask the resignation of all the bishops in France, to the number of one hundred and fifty-eight. dioceses were reorganized and laid out in sixty new ones, and Napoleon was to designate those of the old bishops he wished to be elected, these nominations being subject to the confirmation of the Holy See. This right of nomination was to cease if a Protestant consul should ever be elected. A few of the other chief articles might be mentioned. The Catholic religion, was the religion of the French people. The oath of office was to be the one formerly used by the kings of France. Seminaries for

ecclesiastical students were to be established and supported.

All was finally arranged, but as Spina did not feel that he had the power to accept this concordat, and being slightly dubious over several articles, it was sent to Rome for the pope's consideration. He called all the cardinals then in the city into consultation. During their deliberations, Napoleon with his usual impatience, and invited by the enemies of the Church, became suspicious, and sent an imperious message to hasten the proceedings, saying that he wished to have the matter concluded, in order that he might celebrate his grand peace with Europe and with the Church on the same day.

Cardinal Consalvi was sent to Paris with tull power, and after insisting upon several changes much to the anger of the consul, the articles were admitted. Had Napoleon concluded the matter thus, we could have nothing but praise for him, but, at this juncture, he attempted one of his greatest acts of duplicity.

On July 13, 1801, when Consalvi was about to sign the document, he took it up to read it, and, to his intense surprise and consternation, found it to be an altogether different paper, containing many scandulous articles and much that would be detrimental to the Church. He absolutely refused to sign it. Joseph Bonaparte threatened and stormed, but for nineteen hours the courageous cardinal firmly held his position, until the true concordat was produced. When Napoleon heard that the ruse had been unsuccessful, he was furious and tore the papers to pieces, but, on reflexion, he consented to the genuine one, as it was all he could procure, and he had another shrewd and deceitful trick in reserve. He appointed Joseph, Cretet, and Bermer, as his plenipotentiaries, and the document was signed on July 15, Consalvi, Spina and Father Casselli affixing their signatures in behalf of the Church. And thus was given to France, the famous concordat, probably the

greatest treaty ever made between the Church and a state.

So far, Napoleon's dealings, although marred by difficulties, were productive of great benefit to both parties. The Church was restored in all its strength to France, schism was blotted out, and the people, with very few exceptions, were nearly mad with joy. it said, that never since then, not even during the pope's captivity, has there even been a schism in France, a division of the clergy, or two classes of the faithful. And Napoleon had completed this work in spite of the opposition of the powerful factions, for during the sessions of the Tribunate, the legislative body, and the Senate, scandalous remarks were made against the concordat, and Napoleon himself was made the subject of much heated debate and censure. However, all objections came to naught, and all dissenters were effectually silenced by his imperious will.

The joy of the Church over the happy framing of the concordat was of short duration; for, by a cunning interpretation of the very first clause, which permitted civil authorities to interfere in church affairs, when it was necesssary to maintain order within the state, Napoleon added his famous "Organic Articles," and made them appear as corollaries to that document by skillful misrepresentations. These in a great measure destroyed all the labors of Cardinal Consalvi and nearly rendered the concordat void by the number of its restrictions. Cardinal de Bonald, late archbishop of Lyons, said of them; "The 'Organic Articles' are nothing else than an abridgment of the civil constitution of the clergy, with all its schismatical errors." They consisted of seventy-seven articles which contained restrictions of every part of the concordat which had been disputed. Thiers with his usual partiality says, that, since the articles were purely domestic, they did not need to be submitted to Rome. But he disregards the fact that they infringe on the most sacred rights of the Church.

The pope, in a consistory, immediately declared the articles null and void, as they had been published without his sanction, and he demanded their abrogation. But Napoleon had obtained what he wanted and had not the slightest intention of undoing any part of what he had done; and he took good care to strengthen his position by every means in his power. He would, by no means, listen to the pope's remonstrances, although, when he saw that it was to his interest, he pretended to do so.

The great majority of the bishops resigned at the pope's request, and all with one, or possibly two exceptions, accepted their deposition in good faith. Only one bishop, Mgr. de Themiens, resisted and joined the "Little Church," but he was soon afterwards reconciled and admitted back into the true fold. Besides this, many of the "Organic Articles" fell into disuse, and Napoleon found himself constrained to annul some of them, so that on the whole their effect was not nearly se bad as had been expected.

The next matter in which Napoleon had important dealings with Rome was the coronation. He was to become emperor and with that profound self-pride which characterized all his actions, he wished the ceremony to be performed with the greatest pomp and solemnity. Here we see his overbearing self-sufficiency, which is less detestable on account of the greatness of the man, clearly He sent Cardinal Fesch humbly to petition manifested. the pope to come to Paris to crown him. The pope who in spite of the First-consul's double-dealing had not lost all affection for him, and expecting great concessions and the righting of past wrongs in return, consulted his cardinals and, after considerable debate, it was decided by a vote of fifteen against five that he should go. Before he left, he signed a conditional resignation in favor of Consalvi, to take effect in case he should be detained in Paris. The "Organic Articles" formed the chief obstacle, as they seemed to favor heresy openly, but Fesch represented them as being only a bare permission of it, and a

promise of not persecuting its followers. This explanation was demanded publicly and was publicly granted. All was now decided upon and on November 2, 1804, the Holy Father set out from Rome.

France received him on her knees, and his kind old heart was gladdened to see the faith that still remained in the land, which had so recently been the Church's greatest persecutor. His meeting with Napoleon, however, was anything but what it should have been, or what he expected. That haughty man considered himself too great to humble himself before any human being, even the representative of the Almighty, and, by a skilfully arranged plan, he met the pope while riding in a forest, in the outskirts of Paris. They entered the same carriage and were driven into the city on November 28.

The venerable pontiff was given time to recover from his fatigue before the ceremony. Once in the city, Napoleon gave him a most filial welcome and dissipated all the fears which still gnawed in his breast. He promised the annullment of the Articles, and held out hopes of restoring the legations he had wrested from papal authority.

The day before the coronation was to take place, Paris learned from Josephine, that the tie which bound her to Bonaparte was a purely civil one, and he insisted on a real marriage. Napoleon hesitated between his love for that much wronged woman and his desire to perpetuate his crown, and would have deferred, but the pope was firm and he was forced to submit. The marriage took place on the evening of December 31. Napoleon hoped to incur the impediment of clandestinity by having a secret marriage, and by not having the parish priest perform the ceremony. But the pope granted dispensations to both pleas, and thus he was unsuccessful.

The ceremony of the next day was marred by the world-famous act of self-coronation. The splendor of his greatness and the glare of his glory were too much for one man, and his will revolted at the idea that he should

humble himself to be crowned by any less person than the mighty Napoleon Bonaparte. As the pope held the crown ever his head, about to perform the act which would have made him the real successor to Charlamagne, and while he was still pronouncing the words: aeternum, Augustus," the First-consul, Eirst-consul no more, seized it with a firm hand and placed it on his own head, and then himself crowned Josephine. audacity of the proceeding shocked the Christian world. But. Napoleon, was supreme, he wore the crown, as Emperor of France, and the rulers of Europe were forced to bow before this "novus homo," and to give their daughters in marriage to his brothers, who were placed on many thrones. Thus the plebeian family of the Bonapartes became allied with the most exclusive rovalty.

The pope remained in Paris until the end of the Winter of 1805, hoping that Napoleon would keep his promises, but all to no purpose, and when it was freely hinted that he was to be detained, he remarked that they would find that they had only a poor old monk on their hands and returned to Rome.

Napoleon's duplicity had caused Pius VII. to lose much of his respect for that powerful monarch, and it showed him that the emperor was making the interests of the Church an instrument, to attain power and glory for himself. Soon other matters brought this feeling out into open war, and Napoleon was to feel the firm opposition of the oldest empire in the world, and it was bitter gall to his imperious majesty to be thwarted in his pet schemes by the conscientious scruples of a prince with such small temporal domains, though of such mighty spiritual power. However, we must admit that he issued many decrees favorable to the Church, and yet, perhaps, we cannot say that he was led to it by other motives than his own advantage.

Shortly after reaching Rome, the pope sent a letter to Bonaparte, enumerating the losses of the Holy See

during the Revolution, and calling upon him to imitate the example of his illustrious, so-called, predecessor, Charlamagne, and restore to him his rightful possessions. Napoleon returned a skilfull answer, avowing his intense interest in the spiritual welfare of the Papacy and the Church, and quite eluding the matter of temporal rights, by hinting that he could not at present destroy the harmony of Italy, as it was then divided, but, if an occasion should offer itself, he would do his utmost. This showed the pope even more clearly that he was only making the Church subservient to his plans, and he began to see that his almost unparalleled benignity and condescension were without result; yet he still retained his intense love for his French children.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### A Plea for the Classics.

When mothers and fathers have watched over their children for ten or twelve years, and have seen them finish their elementary education, the question arises, for what department of life are our little ones to be fitted; to what educational institution shall we entrust the forming of their minds, and what shall they study there? Shall their education be more along commercial than classical lines, or shall we give them the benefit of the highest training? In considering this question, it is well to look to the true purpose of education, and to see to what end all training given in schools should aim, and what benefits are to be expected from the school.

In this age of money-getting and commercial stir, too often do people look to the school for the developement, not of the pupil, but only of those powers which tend to make him practical and sharp-witted. This tendency has, of course, its causes, which may be found perhaps in the primal instinct of our perverted natures or in the desire of protection against those ills which we, easily frightened, imagine are looming large in the future. But, whatever the cause of this self-seeking, this blind self-love, we must know that it is not dignified in man and that it militates against the means of reaching his eternal reward.

To carry on the grand work of his salvation, man must be constantly improving himself. To improve his character, will, and heart, he must learn to separate himself from all selfish desires. He must learn to think, learn to be patient, loving, and brave. To learn to think, we need exercise of the mental faculties; to be patient, we must learn that the grand things of man were made, and the magnificant works of God have reached their perfection slowly through years and ages.

The true end of education being to cultivate in man a love for what is beautiful, high, and virtuous, and by these means to raise his soul to God, it is necessary, to accomplish this that grand and beautiful thoughts be his companions; that they be the substance of his mind and living, vibrant dwellers in his very heart. To obtain thoughts dignified enough and worthy to be thus converted into our very selves, where should we go? Assuredly, to the best sources the world affords. And what sources have greater value than those commended by every age for twenty-five centuries since their own? What higher commendation can we ask than that of the greatest minds in all times?

The Greeks, universally, learned to sing the songs of Homer, so great was their admiration of them. Demosthenes taught lessons that shook the very foundations of Greece. Cicero, whose compositions to this day remain unexcelled, ruled Rome, with the identical works he has left us. Virgil's unfinished "Aeneid" ranks above anything else in his own time and has never been rivalled since. Shall we not go to the

highest font of thought, to these creators, whose works vibrate with a sublimity not altogether human? As if in harmony with their grace of thought, their compositions have assumed a model form, so much so, that to this day, they are copied as examples of perfect verbal weaving.

Greek is a language whose life is coeval with the formation of tongues: its life arises from the days when all things were new upon the earth, and beautiful: it had its birth when memories of creation lingered in men's minds; and man himself was strong and brave, and bold in his thoughts and speech. These creations of the masters are gleanings from verdant minds bent more to dwell on things that are than those that will be. Trained in the school of hard fare; seeing war after war sweep wildly over beautiful lands, cities rise to beauty only to be swept away; dwelling in the midst of forests changed to magnificent cities; living beneath the stars and the clouds and the sky: were they not indeed fitted to hand down to future generations the spirit of primeval nature and thoughts that roll like heavenly thunder in the human breast?

Greece instructed the sons of Rome in thought and literary composition. To Athens went the youth of the City of the Caesars to be taught by Greek philosophers and in the schools for which that wondrous city of Greece was famous. These nations, Greece and Rome, brought the virtues Aristotle taught to a great height of perfection True, their morals were never Christian morals; but a God had never come to earth to teach them. Composition came, under the care of the Greeks and Romans, to an unwonted height of perfection. Some of Cicero's orations are pronounced perfect examples of composition.

These languages themselves, though not perfect, are for perspicuity of expression and adaptation to grandeur of sentiment the best yet invented. And then, master minds dealing in these unparalleled languages could not but produce the best compositions of all literature. In

the original alone are we able to appreciate them. It is impossible to obtain a real idea of the clearness, the force and the beauty of these tongues in translations, though some have tried to copy the style of the original as well as the thought. The genius, as it is called, of the language is wanting in these copies in other tongues.

In learning Latin and Greek, we acquire a means of comparison for our own speech. An excellent way to study English is to study Latin and Greek. For English has been influenced by Latin for fifteen centuries, and by Greek for five. These have given the English its real elegance of expression and perspicuity. When studying these languages, unconciously one is influenced, and his thoughts become more developed and well defined; and the longer he studies, the more ways he has at hand, the better are understood all modes of expression,

The great literary lights of our own language have, almost all, been students of both Greek and Latin. Cardinal Newman, as almost every person knows, was a great admirer of Greek and, needless to say, a perfect Latin scholar. Byron was well read in Greek and Latin, Milton, Goldsmith and Campbell, a host of others, were students of Latin and Greek. These are the men who stand pre-eminent in our language for literary activity and perfection. What better models of composition could they have had than those of Cicero, Demosthenes and Horace; or to what better source could they have gone for inspiration than to those ancient tongues, which contain the gold of ages.

In the early ages of Christianity, the Monks taught Latin, and when the Greeks were scattered by the Mohammetans throughout Europe, the Hellenic language was introduced into the schools and universities. From the time of the Roman Empire even to the present day, these languages have been taught in schools, colleges, and universities. Now, when we remember that educational institutions are presided over by the most learned and self-sacrificing men of their times, who determine the

curriculum of studies to be pursued under their administration, does it not seem convincing proof of the virtue of the classics as means to the development of mental and moral perfection? Nor is the reason so far to be sought. Not only does the benefit lie, as before mentioned, in obtaining literary skill, but, as mental and logical training, even as character training, nothing excels the study of the classics. The student learns when reading the virtue of patience. He learns to observe closely each small feature and to make a close examination of every word and sentence; for in translating the beginner must watch closely the relation of each word to the other. He must be able to detect the smallest difference in form and meaning. He must carry, sometime, long sentences in his memory. To be able to catch the meaning of the words at the opening of a sentence: he must read until he arrives at the end, sometimes carrying half a page in his memory. To learn one of these languages well, requires years of patient labor. Nothing good can be obtained without great labor.

Did we but learn by studying the classics that, as Vergil says, "Labor omnia Vincit," we would be well recompensed for the time we might give to these studies; yet this is not the case. When we know that we are studying the greatest masters of the greatest languages of all times; when we remember that we are following the course that led our own master—writers to literary fame; when we think that we are following the course com mended by the highest authorities in our own and distant times; we are forced to concede that this is a means of reaching that beauty of thought and expression which Poe calls, "Echoes of the supernal beauty for which man weeps in petulant sorrow, because he cannot wholly now and forever grasp them." Are we not overwhelmed with convincing proof that the classics should be read, studied, loved, and lived with? Then, add to these, that their study is a moral agent, that they contain the germ of thoughts dating from the creation of

man; and you have no proofs of sufficient gravity to outweigh these.

Oh! would that these geniuses were hearkened to by all the people of the earth! May there come that happy day when all men will take delight in what is beautiful, good and noble! May men, seeing in the works of other men to what a degree of excellence others of their kind have risen, may they be willing through trial, labor, and pain, to strive to learn and appreciate the beauties which surround us, tracing all things to the Maker of all things, to their great Creator in Heaven, the Master of all that is beautiful and good!

H. J. LAWLER.



## Is Immigration a Menace to This Country?

Looking over the figures of our annual immigration list, we can not help being filled with apprehension at the rapid increase of the foreign element in this country. Doubtless, too, this is the uppermost thought in our statesmen's minds. For, besides being a national question, it is moreover, one which, according to some, may develop as a menace to America.

Much has been said on the subject of late, both by men having the country's welfare at heart, as well as by those animated by superficial patriotism; and it is to be feard that in most cases the latter element exceeded its bounds and thus prejudice crept in. But laying aside all natural sympathies, let us approach the subject in a manner worthy of every fair-minded American.

The question in its very offset will seem less alarming, if we bear in mind the attitude of the foreign countries toward emigration to America. It is a known fact to those having been born under the European sky, that the greatest efforts are put forth by the authorities to prevent such emigration. The Press, too, is used as an

effective means, by depicting the fate of those who have ventured upon the enterprise in most dark and gloomy colors. Much ingenuity, even at present, is used to frighten the peasants by telling them that a trip to America is a modern way of committing suicide. A few years ago, a general crusade was made in all the countries in which the Slovanic race is prevalent, to keep the would-be emigrant at home by force.

It thus becomes a manifest and valuable fact that the systematic opposition to emigration on the part of the European countries arises from the fact that generally speaking every emigrant arriving here is a loss to them and a gain for us.

The respective countries which lose the citizens who come here, are well aware that the emigrants to America, rank among the best citizens of their nation. To us who are so accustomed to the contrary opinion concerning these invaders, and are in the habit of calling them the scum of their tribe, this statement may seem extravagant if not paradoxical. But the man who in spite of all threats and discouragements is ready to tear up his home, however humble it may be, and leave his native land for a far distant and unknown country, is a man America needs. In such a man there is enough of enterprise, character, and strong determination, to make him a worthy citizen of the entire world. Such men as these made America what it is, and they are welcome to our shores at any time. It was the character of such immigrants that fashioned the national character of the American people.

If we now are a prosperous nation, a nation of nervous activity and universal influence, be it remembered that the old countries have sent us these qualities through their emigrants, giving us the best of their citizens. I say best citizens, because these men have learned by experience what it is to live in a land where men are not free, where despotism holds extravagant power over life and death. They have well learned the

value and sacredness of the ballot; and in a country where freedom of thought and action is becoming a matter of course, and the ballot more or less a farce, a mere question of partisanship or financial advantage, their influence can not be over-estimated.

True it is that we must keep out professional criminals, diseased classes and idiots, for then indeed we would receive the scum of foreign nations, but otherwise, we should consider ourselves lucky in having the enterprise, courage and manhood of the Old World to draw upon.

Lastly, it is amusing oftentimes to read eloquent articles or listen to solemn talks on immigration, by men who either themselves or their fathers were immigrants. They are like the man whom Brutus describes in Julius Ceasar, \*\* \*\* \* "But when he once attains the upmost round, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend."

But putting aside all questions of emolument, what right has the United States to act contrary to long pursued policy and very constitutional principles, by presuming to reserve this great section of the earth's surface for a small population, less than one-tenth of the number it can comfortably support? The productivity of our soil in a single state of the West, is great enough to supply all the people of the United States with food, had we but enough of men to cultivate it properly. It is justly said, that the United States needs a thousand millions of inhabitants, for it has untold millions of acres of land uncultivated. Viewing the question in this light, we see that immigrants add to the wealth of this country, to the common good; in short we are the gainers.

Secondly, the immigrants rank among the best of our workers, distinguishing themselves in the field of thought and action. They have fashioned our national character, and are best fitted to live in a free country, knowing full well the value of such a privilege.

Lastly, we see how absurd and unfounded is the opinion that an increase of population in this country will be a menace to its safety or prosperity.

J. L. JAWORSKI, '06.



### A Scene Along the St. Clair River.

No traveler who has ever enjoyed the manifold pleasures incidental to a trip through the Great Lakes has failed to be impressed by the beauty and grandeur displayed by nature along the route. Probably nowhere along the several hundred miles of water through which the palatial steamers and heavily-laden freighters have to plow is there a more interesting sight to be witnessed than that presented on the shores of the St. Clair River. The American shore, not the Canadian, holds attention.

From the Government Canal, which is the entrance to the river, as far as Grande Pointe, is found what is widely known as the St. Clair Flats. This is the ideal summer resort of Michigan, which, however, is largely frequented by people from all parts of the Union. This resort, moreover, is not a rendezvous for the millionaires; it seems to have been set aside by Providence as a retreat from the sultry weather of large cities for the middle class.

At nearly regular intervals, spacious hotels and clubhouses aid nature to display her beauty with better effect. Between these commodious buildings are found the private cottages of the people, many of these partaking of architectural beauty; all appear to be comfortable. Not a few of these dwellings are entirely surrounded by water, being firmly built on piles driven into the bed of the river. Their only access is by means of some sort of boat, be it a launch, sail or row-boat. Every

resident has one of these, the richer class often possessing all three.

Since no land, or at most but a small plot, surrounds the cottages, many have styled the Flats, the "Venice of America." To the appropriateness of this title, those who have had the pleasure of beholding this string of homes, can testify.

This condition is especially prevalent at the lower end. The farther one advances up the river the more he sees that the houses are all situated on land, even though it be cut by many canals. Still further on, rows of cottages are seen, many adorned with artistically arraigned flower-beds; finally one beholds miles of land, studded with dwellings. As a sort of climax to all this, Tashmoo Park is presented for appreciation.

Tashmoo Park is situated about midway between Detrioit and Port Huron. It is the possession of the White Star Line Steamship Co., of Detroit, who have made of it a park fully appropriate for a day's pleasant outing. It is a three hours' trip from Detroit, which can be enjoyed by taking passage on the White Star Line steamers "Tashmoo," "City of Toledo" and "Owana," the first leaving in the morning, the others in the afternoon. They make trips daily.

Among the many club-houses and hotels mentioned above is one known as Muer's Landing. It is the ninth hotel going north and is nicely situated, having all facilities for a pleasant vacation.

It was at one of the cottages near this hotel that I spent a part of this year's vacation. Among the beautiful sights and scenes here witnessed, I consider the following the most charming and memorable because it includes that portion of the river on the surface of which I whiled away many hours, either rowing or fishing.

Opposite the cottage are the club-houses of the Canadian Old Club. The buildings are of the finest, and have all modern conveniences. A swamp, which owing to the density of its marsh-weeds and shrubbery appears

as solid land, abounds in wild ducks, affording the club—members ample opportunity for a day's choice hunting in season. Americans are forbidden by law to fish or hunt on that side of the river unless they be members of the Club, who pay a license for the privilege of hunting and fishing.

This was the background of the scene, behind which the sun was sinking into the beautiful Lake St. Clair. The magnificent steamer "North West" was just passing the cottage as the milkman was making his afternoon call. This man is a half-bred Indian, and like his race knows the secrets of navigating the waters of America. He is never observed seated in his boat, except when being towed up the river.

Delivering his dairy produce, he hastened to leave the dock before the huge swells of the passing steamer should beach him. Still standing in his boat, he rides these immense waves with amazing coolness. He alone who has ridden these swells knows the courage and daring required to perform this feat.

The picture is now completed. In the background stand the club-house and swamp of the Canadians, with the setting sun in the distance, sinking, as it were, into the lake; and spreading to all appearance a sheet of gold over the placid surface of the glittering waters. In the foreground is the magnificent, white steamer, plowing its way majestically through the water, and the milkman erect in his boat, with paddle in hand, riding the huge swells, which break far over the banks of the beautiful St. Clair River. Truly a scene worthy of photographers and artist!

FRANK X. ROEHRIG, '07.



### Cards of Sympathy.

State Additional against

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Clare B. McDermott, be it

RESOLVED, That, in further and stronger token of the sentiment of condolence expressed in the floral wreath which it was our sad privilege to place beside the bier, we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

GEORGE V. BIRMINGHAM, MICHAEL C. DONOVAN, THOMAS B. HERRON, JOHN L. McCARTHY.

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Joseph J. Gannon, be it

RESOLVED, That, in further and stronger token of the sentiment of condolence expressed in the floral wreath which it was our sad privilege to place beside the bier, we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

A CONTRACT

John V. O'Connor, Dennis A. Nicholas, Charles V. McCaig, John F. Corcoran.

### Obituary.

RAYMOND MABOLD, one of our alumni who had already attained the full bloom of manhood, departed this life at the close of August. His demise was the gentle termination of a lingering illness, inducing a complication of malady. He was buried from Sacred Heart Church, September 2. Rev. M. McGarey of St. Aloysius,' Wilmerding, his former class-mate, assisted at the services as deacon. Rev. Albert B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., represented the Faculty at the obsequies. All extend deepest sympathy to his bereaved parents and brother. R. I. P.

JERE LANAHAN, well-known alumnus and a general favorite with hosts of friends for his gentle and generous nature, departed this life after a brief illness just before the opening of our College term. Heartfelt condolence is herewith tendered his esteemed mother, and sisters, and brother. The young man was interred from St. Peter and Paul's, Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., representing the Faculty at the funeral obsequies. Rev. F. A. Maloney, alumnus and relative of the deceased, also attended. R. I. P.

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07. J. L. McGovern, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 1.

### EDITORIAL.

### 1905-'06.

The new collegiate year has brought an influx of students greater than ever: 360 are already on the roster. For several years the increase has been steady, and last year induced a tone of optimism, which was considered well-nigh the limit, yet this time we can confidently say "ditto!" We found explanations in the general prosperity and culture of the people of Greater Pittsburgh, as well as in her growth of population, and in that competition which demands ability and offers it due recognition. A new cut of the campus and buildings ornaments our catalogue. Athletic prowess has already scalped the beautiful lawn which adorned the campus at the close of

vacation. We hope some generous gentleman of means will find in his heart and purse the wherewith to erect the projected gymnasium. Millions are periodically poured into the coffers of non-Catholic universities, whereas it is indisputable that our Faculty is no less self-sacrificing than any, and the professions in this vicinity, as various walks of commercial life, occupy a fair proportion of our alumni. We lost Father John J. Schroeffel this year, but the Faculty is becoming more numerous lately than it formerly was. Fathers Descours and Allheilig, and Professors Barrett, Schartung and McClernan are added strength. To descend from intellectual to material lights, it may be opportune to remark here that the College merits congratulation on the installation of a neat and elaborate system of electric light. The power engine in the basement is a splendid piece of machinery—a nice study for the class of Physics. The College is an object of interest to visitors from the basement to the top floor, where 120 students are zealously appropriating the principles of commercial practice under a staff of most devoted professors.

### Inter-collegiate Socialism.

A committee, composed apparently from the names of all Englishmen, is trying to establish what they term "Inter-collegiate Socialism," evidently attempting to engage educated youth in socialistic propaganda. Socialism is of many varieties, but the dominant kind all over Europe is infidel. The Socialist leader of France, Jaurez, and of Germany, Bebel, are avowed infidels and openly oppose Christianity and the very ideas of God and Providence in Parliament. Belgium, Italy, Austria are obliged to defeat infidel socialism. Mark Hanna said the next great struggle in this nation would be against socialism, and he evidently did not refer to the milder species. Let our collegemen choose nobly, truthfully, and determinedly between God and Mammon!

### The Knights of Columbus and Federation.

"At the National Convention of the "Knights of Columbus," recently held in Los Angeles, a resolution to join the Catholic Federation movement was defeated. "So far"—comments the Catholic Columbian (XXX., 23), which has always been very friendly to the "Knights,"—"So far the Knights have done little for the general Catholic cause, except to endow a chair in the Catholic University. Their usefulness will not be promoted by abstention from co-operation with other Catholic Associations for the common welfare."

Certainly not; on the contrary, by their refusal to join the Federation, the "Knights of Columbus" have clearly shown that they place the glory of their order above the common welfare. The Columbian pretends to believe that the Los Angeles decision by a "chance majority of delegates not elected on this issue," does "not represent the sentiments of any but a small minority of the Knights." If this were the case, we should no doubt have heard some protests from the majority against such egregious misrepresentation. Our opinion is that the Los Angeles decision was representative and that it has hurt the K. of C. very much with all enlightened and loyal Catholics, who believe that the Federation is our supreme and perhaps our only hope for the future."—The Catholic Fortnightly Review, October 1, 1905.

In reference to the above, it should be remarked that the decision of the K. of C. may be only temporary, as it is only negative; furthermore, that it was based upon the supposition that Federation might destroy the identity of K. of C., while the Constitutions of Federation interfere with no society's autonomy; and still further, that no society, when aware of facts in the case, will officially, unanimously and finally repudiate the heart's desire of Leo XIII. and Pius X. to see all our societies federate, each at the same time retaining its individual organization and purposes.

### Catholic Federation.

Joseph Aloysius Weber, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Federation of Catholic Societies of Pennsylvania, spent several days as guest of the College at the opening of this month; and, with F. W. Immekus, President of the Allegheny County Catholic Federation, dined one evening with the Faculty. Mr. Weber has just concluded a tour of the penal institutions of the State, as member of the American Society for Visiting Prisoners, in whose proper treatment especially from a religious stand-point, the Federation is taking so much interest. The formation of a local branch from members of the Federation and in affiliation with the Pennsylvania Society is in contemplation. Mr. Weber visited the local officers and promoters of the Federation: he also paid a visit to our Rt. Rev. Bishop, inviting him to the next Annual Convention of the Organization. All bishops are cordially welcome, but Bishop Canevin is especially invited as National President of the C. T. A. U., which held such a splendid Convention, lately, at Wilkes-Barre.



### The Annual Retreat.

A short Retreat each year, during which the regular pursuits of life are relinquished and attention is given to spiritual benefits exclusively, is a boom to anyone, but especially to youth.

The collegians have an Annual Retreat. This time it occurred in the first week of October, lasting three days. It daily began with assistance at the Holy Sacrifice, followed by the various devotions common to the faithful, spiritual reading and instruction predominating. The exercises were under the direction of Rev. Edward P. Griffin, of St. Mary's, Mt. Washington. His discourses were much admired and full of practical eloquence. All the Faculty assisted at the opening and closing of Retreat.

### Alumni Notes.

The following of last year's graduates have gone to St. Vincent's Seminary:—A. B. Bejenkowski, C. F. Gwyer, C. M. Keane, J. M. Kilgallon, T. F. O'Shea and W. F. Merz.

The following of the same class have gone to the Novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Cornwells, a suburb of Philadelphia:—T. A. Schwab, S. J. Kolipinski, J. A. Pobleschek, J. C. Simon and F. S. Szumierski.

Francis J. Neilan, of the same class also, is now a member of the Faculty, teaching in the Commercial Department, Third Academic and Grammar class.

John F. Malloy, '04, is also teaching at the College, during a suspension of his Ecclesiastical studies.

Dr. Robert J. Lawlor, M. A., of Cleveland, one of our graduates of '91, was added to our visitors' register on October 2.

Rev. John Kelly, C. S. Sp., '99, has just spent a few days at the College.

Rev. Jos. Halaburda, '99, has been changed from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to New Cumberland, West Virginia, in the diocese of Wheeling.

Ralph Leo Hayes, one of our last year's graduates, has just gone to pursue his studies in Rome.

James H. Ryan, of Indianapolis, a former student, has also just departed for the Eternal City.

Three of our past students entered the sacred ministry during vacation:—Rev. Francis Maloney, at St. Colman's, Turtle Creek; Rev. Gustave Schoppel, at St. Joseph's, Allegheny, and Rev. J. William Ryan, at St. Joseph's, Sharpesburg.

Edward Kempf, than whom no alumnus is more assiduous in his visits to his *Alma Mater*, and whose sister, Amanda, became Mrs. Phelan, by a solemn nuptial cere-

mony during vacation, is now added to the list of young men, alumni of the College, who carry on business for Mr. Hermez, City Councillor.

Englebert Einloth, '90, tobacconist, drew the lucky number in the raffle of an automobile for the benefit of St. Benedict's Church.



# Y. M. I.

The Y. M. I. have composed and adopted a new Ritual. Its fourth exemplification took place lately in Pittsburg, when forty-two young men were initiated, before a large membership and with copious eloquence. The Ritual is impressive and instructive.



## ATHLETICS.

Amongst the students interest in athletics has by no means diminished, if anything, it has been intensified this year. Most of the members of last year's athletic committee have returned to school, and have been chosen again to represent the students and look after the honors of the Red and Blue on the gridiron and the diamond. They are the following:—J. Keating, '07; E. Stack, '07; S. Carraher, '08; C. Duffy, '09; V. Vieslet, E. Schney, S. Laux, and R. Dowling.

The Sophomores are out again, and intend to equal their splendid record of last Fall.

At a meeting held in the early part of September, F. Neilan was elected Manager and C. A. Duffy, Captain. The team is made up as follows:—R. E., Misklow and Spengler; R. T., Laux; R. G., Noonan; C., Vieslet; L. G., Quinn and McGrath; L. T., Schney; L. E., Ward and Ryan; Q., R. Dowling; R. H., Duffy; L. H., E. Dowling; F. B., Neilan.

Mr. Neilan has prepared an interesting schedule, including Beaver H. S., McDonald H. S., Sayer's College, Washington H. S., and East Liberty Academy; and dealings are on with several other teams in the Sophomores' class. The season opened auspiciously on September 28, with a neat victory over Beaver High School by the score of 16 to 5. The day was warm and foggy and the players were quickly fatigued, otherwise the score would have been a larger one. Duffy, Dowling and Neilan gave some daring exhibitions of line hurdling and end running. E. Dowling called forth the cheers of the 350 students by overtaking the speedy right half-back of Beaver, after the latter had gotten a handicap of ten yards and more. Schney repeatedly broke through the line and tackled an opponent for a loss. Quinn, Laux and McGrath held the line like veterans. Vieslet, who is a new man at center, surprised his friends by his accurate passing and fierce tackling. Ward, Ryan and Misklow showed considerable speed at end, and got down on the punts with good speed. McNerney, Captain of the Pittsburg Lyceum, is coaching our boys and predicts a winning team.

The College Juniors have a squad of twenty-five Rugbyites in the field, and will be heard from.

The College Minims made an excellent record on the gridiron last year, and are there again. Father Sonnefeld has been chosen Manager, and John Gillespie has been elected Captain. The team is made up of plucky lads, and they hope not only to break all former records, but to defeat all teams in their class.

The Minims opened the season, September 30, with the Madison Juniors, and won by the score of 11 to 0. The teams were so evenly matched, that neither side scored in the first half.

In the second the Minims showed they had been trained to greater endurance, by crosiing their opponents' goal line for two touch-downs. Though all played a good, fast game, a few merit special mention. Ralph Drake bucked the line for good gains, while Charlton and Smisko made long end runs. Lawlor and Parkes excelled in tackling.

The line-up of the Minims:—Right End, J. Gillespie and Lawlor; Right Tackle, L. Drake; Right Guard, T. Quirk and Cronin; Center, T. Gillespie; Left Guard, W. Carroll; Left Tackle, J. Smisko; Left End, Szabo and Parker; Quarter Back, S. Conway and J. Gillespie; Right Half Back, Charlton; Left Half Back, Monahan; Full Back, Ralph Drake.

#### A Novel Base-Ball Game.

The base-ball fans had quite a time
Within the classic hall
Of Third Ac. B when all agreed
To play a game of ball.

No bat they swung, no ball they pitched, Nor raced around the bases, But Latin verbs and adjectives, Exceptions, rules and cases,

With judgment true, unerring aim,
They fired at one another
Till nine full innings had been played
And one side downed the other.

The teacher named two captains skilled,
To pick, each one, a side—
The Pittsburgs these, New Yorkers those—
And by set rules abide.

Two misses put the batter out,
Two answers scored a run,
Three out retired the batting side,
Who tallied most runs won.

The umpire at the rostrum sat
Within full view of all;
He took up his Principia
And loudly called, "Play ball!"

Ray Leahy on the firing line
Faced Lappan cool and prim;
The batter proved a veteran
And scored a run on him.

Next Clifford solved Jack Corcoran's curves,
A combination rare,
Paul Darby scored on Skarry's out—
Tom merely fanned the air.

McCarthy chased O'Connor round
The bases till both tallied.
At last with five runs to the bad
The New York pitchers rallied.

With Birmingham and Cousins out, New York came up to bat; Two measly runs was all they got, By scratch hits too at that.

Beginning so auspiciously,
Our own boys' hopes ran high,
But hope is often strongest when
The sick man 's 'bout to die.

For every trick to experts known The New York vet'rans tried, And tried with damaging effect To Pittsburg base-ball pride.

With painful regularity
The Pirates bit the dust;
New Yorkers found them toothsome pie
And downed them, jam and crust.

Run piled on run, goose eggs on eggs; The chesty Giants swelled With windy boasts and stinging taunts, "You're down and out," they yelled.

But hope which springs eternal in The human breast found vent, And like a rallying bugle call The Pirates' silence rent.

"Now, brace up, Pittsburg, do your best For victory," was the cry; "We must not let the Giants win— "Twere better far to die.

"Examine well each foeman's mail, Select its weakest spot, Be cunning, wary, bold, alert, Thrust hard and spare him not."

McDermott, swarthy Armstrong, McCarthy, eagle-eyed, And Donovan, forlorn hope— Names that will aye abide

In mem'ry's halls—plucked victory From foul defeat's grim jaws, And pinned it to the Pittsburg flag 'Mid deafening applause.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., November, 1905.

No. 2.

# Beyond the Sea.

Far, far beyond the roaring ocean's crest,

Where light hearts find gladness, and weary ones rest,
Is a land that's all hallowed, endeared e'er to me,

The "Isle of the West," 'tis the "Gem of the Sea!"

There in my dreams, oh, what joy to the mind!—
I'd tarry once more full contentment to find;
But now gaunt oppression, a tyrant, holds sway,
And cruelly drives her brave exiles away.

The blood of thy martyrs has gushed forth knee-deep Down thy evergreen hills in continuous sweep, Yet thy Faith still is firm and firm ever shall be— Let cold England refuse thee the title of "Free!"

Yes, thy Faith shall remain, though thou'rt robbed of a home,
And thy sons who have bearded the lion must roam,
For One there remains Whose last Judgment all fear—
Who sets right hereafter th' injustice done here.

Yes, God shall yet hearken with pity to thee
And grant the appeal: "We desire to be free!"—
A wish rising strong in a valorous land,
A yearning from freedom from Tyranny's hand.

# Pius VII. and Napoleon I.



Napoleon, instead of deploring the enormity and injustice of his actions, and stopping to consider what opposition to the Church meant, became more and more violent in his persecutions of the Papacy. In fact, as he himself afterwards admitted on the isle of St. Helena, he was seized with the madness of royalty, and nothing could satiate him, but the humble submission of the whole of Europe, so that the opposition of this little state was like a thorn in his side. He soon began his inroads on Rome.

Six months after the pope's return, the French troops seized Ancona, Benevento, and other dependencies of Rome. Then, adding insult to injury, Napoleon demanded that the pope close what ports he still had left to the British vessels, in compliance with the Berlin Decree, announcing the Continental Blockade. He also demanded that Rome enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with France. The pope, advised by Consalvi, answered that he was the head of the English Catholics as well as of the French, refused all demands, and protested strenuously against the inroads the French were making on his territory. Napoleon replied in a haughty letter, saying that he was Emperor, and that the pope was his viceroy. This began the open opposition which Pius had hoped against hope and fervently prayed would be averted, and he returned the intrepid answer, that he recognized no earthly power, superior to his own. Moreover, he refused to expel from Rome the king of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, who had sought his protection. Napoleon was highly incensed, and other matters soon took place, which tended to fan the flame of his anger.

In 1803, Jerome, the Emperor's brother had been married at the age of nineteen to Miss Patterson, of Balti-

more, by Bishop Carroll. Napoleon, who was already filling the vacancies he caused in the thrones of Europe with his brother and generals, was very angry with his "scapegrace" brother, and he refused to acknowledge his wife as one of the "family" because he saw in her an obstacle to his ambition. He had not yet reached that stage when he could pretend to do without the pope, so he wrote him a letter couched in the most respectful and humble terms, desiring an annullment of the marriage, and gave several reasons, why he thought the marriage should be considered invalid. Pius, however, after looking into the matter very deeply, could find no impediment by which the Church could recognize the marriage as void, and, in a long letter, he told the Emperor that it was not in his power to grant what he asked. Napoleon's irritation was greatly increased by this refusal, but he had no trouble in making Jerome bend to his will, and on May 21, 1905, by a civil decree, the marriage was annulled and Jerome was soon after married to a German princess.

Napoleon now came to the conclusion that, were Consalvi removed from his position, as advisor, he would encounter less firm resistance at Rome. Consequently, he imperiously demanded that able stateman's resignation. The pope was loth to part with him, but the cardinal, with noble generosity, entreated, showing that it was for the best interests of the Church and of all concerned, and after some time, Pius granted his request, but he never gave his successors a higher title than that of "pro secretary."

Consalvi's last act was a master coup d'état. On the day before he laid down his portfolio, he wrote letters to all the European sovereigns, to be sent the day Napoleon should take all that remained of the pope's temporal power, for his clear mind saw that the time was not far distant. He also advised the pope to draw up a bull of ex-communication for the same purpose.

The wisdom of this proceeding was soon apparent, for on February 2, 1808, General Miollis with a French division entered Rome and took possession, in the name of Napoleon. On May 17, 1809, the bull of ex-communication appeared in all the customary places in spite of the vigilance of the French, who soon discovered them and pulled them down. Napoleon, although he flew into a spasm of anger, pretended to laugh at it. "What," said he," does the pope imagine that the muskets will fall from the hands of my soldiers." His words were prophetical and he was soon to see them answered during the Russian campaign, of which Segur, describing the retreat from Moscow, says, "The weapons of the soldiers appeared an insupportable weight in their stiffened arms and in their frequent falls they dropped from their hands." Solgues, speaking of the same, says, "The muskets fell from the frozen arms of those who bore them."

On July 7, General Radet entered the papal rooms and demanded the pope to accede to the Emperor's demands. The pope replied that he could not do what was not in his power. He and Cardinal Pacca, an able politician, who had succeeded Consalvi, were then obliged to enter a carriage, with only a few minutes preparation, and were hastily driven towards the north of Italy. When, at the first change of horses, Pius wished to give some charity to a poor person, he found that he and Pacca possessed between them what corresponded to about forty cents of our money. At Florence, he was separated from the cardinal, and, although he fell ill at Turin, he was obliged to push on to Savona, where he was to be confined.

Consalvi, at this juncture, again gave proof of his executive ability by exercising his influence on all the cardinals, until they declared that, without the pontifical sanction, they would not hold deliberations. This was a blow to Napoleon who had expected to do without the

pope and have his orders obeyed by a complaisant Sacred College.

Having ordered all the cardinals to come to Paris, he now took steps to divorce himself from Josephine. this end, he represented that he had not been validly married, ignoring the fact that the pope had granted special dispensations, which made the tie which bound them as strong as the Church could make it, in spite of the absence of the parish priest and witnesses. Nevertheless, Napoleon, consulted seven cardinals who were his dupes, and who afterwards increased the pope's sufferings at Savona and Fontainbleau, by representing to Napoleon that he could not be ex-communicated for temporal These told him that he could be divorced. This was decided by a tribunal of these seven cardinals, at Lyons, Mgr. Fesch, bishop of that place, presiding. He then went through the ceremony of absolving his uncle. Consalvi and the other twelve cardinals urged by him refused to recognize these proceedings, or even to attend the ceremony. For this, the enraged general nearly ordered him to be shot, but he contented himself, by depriving them of their pension, and exiling or imprisoning them, and he forbade them to wear the insignia of their rank. Thus, they received the names of black Soon afterwards, he went through the cerecardinals. mony of marriage with Marie Louise, the Archduchess of Austria.

At this time, Napoleon's power was at its height. No man had ever rivalled him in glory and fame, and all the powers of Europe bowed before him—all but one, and that one was the feeble old prisoner at Savona!

The pope was kept at Savona for three years. The townspeople showed their simple faith, by forming an immense throng outside the palace immediately on his arrival, and by all kneeling for his blessing. They continued to show their intense veneration, during his entire stay. The venerable head of the Church was lodged in the bishop's palace and had but one room for his own

use. It had long been in disuse, and had been hastily furnished with articles given by the people of the city; these embraced only what was absolutely necessary. All this was in spite of the fact that the Emperor allotted one hundred thousand francs a month to his support. Most of this went into the pockets of his emissaries, or were expended on the feasts of the gaoler, Berthier; for the pope would accept nothing that was not absolutely necessary and rather depended on charity.

His rooms were frequently searched, and M. de Chabrol, who had been selected to oversee the work of isolation, and to bring all his persuasive powers to bear in bending the will of the pope, treated him in a manner which was often positively rude.

Finally, a brief which had been drawn up by the socalled National Council of Paris, regarding the institution of bishops, was brought to the pope by five cardinals who were subservient to the Emperor, and after many misrepresentations and entreaties they secured his reluctant signature. But, Napoleon, strangely enough became dissatisfied with it and ordered it kept secret. He was then in Holland, and it seems, that he had made up his mind to attempt to dethrone the pope and appoint one of his tools to fill the Chair of Peter, and he saw that if he accepted this he would be expected to restore Pius. As it was, he wished to leave the religious struggle until after he had completed his Russian campaign. He refused to answer the pope's letter, and ordered the deputation of cardinals, who were still at Savona, to demand a brief from the pope, allowing the nomination of the bishop of Rome to the Emperor, as of all those in France. pope refused and the little liberty he had enjoyed during these negotiations was taken away, and he became more restricted and more closely watched than ever.

Soon afterwards, in March, 1812, Napoleon, then at Dresden, heard that Consalvi had planned to have an English vessel seize the pope's person, and ordered his removal to Fontainblean. The journey began on June 9, and was accomplished mostly by night. It nearly caused the death of the aged prisoner, so vigorous were the hardships. He reached Fontainblean ten days after his departure from Savona, before even the slightest rumor of the removal had been whispered to the outside world. For two weeks after arriving his life was despaired of, but he was to live to see the downfall of his persecutor and the victory of the Church. Already the tyrant felt his throne shaken to its foundations.

On January 13 of the following year took place the famous conference between the two, which has been the cause of so much and such gross speculation. What really happened we do not know, and in all probability, we never shall know. The myth of the pope's calling Napoleon, "comedien," after his deceitful representations so obviously false, and "tragedien" after a terrific scene is only a subject of ridicule. It is also untrue that the Emperor in his rage struck the feeble, white-haired, old man, although we can readily believe that he may have made a threatening demonstration, since we know that his fury was often ungovernable.

Be that as it may, the pontiff, worn with fatigue and suffering and loneliness, ill in body and mind, and with everything in the world outside misrepresented to him, was at length drawn into signing a new agreement, proposed by Bonaparte. Even as he was given the pen to sign it by Cardinal Dona, all the red cardinals assured him that the document contained only simple preliminaries, and that it would never be published, but would be kept a profound secret. It was signed on January 25. Napoleon had acquired all he wished, and immediately remodeled what he styled the concordat, and published the parts he saw fit on February 13. It was immediately registered as a law of the empire. He had promised to liberate all imprisoned ecclesiastics, but he only kept his promise as regards the cardinals, who were allowed to visit their spiritual Father. Consalvi immediately advised the already remorseful pope to revoke the "new concordat," and Pius found the advice in exact accordance with his own mind, since the wily Emperor's treachery had freed him from his part of the agreement. All the black cardinals favored this disavowal; Consalvi and Pacca drew it up, and the pope signed it and sent it to the Emperor.

In a fit of anger, the fiery general tore it up, trampled it under his feet and exclaimed, "Things will never be settled until I shall have cut off the heads of some of these priests."

After the allied army had crossed the Rhine at three places, and after Murat, who had betrayed him and had taken up arms against his power, had occupied the papal states. Napoleon offered to restore everything if the pope would only sign a treaty. The pope refused to negotiate with a man who made promises and broke them so brazenly, until he should be again peacefully settled in the Vatican.

On January 22, 1804, the Emperor, harassed on all sides, was obliged to permit him to return to Rome, and although he tried to come to an agreement again, nothing came of it, for, three months later, he was forced to abdicate.

We find the reason for the final deliverance of the pope in the fact, that Napoleon preferred to see the pope in possessson of his own, to having such a traitor, as Murat, ruling Rome.

Pius VII. reëntered his capital on May 24, 1814, after nearly five years absence. During this time, he had suffered much and although he had made one mistake in partially yielding, it was only under misrepresentation and the stress of bitter suffering and he immediately rectified it. The Church survived in its integrity chiefly owing to his courageous opposition to the nefarious schemes of the Emperor under most trying difficulties.

Napoleon's abdication, his banishment and return, the Hundred Days, and his final imprisonment and death are too well known to need any comment here, and do not fall within the scope of this essay.

Thus ended the struggle between the mightiest man and greatest conqueror the world has ever seen, and the supreme ruler of the faithful, the Vicar of Christ, on earth.

Although from a purely natural point of view, Napoleon's troubles with the Church, tended a great deal to increase his unpopularity, and hasten his downfall, yet when we look at the matter with the sentiments of Christians and Catholics, we cannot but be struck with the coincidence of the punishment of the Emperor with that which he inflicted on the venerable old Pontiff.

It is an historical fact admitted by Thiers, himself, that the people lost their implicit faith in Napoleon on account of his shameless treatment of the pope, and that this feeling became more and more violent, until the Emperor was forced to allow his illustrious prisoner to return to Rome. Another matter which tended greatly to shake confidence in him, was his treatment of his much wronged but loyal wife, especially since the Church had declared his actions to be highly criminal. These two affairs caused the people to accept the new sovereignity with joy. They cooled their ardor for Napoleon, and after he had lost his subjects' confidence he could no longer raise armies with his accustomed ease and readiness. All Christendom, and especially Austria, Bonaparte's greatest and most persistent enemy, was aroused by his actions in this matter, as well as by their own wrongs. As Robertson says, "The wail of outraged Church and the cries of trampled nations had risen up to Heaven."

Napoleon's prophetical question was answered when he saw his regiments leave their arms in the Russian snows, and when his apparently invincible hosts were scattered by the blasts of winter. He consigned Pacca, Consalvi and the rest of the black cardinals, to a dreary imprisonment in the Alps, in Vincennes, and in other prisons; soon afterwards, he suffered the same lot on the desolate isle of St. Helena. He wrenched from the suffering old man the disavowal of his rights; and very soon he was forced to sign his own abdication. Yet after all this, not one of his allies would offer shelter to his proscribed family, and the only refuge they found was at Rome, under the protection of the very ones, with whom he had probably dealt most bitterly and most unjustly, and these were the only ones found to petition England to lighten the burden of the captivity of the "great uncrowned."

Says Allison, himself a Protestant, in his history of Europe: "There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages, and without ascribing these events to any deviation from ordinary laws or supposing that the common Father had interposed in a peculiar manner in favor of any particular church, we may without presumption, rest in the humble belief, that the laws of the moral world are of universal application; that there are limits to the oppression of virtue even in this scene of trial, and that when a power, elevated on the ascendency of passion and crime, has gone such a length as to outrage alike the principles of justice and the religious feelings of a whole quarter of the globe, the period is not far distant when the aroused indignation of mankind will bring about its punishment."

Thus it was with Napoleon and his mighty empire, but the Church came triumphant through the disasters, through the imprisonment of the pope, the loss and restoration of the temporal power, and the deluge attending the fall of Napoleon, which created an almost universal transformation in Europe.

Never has there been an institution so severely shaken by tempest and persecution. "You shall be persecuted of all men" said its divine Founder. Yet never was there a persecution from which the Church came out victor with more glorious laurels. The immutability was

proven, even to the most skeptical, the ancient tradition that Rome was to rule the world forever was, again verified, and the infallibility of the pope was shown already to all. May this be an example to the persecutors of that which is not of this world.

"Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was Even before the funeral rites had been fated not to die. performed over the ashes of Pius VI., a great reaction had set in. Anarchy had had its day, a new order of things had risen out of the confusion-new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient Religion. The Arabs have a fable that the great Pyramid was built by antediluvian kings, and alone of all the works of man bore the weight of the flood: such as this was the fate of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amongst the rains of a world which had passed away. The republic of Holland was gone, and the Emperor of Germany, and the great Council of Venice, and the old Helvetian League, and the House of Bourbon, and the parliaments and aristocracy of France. Europe was full of young creations—a French Empire, a Kingdom of Italy, a Confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late events affected only territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there.

FRANCIS J. NEILAN, '05.



## Moments.

Sands from Eternity spotless and brilliant,
Particles angels in innocence trod—
Drawn from existence in Heaven far distant,
Gifts of His mercy, our Father and God.

Given are they to us each in succession;
Ours 'tis to work with them just as we will:
How they are wrought is our record in Heaven;
Justly the measure of merit they fill.

Moments which will be can never be ours—
Ours is the moment in which we now stand
Those that are passed already are Heaven's
Never again to be placed at our hand.

H. J. LAWLER, '09.



# Mahomet II.'s Attack on Europe.

"The Roman Empire has begun and ended: New Worlds have risen, we've lost old nations."

Years, generations, centuries have passed since man was placed upon earth; towns, cities, kingdoms have attained their zenith, but what numbers have sunk into irreparable ruin and oblivion! Fire and sword, famine and luxury, piety and wickedness, happiness and pestilence have all figured in the history of nations. With the results before us, we naturally ask, what powers thus contended? Who were the people that figured in the terril le drama of life and death? Amongst the various conflicting elements that rush upon the stage of history, two immense powers, each so intent upon its own purpose, each such an implacable enemy of the other, both so diametrically different, that nothing but the direst hostility, could be anticipated. Mohametanism and Christianity attract paramount attention.

To reach the origin of Mohametanism, we must go back as far as the seventh century. In the year 622, this new religion issued a challenge to all other races, the cries arose:—"God is God and Mohamet is his prophet," "My religion and my sword, or your money," and also that of incitement of Mahomet to his fanatic armies: "Heaven is before you, and hell behind." These were the battle cries wherewith the peoples were forced to accept this new religion. By force was it spread, by force it destroyed the most elaborately equipped library ever erected, that at Alexandria, and by force, everywhere and always, it continued its onward march to Egypt, Palestine and Persia fell under its sway. Civil wars at last minimize its power, and but little is heard of it till the fall of Constantinople.

It is here, indeed, that the two great powers, Mohametanism and Christianity, are brought together. Mahomet II., after a siege of eighteen months, invented his plan of conveying vessels overland, which wrought the fall of that luxurious and imperial city. At no other time could the Christian forces be weaker; the princes of the West and South were either engaged in petty quarrels or resting before renewing their strife. Philip of Burgundy, broke the vow he had taken of fighting against the infidel. The Italian princes were at war with each other. Civil war raged in England, and the Moors still divided the supremacy of Spain. The Mohametans gained the victory; first, because they excelled in numbers, and secondly, their thirst for plunder and blood was so great that an army double theirs could scarcely have held them in check. Thousands of Christians fell under the sword. while those whom fortune smiled on fled to Rome.

Was it not apalling to see the "Gate of Europe" occupied by the savage and cruel Mohametans? After this catastrophe, twelve kingdoms, an empire and two hundred cities, fell under their sway. Mahomet's ambition was to form a universal empire. He failed, for when he had reached the zenith of his power and pride,

Providence raised men to check his progress, and save Europe from his disastrous sway.

The first of these was John Hunyades. Belgrade, an important centre, was next the object of Mahomet's attack; he besieged the city with 150,000 men, besides an immense fleet. The garrisons boldly held the walls for upwards of six months, and were about to yield, when Hunyades of Hungary, came to their rescue. He broke through a line of ships, and after a bitter struggle, invoking the name of Jesus, compelled the Mohametans to flee from the field. Hunyades survived this event only a few weeks. He died, as he had lived, with sentiments of the tenderest devotion to the Church of Jesus Christ and of a true Christian hero, bringing from Mohamet, himself, this tribute: "Never was there a greater general, and now that he is dead, there is no one whose overthrow could compensate for my defeat." Little did he think that in the near future, he would have to fight with a still more formidable enemy in the person of George Castriota.

George Castriota, otherwise known as Scanderbeg, was born at Epirus, in 1414. After serving as a hostage in Turkey, he returned to fight for his native country. and with the strength of a lion, the daring of a hero and the heart of a true Christian succeeded in driving the enemy from his territories. Mohamet, exasperated at this, marched on Croya with 180,000 men, but Scanderbeg's resistance was determined. By a defense well planned and executed, and by personal feats of almost incredible energy and daring, he wore out the fanatic onslaught of the Turks, and at last forced them to retire. While awaiting the summons of death, he was called from his bed, to devise the last plans for his army, and not until the sound of victory rang in his ears did he breathe forth his soul to Him for whom he had lived, January 17. 1467. After such fierce and horrible bloodshed the infidel forces were weakened considerably; in fact, their sun was shedding its last rays on the horizon. Only one more battle to be fought and then with "hideous ruin and

combustion down to bottomless perdition," Mohamet and his army were to be precipitated.

In the year 1480, Rhodes, the chief seat of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, was attacked by Mahomet. Although there was no comparison in numbers, yet what the beseiged lacked in forces, they supplied by a courage seldom equalled, never excelled. The infidels were driven with such irresistable fury from the walls, that Mohamet, himself, swore not only to take Rhodes, but all Italy; he failed in his project, he was soon stricken with a disease from which he died. In him perished the most terrible foe of Christianity and Europe. terminated the power which made Europe tremble, once again cleanly illustrating, how weak is man in reality. Its fall resembled that of other great and glorious nations--Babylon, Egypt and Rome of old, and latter the empire of Charlemagne, the greatest of the Middle Ages. At his death, it was divided into many states and princi-After Mahomet's death also, his successors fought among themselves incessantly, until at last no lawful heir claimed the throne. Although the death of Mohamet II. really marks the downfall of Mohametanism as a power, nevertheless, not a few can be found at the present day, who profess the creed of Mahomet, and their increase or decrease mainly depends on the advances or drawbacks of civilization in these countries.

As a sequence to the foregoing facts about the battles and heroes of Christianity and Mohamedanism, a comparison, or, more correctly, a contract between the two powers may not be out of place. Unlike most propagators of false doctrines, the followers of Mohamedanism spread their religion by force, and depended but little on the miracles and ecstacies of their prophet. In what did their power consist, and what was the secret of their progress, their conquests and downfall? These are questions now to be answered.

For many centuries, the mainstay of warfare was cavalry, which meant that whoever was a good horseman

was a good fighter. This is exactly the key to the power, progress and conquests of the Mohamedans. They were equipped with the best Arabian horses, and lived chiefly on plunder; settlements and tillage were unknown to them; they would rob a city, and then eat and drink till all was gone, and then would they repeat the same thing. They naturally became good fighters, for they fought when no alternative but starvation was left; no tent, except the canopy of Heaven sheltered them from the scorching rays of a desert sun, or the dreariness of a winter snow. They thus became hardened and accustomed to privations, the chief requisites for a soldier.

The Christians, on the contrary, were unaccustomed to such roughness, and had not wherewith to obtain excellent horses, nor was it their nature to plunder. They took up arms for Christianity, and depended for victory on the faith of Christianity. In numbers, they were inferior by far to their enemies; but did not the destroying Angel kill a whole army in one night, and also scatter havoc and desolation in the homes of the Egyptians on the night before the deliverance of the Jews from captivity? With this picture before them, and the faith that moves mountains, they saved Europe from universal devastation.

What effects did this awful struggle of centuries have upon the civilized world? It is rather curious, but not less true, that we owe some of man's greatest masterpieces, nay an entire age of learning to the Christo-Mohamedan war. The learned men, whom fortune smiled upon by saving them from the fury of the infidel, came to Rome, bringing with them the most valuable manuscripts, and placing them in the hands of Pope Nicholas V., who received them with reverential affection, and so became the inspiration of the Italian Renaissance, which has produced such immortal geniuses as Dante, Michael Angelo and Raphael, to say nothing of Petrarch, Leonardo Da Venci, Titian and Tasso. Behold the effect

of such an unmerciful slaughter. Almost a sufficient recompence for the nations misguided and the people that suffered such cruel martyrdom!

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.



# The Cross and the Crescent.

The haughty Turk puffed up with pride Unfurls his banner to the breeze, And calls upon his soldiers tried Against all Europe arms to seize.

The hordes obey their chief's command And, like a swarm of locusts, fall On all that's rich throughout the land, To bring it 'neath their cruel thrall.

Three hundred thousand Turks advance
To take by storm Vienna's heights:
To bugles' sounds the horses prance
Beneath the mail-clad Moslem knights:

Three thousand banners proudly wave
O'er hill and plaim; what hope is there
That Christian soldiers, e'er so brave,
To pluck them down will nobly dare?

Yet gallantly the Viennese
Withstand the furious Turks' attack,
And, though they fall like Autumn leaves,
In glorious cause they never slack.

At length, within the city's walls
When hope is yielding to despair,
When famine gaunt stalks through its halls,
And grim disease is everywhere—

When all at midnight hour are still
In terror of the next day's doom,
A fire appears on distant hill,
Like lightning flashing through the gloom.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE
Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 2.

## EDITORIAL.

# German Organizers.

No less a personage than Pius X. has recommended to his countrymen to follow the splendid example set by German Catholics in organization. Leo XIII. gave full approval to Windthorst and his collaborateurs. The Volksverein or People's Union is fast increasing and forms the background of the Centrum, which holds the parliamentary balance of power and sustains lawful government against an atheistic socialism rushing precipately to anarchy. The Emperor knows and acknowledges this. The people know it. Hence the Germans employ similar methods here. They not only institute strong associations and inter-state affiliations,

but hold a Catolikentag or Catholic Convention all their people in the United States. The last of Cincinnati was a superb success, as all the Press has recorded. Pennsylvania is one of the strongholds. Joseph Reiman, an alumnus, is the State President, although still a young man. The young men have also distinct organizations however. We read of the German Catholic Young Men's Diocesan League of Pittsburg: it held a twenty-fifth anniversary last month, at which Father Giblin delivered an address on Federation. The Knights of St. George seems to be their most enthusiastic association.

On April 29 and 30, '06, they will have Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee here. He is the German Catholic leader of the United States, and with Bishop McFaul of Trenton, a leading promoter of Federation.



# General Collins.

A committee had been appointed to collect a memorial fund in honor of Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston, deceased. In two weeks, the sum intended, \$25,000, was exceeded by about \$700, so the work will at once be inaugurated. He giveth twice, who quickly giveth, and certainly this popular action is not only adequate testimony in behalf of the people, but was absolutely merited and thus bespeaks excellent judgment in the Athens of America. He had been state senator, member of Congress, consul-general at London, military general, judge-advocate-general of Massachusetts, delegate to four Democratic national conventions, presiding over that of 1888. He was one of those public men whose incorrupibility was taken for granted. Like Roosevelt and Bonaparte, he said strongly what he thought and yet retained his friends. Like them, too, his energy and versatility were very rare.



# Athletics and Roughness.

Athletics have occupied the serious attention of the

most intellectual of nations in antiquity, Greece. Her ablest statesman, Pericles, was her champion wrestler. Pius X. has lately spoken in favor of physical exercise.

The intellectual centers of our land, our universities and colleges, foster athletics to a high degree. Many think this an advertisement: it may be, to some extent. But the aim is also to develop the form and courage of the sedentary book-worm: it should be added that the wishes of students themselves, who like to see or engage in athletics, have some weight. In many institutions, indeed, athletics are relinquished entirely into their management. The intricate question in this matter is how to eliminate roughness. There is no question in theory, because roughness and athletics are not necessarily the same thing; but we must deal with facts. The most absorbing element in college athletics happens to be football, and that happens to be rough. The roughness is given opportunity in mass-plays. It is easy to say, have only bona-fide collegians and teach them to play as gentlemen. The point is, how will you get the other colleges to do likewise? It will not do to simply do so yourself, because you will take a team home with you after the first game, worn and worried half to death, beaten by a score of 50 to 0, feeling incapable of meeting any such teams in the future, or even, perhaps, of inducing them to accept a game from you, or the audience The association foot-ball is not in mass-plays. to attend. but it is necessary to find opponents, and they are not to be found. Chicago University is trying this and may induce a following, but meanwhile the only way to meet conditions is either to take them as they are—not as they ought to be-or to simply keep out of the contest. Anyone of experience will corroborate the statement that to engage a purely student-body, obliged to close discipline and study, in fierce contest with picked, paid and professional athletes, is downright cruelty. It would be an injustice; it would also tend to break rather than increase strength of spirit.

## LOCALS.

When our sodalities were being organized, it was found necessary to divide the sodality of the Immaculate Heart, as it was too numerous. There are over a hundred and twenty students in the Commercial Department alone, so it shall remain as the original sodality, and there is now established the new sodality of the Blessed Sacrament, with Father Giblin as spiritual director.

The Total Abstinence Union of the College will be reorganized after the first term examinations. We shall soon have a rally of the Diocesan League in the college hall. The Federation holds its regular county meetings there now.

The college never had such excellent vocal ability as now. In accordance with the Papal regulations on sacred music, the practice of plain chant has been given new impetus among the students, special rehearsals occurring on Tuesdays and Thursdays. With 375 students between 14 and 21 years of age, a good boys choir must be the outcome.

Class prefects have been elected to represent their respective classes for anything of importance relative to class business, athletics or games, entertainment of visitors, field-day, etc. The class presidents already held a meeting and agreed on the celebration of Father Griffin's Jubilee as before mentioned.

Our elocution classes are all well under way and show rapid development under the direction of Prof. Chambers of last year.

The last year's athletic trainer, Prof. Koch, opens a six months course of physical instruction for the collegians on November 13.

Our debating societies have drawn much credit upon their early efforts in dialectics. The Sunday evening entertainment is a social and intellectual treat of no mean quality.

The officers of our two societies for the development of literary and debative quality for the academic year, 1905-'06, are the following:

## The Literary Union.

Moderator, Rev. George Lee, C. S. Sp.; President, A. G. Johns; Vice-President, J. J. Dekowski; Secretary, E. A. Morales; Librarian, J. B. Keating; Treasurer, E. F. Jackson.

#### The Lyceum Society.

Moderator, Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp., President, H. H. Malone; Vice-President, J. F. Carroll; Secretary, M. J. Brennan; Librarian, C. A. Mayer; Treasurer, B. G. McGuigan.



# Cards of Sympathy.

The students all express entire sympathy with Grattan Dugan in the loss of his venerable father, Andrew Dugan, who departed this life on October 9. The deceased, beridden for two months, but ailing for about a year, had attained the age of sixty-three years. He was born in Ireland. Grattan's mother, four brothers and three sisters survive him. He was buried on October 11, from St. Stephen's, Hazelwood: Father Daniel Devlin sang the Requiem Mass. Rev. H. J. McDermott represented the Faculty at the obsequies, interment being made in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Francis Leroy Harney, '06, lost his esteemed mother, Mrs. Mary Jane Harney, of McKees Rocks, on September 25, just as the matter for our last issue had been consigned to the printer. To him, his father, four brothers and sister the students offer profound condolence. The lady was born at Schuylkill Haven, East Penna. Towards the close of an eight-days illness, which culnimated in cardiac failure, she expressed a desire to be interred at her birth-place beside her mother. The obsequies therefore occurred at the church and cemetery of St. Ambrose, in that locality.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the brother of our fellow-student and companion, Joseph B. Keating, be it

RESOLVED, That, we, the undersigned, in further and stronger token of the sentiment of condolence expressed in the floral wreath which it was our sad privilege to place beside the bier, do herewith, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also desire that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

Francis J. Stack, Philip G. Misklow, Francis X. Roehrig, Edward F. Jackson.

# Class Presidents and Father Griffin's Jubilee.

Towards the end of October the various classes elected their presidents. The following were chosen: in the College Department—E. M. Morales, P. G. Misklow, T. F. Ryan and J. N. Whelan; in the Commercial Department—T. W. Noonan, D. R. Dowling, E. J. Degnan; in the Academic Department—E. J. McKnight, J. J. Creighton, T. Laux, T. Herron and G. Craddock; in the Grammar Department—T. S. Gillespie.

On October 26, the presidents met in the students' library, and decided to honor Father Griffin's sacerdotal silver jubilee by presenting him with a congratulatory address, and a handsome chalice as a souvenir of the happy event, each student to be invited to contribute for the purpose. Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., is completing his twenty-fifth year as professor of the Pittsburg Catholic College.



## The Troubles of a Bald-Headed Man.

A bald head is a nuisance I candidly confess; For no man likes to have it, He likes to lose it less.

When first to my keen sorrow
My hair began to fall,
I bought up hair restorers
And tried them one and all.

I tested every tonic,
I footed every bill;
The while my hair grew thinner
My druggist filled his till.

To add to my annoyance, My unoffending block Became, I blush to say it, A perfect laughing stock.

Mere children often teased me, Their silly prattle galled; For instance, one would ask me, "Does it hurt you to be bald?"

Whene'er I'd doff my derby,
The flies from far and near
Would creep from neck to forehead
And race from ear to ear.

Quite tired of their gymnastics, The races that they ran, Their picnics and their dances, I hit upon a plan.

I had an artist picture
A web upon my poll,
A spider slyly peeping
From its adjacent hole.

A while this plan succeeded;
It saved me in the light
From their rampagious prowlings,
But helped me naught at night.

Some wiser than the others
Soon closer came to pry:
A question point I fancied
I saw in every eye.

They found the web and spider
Were but a flimsy fake,
And after consultation
Vowed vengeance dire to take.

They almost drove me crazy, I could not drink or eat In comfort for the tickling Sensation of their feet. In downright desperation
I bought a brand-new wig,
And for their future visits
I didn't care a fig.

That wig was just a beauty.

I looked quite young again,
And felt, my trials over,
At peace with flies and men.

I'll tell you how we parted:
Upon a blust'ring day
'The wind blew off my derby
And bore it far away.

It scampered round the corners,
It capered 'cross the street,
It leaped up at the windows —
It got me in a heat.

The wig no longer sticking

Became quite shaky—soon
'Twas lifted from its moorings

And rose like a balloon.

Don't ask me what I looked like— Don't question me, I beg. Suffice to say, it left me As hairless as an egg.

Such troubles I must suffer Until I reach that shore Beyond whose waters dyeing And parting are no more.



# ATHLETICS.

Football attracts great attention among the students at present, and in no previous year have they ever witnessed so many fine gridiron struggles. Besides the Sophomores who are the leading Rugbyites, games are played on the college grounds almost every day, either by the Juniors, the Minims, or by the Pittsburg Lyceum. But still, more will be seen later on in the season, as the class spirit is growing among the students. Already teams are being organized in the Freshman-Sophomore, Junior-Senior, and the Commercial Department. Great rivalry exists among the students of the different classes as to which team is the strongest, and there are sure to be some lively times when these games come off.

## .Sophomores.

The Sophomores have played but one big game since

the last issue of the BULLETIN, this being with Washington and Jefferson Academy, whom they beat by a score of 11 to 0. Although outweighed, the "Sophs" started into their opponents with a vim that brought surprise even to their most ardent admirers. The 'Sophs,' by hard line backing on the part of E. Dowling and Neilan, and long end runs by Evans and R. Dowling, scored the first touch-downs after ten minutes play of the first-half. W. & J. nevertheless played a strong game, and when time was called for the first-half, the ball was within 15 yards of the "Sophs" goal line. In the second-half, after W. & J. had been thrown back by Schuey on the "Sophs" 20 yard line, the "Sophs," by aggressive line bucking soon brought the ball within W. & J.'s 10 yard line where Evans was thrown over for the second and last touch-down of the game. The Sophomores will probably journey to Connellsville, Thanksgiving day, to play the team of that place.

## Juniors.

The Juniors, under the management of Rev. Father Callahan, have organized, and one of the strongest junior teams in the history of the college is predicted. At the call for candidates about twenty-five youths responded, all eager to show up best for their respective positions.

After three week's practicing, the squad has been reduced to fifteen men who will be retained throughout the season. The line-up is as follows:—C., Egan; L. G., Swain; R. G., Ivory or Cain; L. T., Lally; R. T., Bishop or Wackermann; L. E., Lawlor; R. E., Tucker or McMahon; Q. B., Callahan; L. H. B., Gwyer or McMahon; R. H. B., Fay; F. B., McKnight, Captain.

The Juniors opened their season with a fine victory over the Oakland Reserves, winning by a score of 17 to 0. The bright particular stars of the game were Fay and Lawlor, whose long end runs repeatedly brought them within striking distance of the Oakland's goal line. Mc-

Knight, Gwyer and Lally also played a strong game in their respective positions.

Encouraged by their victory over the Oaklands, the Juniors took the P. H. S. "Sophs" into camp by a score of 29 to 0. Great line bucking by McKnight and Lally, and the tackling of Swain were the features of the game.

Later on, the Juniors visited Emsworth, to play the Ben Avon High School, but here they met defeat. Being without the services of Cain and Lawlor, and being outweighed greatly, they nevertheless played a hard game, losing only by a score of 6 to 5.

#### Minims.

The Minims have upheld the honor of the Red and Blue among the younger student-body, and they have good reason to feel proud of the brilliant victories they have won. On more than one occasion, they tackled teams that might have been a match for the Juniors. But to no eleven have they given the opportunity of crossing their goal line. Strake and Scanlon have been added to the line-up, and they have clearly demonstrated in the games in which they have taken part, that they possess all the qualifications of good, fast football players.

The star of the Minims is Ralph Drake, whose work at half-back has been of the highest quality.

The results of the games played this season, are as follows:

```
October 7......Minims- 6
                            vs.
                                Charlotte Stars-0
October 11......Minims- 0
                                Hampton Juniors-0
                            vs.
October 14......Minims—33
                                Seminole Indians-0
                            vs.
October 18..... Minims— 5
                                Gallant Reserves-0
                            vs.
October 21.....Minims-12
                                Mt. Washington Iroquis-0
                            vs.
October 24..... Minims— 6
                                McKees Rocks' Juniors-0
                            vs.
```



## EXCHANGES.

We greet with pleasure a number of Exchanges, but we have not space to pass upon them all. The Victorian makes no great pretense, but has about as readable and instructive matter as could be expected in a pamphlet edited by students. The first number had an important article on the correct forecasting of the Galveston disaster by some scientific Jesuits. The October issue has an article, "Ireland-As the teacher of Eugland and Scotland," of deep interest. It attributes the Christianity of England to Rome and Ireland equally. The first article of the October Exponent is a philosophic gem. traces the deficiency of our knowledge of physical science to the predominant influence of Aristotle, inasmuch as he threw the weight of his genius into the scale of metaphysics and gave comparatively less attention to experimental science. The Holy Cross Purple has a most profitable article on "Repression of Individuality." It argues that, for instance, observance of the Commandments brings rewards otherwise unattainable, as the laws of a nation bring security otherwise impossible; but that repression is unwise when it leads to no higher good of the individual or community. The writer said he would like to see a treatment of the parallel subject: Value of Individuality." It so happens that this is charmingly well treated under the title: "Individuality," in the Niagara Rainbow. We read: "The impulsive can no more completely hide their characteristics than the unfeeling can expand in ecstacy. . . It took an Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon to conquer,-it took a Michael Angelo, a Murillo, a Raphael to paint. . . Could the zealous missionary, aflame with love for souls, find solace in solitude?" The spirit of the article and its enlightened balance of ideas cannot be given full justice in a brief quotation. "Two Noted Helens" in the Loretto Magazine deserves mention. The Fordham Monthly is always among the very best. It has more of the

characteristics of what it should be than most of our magazines; it is chiefly of interest to Catholic students. The last number treats of their attendance at non-Catholic colleges: on the one hand, it accentuates the evident need of a high moral standard in public life, on the other, it proves that mere secular education can never bestow this essential. The Georgetown College Journal is of similar quality to the Fordham Monthly.



## Our Entertainments.

The Sunday Evening Entertainments usually begin after the students' retreat and last until the end of May. Three were held in the month of October; they showed conclusively that we have abundant and excellent material in the college, and that we shall derive during the year much useful information seasoned with enjoyable recitations, music, songs and choruses. The College debating society is represented on the first and third Sundays of the month, and the Lyceum debating society on the second and fourth. Each class takes its turn in providing the concert portion of the programme, and a healthy rivalry exists as to which will attain the greatest success. The more advanced students have set a high standard, due to their longer training and experience, but the junior boys, with their fresh young voices and careful training, do not fear that their renditions will fall far behind. The programmes:-

#### October 15.

March, Bright Eyes, Schwartz, Orchestra; Recitation, Murillo's Address to the Roman Mob, J. J. Dekowski; Vocal Solo, When the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold, P. J. Dooley; Violin Solo, Selection from "The Grand Duchess," F. J. Stack; Recitation, Horatius at the Bridge, P. A. Tull; Cornet Solo, Zeraida Polka,

J. Dannhardt; Sacred Song, Calvary, E. M. Morales; Two Step, My Hindoo Man, Kelly, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Immigration Is a Menace to the United States; Chairman, J. R. Cox; Affirmative, J. L. Buerkle and T. A. Calnan; Negative, J. Jaworski and P. J. Dooley.

#### October 22.

March, Bubbles, Powell, Orchestra; Chorus, Massa's in the Cold Ground, Masters Carroll, Cronin, L. Drake, Dunn, J. Gillespie, C. and R. Gutwald, Laux, Locke, Parker and Smisko; Vocal Solo, The Brave Old Oak, T. J. Ryan; Recitation, The Old Swimming Pool, H. H. Malone; Vocal Solo, The Treasures of the Sea Are Buried Deep, M. J. Breen; Gavotte, Dance of the Holly Hocks, Story, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Will-Power Is Preferable to Talent; Chairman, J. A. Rossenbach, Affirmative, J. A. Carlos and T. F. Ryan; Negative, F. J. Toohill and H. N. Gaspard.

### October 29.

Waltz, Here's to the Old Folks at Home, Resker, Orchestra; Recitation, Casey at the Bat, J. J. Cain; Vocal Solo, Killarney, J. J. Millard; March, Jankiana, Loftis, Orchestra; Chorus, Oh, Boys, Carry Me Along, L. C. Bishop, R. A. Brown, J. B. Keating, B. G. McGuigan, J. J. Millard, C. F. Swain, J. F. Thornton, F. Tucker; Recitation, When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin, H. J. Lawler; Vocal Solo, Afterwards, R. V. Conway; March, By Right of Sword, Bendix, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Shakespeare Was a Catholic; Chairman, C. F. Fehrenbach, Affirmative, C. B. Hannigan and J. J. Dekowski; Negative, E. F. Jackson and A. G. Johns.



# The Model (!) Student.

In summer's heat or winter's snow,
In rain or biting wind,
He's not the last to reach the school—
When others lag behind.

No earnest student shirks his themes 'Cause they involve some labor;

He never fails to hand his in—

He copies from his neighbor.

Whene'er the teacher lectures or Explains the exercise,
He never falls asleep in class—
But when he shuts his eyes.

Gross indolence is such a vice
He can't at all abide it;
He is so very fond of work—
He'd sit all day beside it.

In leisure hours he cultivates
A taste for literature;
He often seeks a quiet nook—
Dime novels are the lure.

Though much he loves the solitude
Of dell and shady brook,
He never asks to stay from school—
He frequently plays hook.

He has no use for filthy pipe,
For toby or cigar—
"Jack Tar" he loves, though he prefers
A cigarette by far.

Since unconsulted he was born, He thinks the world, for giving No choice to him in this affair, Owes him an easy living.

One trait of his you'll not forget,
Not even when he dies;
Upon his headstone you will read—
"Beneath this slab he lies."

Why now does grief give way to joy?

Why now with hope are all aglow?

That welcome light is sure envoy

Of glorious triumph o'er the foe.

With morning's dawn a flag 's unfurled O'er vet'rans valiant, fierce and strong. Now shall the foe be backward hurled, Now shall the right prevail o'er wrong.

Adown the hill with leveled spear
Against the Turkish proud array
Each Pole sweeps on; he knows not fear,
For Sobieski leads the way.

That magic name strikes on the ear
Of Moslems like a funeral knell:
They cast aside their arms in fear
And from the field they rush pell-mell.

The vengeful Poles in battle trained Now o'er the Turks' disordered ranks Roll like a torrent unrestrained By massive dam or lofty banks,

And leave behind a human waste
On which grim vultures long may prey,
All pity from their hearts effaced,
To frenzy fired by bloody fray.

Alas that they who Europe saved From infidels' unboly reign And ruthless sway, themselves enslaved, For freedom now should sigh in vain!

J. J. Dekowski, '06,



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., December, 1905.

No. 3.

## Jubilaeus Sacerdotalis

(Revmi. Joannis Griffin) 1880-1905.

Quum juvet tempus, celeres inimus Carmen, et laeti Dominum decora Voce laudamus, bona qui benigne Omnia donat.

Patris in Christo Jubilaeus adstat, Presbyter qui jam speciosa lustra Quinque perduxit, solitos labores Dulciter urgens.

Pontifex Major, meliora portans Quam tulit Levi, juvenem vocavit; Virginis Proles valide trahebat Matris alumnum.

Fidus athletes, oleis perunctus, Spiritus arrham recipit Joannes, Qua redardescens animas requirit Arte medendi.

Particeps factus calicis salutis
Omnibus prodest, meminens eorum;
Particeps arae populum repascit,
Coelica tradens.

Nec potestatis nec honoris ullo Indiget dono venerandus ille Fronte qui lucet manibusque sacrat, Chrismate fusus.

Ecce quo tendit metuendus Ordo; En Deo mandant humiles ministri! En in altari statuunt inermum Omnipotentem!

Buccinis clangunt reverenda dicta Spiritus almi; tonitruque Patris Perfidos terrent; miseros et alent Nomine Jesu.

Igne sancito minime relicto,
Victimas gratas adolent, precumque
Suave spiramen referunt, et Agnum
Semper adorant.

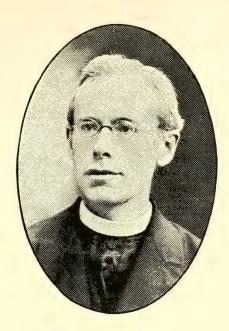
Noster hic frater, varie beatus, Pingua, ter felix, holocausta mittit; Verba tum vitae pueris resolvit, Ore libenti.

Quam frequens actos studuit per annos Gratiam lapsis tepidisque ferre! Quamque devotus scapulis levavit Tramite fractos!

Corde tunc prompto modulisque festis Gratulatores hodie precamur Ut dies pleni tibi sint adaucti, Clare Sacerdos:

Messis ut dives tua sit feraxque, Colligas necnon hilares maniplos; Auream dum tu mereas coronam, Justaque serta.

LIMERICENSIS.



Jubilee of Father Griffin.

The silver jubilee of the Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., was fittingly celebrated by the faculty and students of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost. The faculty and students assembled at 8:45 o'clock in the morning, and after an overture by the college orchestra, E. Morales read an address to the jubilarian on behalf of the student body and presented him with a beautiful chalice, suitably inscribed. The gift was from the students who are fond of Father Griffin and his response was touching, and expressed his heartfelt thanks for the remembrance.

Solemn high mass was celebrated in the chapel at 10 o'clock by the following officers: Rev. Father Griffin, celebrant; Rev. Father L. O'Connell, deacon; Rev. Father J. Enright, sub-deacon, and Rev. Father P. Maher, master of ceremonies.

A gregorian mass was splendidly rendered by the student body of 371 members, under direction of Rev. Father H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., Rev. Father E. M. Mc-Keever delivered the sermon, in which he eulogized the jubilarian as a Christian gentleman, a splendid model of saintly priesthood, who has been devoted to the service for 25 years, and especially dwelt on the humility, meekness and gentleness of the spiritual adviser who has directed so many souls in the paths of virtue. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the Te Deum brought the sacred service to a close.

A large number of friends of Father Griffin from among secular and religious clergy of the diocese were present. A holiday was granted the students in honor of the occasion.

Rev. President Father Hehir remarked that Father Griffin was deserving of special honor on the part of the students, as he was the oldest member of the faculty and the only living link between the old college in Wylie Avenue and the new one on the Bluff.

Dinner was served to the 50 or more clergymen of the diocese, who were present to help celebrate the occasion.

Father Griffin was born in Ireland, and after graduating from Blackrock college, Dublin, pursued his theological studies in France. He was ordained in Paris, November 21, 1880, by Bishop Maret, and a short time later came to Holy Ghost college, where he has taught music and Latin and has been very popular with the student body ever since.

SERMON DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE REV. JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp., November 21, 1905.

By the Rev. E. M. McKeever, Pastor of St. John the Baptist's, Pittsburg.

"The lips of the Priest shall guard knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth; because He is the Angel of the Lord of Hosts."—(MAL. II., 7.)

These words were said of the Priest under the old dispensation. With how much more aptness may they be applied to the Priest under the new dispensation, the reality of what the old dispensation was merely the type or symbol. But the responsibility that rests upon every Priest, as a guardian of the law and knowledge is intensified immeasurably, when he is a member of a religious order or community. For of him, especially, may it be said that his will is in the Law of the Lord, and on His law shall he meditate day and night. His regular life, under the rule which he has accepted, with hours of retirement, recollection and uninterrupted communion with God, in combination with hours for the occupations assigned him by his superiors, give him a decided advantage over the secular Priest, who must do his work amid the cares and distractions of the world, under the comparatively easy rule of his Bishop and the general laws of the Church. When, then, such a Priest, such a religious, is also an educator, we have a right to look for results corresponding with the three-fold graces, which run and blend together in his soul, those of an educator, those of a religious and, above all, those of a Priest. Such a Priest is, indeed, a messenger of the Lord of Hosts, and fortunate are the pupils, fortunate, too, are the community and the diocese, that enjoy the benefit of his ministry and services.

For five and twenty years, almost, this college, this community, this diocese of Pittsburg have been so blest

in the person of the Reverend Jubilarian.

With the graces, however, that have been mentioned, account must also be taken of those which went with the circumstances of his birth, rearing and training for his high calling.

Born forty-nine years ago in a home where dwelt the sweetest and strongest influences of Christian virtue; in a district where lingered memories and traditions of some of Ireland's bitterest wrongs and sorrows; in a country whose children have known death, but not defeat, in the cause of Faith and Fatherland; all the circumstances served to develop and strengthen in him, as they have in so many of his countrymen, a missionary spirit and a vocation to the Holy Priesthood. Accordingly, we find him, when only a boy of about thirteen years of age, in Blackrock College studying the classics. Having also finished there a course of Philosophy, in 1877 he went to France, where, having completed a course of theology, he was ordained on September 21st, 1880, just twenty-five years ago to-day. The following year he made his profession as a member of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost; he came to this country, and was installed as a member of the staff of this College, then in its infancy.

During the ensuing years, besides performing his duties as a Priest in a religious community, and responding to the calls, not infrequent, from the secular Clergy of the Diocese for assistance in parochial work, he has been continuously engaged in teaching some of the most important branches to the young men who have been students in this institution, many of whom have now a share in the busy affairs of the world, and some of whom, in the various avocations they have selected, have made their mark, attained success and acquired distinction.

Whatever claims may be made for the educational influences of home, and there can be no question that they are primary, and enter first and furthest in the formation of a man's character; whatever claims may be made for the advantages of early schooling, and there is no question

that it supplements very largely the effects of home training in eliminating crudities of character and laving the foundation of knowledge; while the necessity must be admitted of the saving influence of the Church in building up and preserving the spiritual, the best and highest element in man's being; vet, at no time in the world's history, and in no country so much as in this, probably, have prevailing conditions called more for education, for young men of talent and ability with a promising future. This can be provided only by the College or the University--not any kind of college or university-but such as this, to bring together, solidify, confirm and give the finishing touches to, the influences that have been mentioned, above all and particularly, that of religion, to fit and prepare a young man for the struggle that awaits him in the world, to fulfil the mission imposed upon him by his Creator and achieve the end of his existence.

Everywhere there are doubt and question with regard to everything. There is nothing so sacred that it is left untouched. The result is that the foundation being loosened, morality has become at least an uncertain quantity. In no line of life is this more apparent than in that of trade and commerce. Except among the comparatively few God-fearing and God-loving, where, for instance, shall we find the sterling honesty that, within the memory of not a few of us, once marked the relations of business?

In no class does it appear to be more wanting than among those who boast of a collegiate or university course. Go among the high financiers, whose peculiar methods have enabled them to accummulate vast fortunes, and how many of them will you find who have not received at least a fairly liberal education? And what is the meaning of the reform movement that is sweeping over the land? It looks hopeful and encouraging. Yet it is to be feared that it is only a spasm which will soon pass away and be forgotten. Meanwhile thousands, year after year, are issuing all over the land

from colleges and universities, as well as from the common schools, in which God has no place in the minds and hearts of the children and young men. Unless there be a radical change in the training received by our children and young men, to say nothing of the young women, in which religion will have its proper position of dignity and controlling influence, the reaction that will follow the reform will only prepare the way for worse that is sure to come. Yet, the movement is an evidence of a struggling effort, of an earnest desire on the part of the soul of the nation, for a condition that will restrict, if it will not remove, the prevailing dishonesty and restore the grounds for mutual trust and confidence. But, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (Ps. 126, 1). These young men, then, who are preparing to take places in a world so corrupt and corrupting, rest under a greater responsibility, as they have heard the Voice of the Angel of the Lord of Hosts, and received the Law of His Mouth. For the law is the truth, God's truth, and, because it is the truth, it is said: "The law of Thy Mouth is good to me, above thousands of gold and silver;" and because this law is so precious, we have the prayer: "Give me, O Lord, understanding, and I will search Thy law; and I will keep it with my whole heart. Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies and not to covetousness" (Ps. 118, 33, 36). As to those who have gone forth from this College and are now on the highways and byways of the world seeking what it may give them, according to their needs and aspirations, I can express no better wish than that they may not have occasion to say: "Why have I hated instruction, and have not heard the voice of them that taught me, and have not inclined my ear to masters" (Prov. 5, 13).

But, "As the thought, so the man." And just as true is it, as the thought so the nation. The schools, colleges and universities that I have referred to are sending out thousands every year into the marts of trade and all the complex relations of business and manufacture;

and supplying incumbents for the various offices and positions of government, from those of the smallest borough to those of the largest cities, as well as those of State and Federal governments. They are also crowding all the avenues to the mind, heart and soul of the nation, with editors, ministers, teachers and writers, not a few of whom are masters of expression, who, by their endless questioning, without positive, well-defined and authoritative standards of truth, are spreading the baleful and destructive influences of doubt in all directions, so that, with false theories and philosophies, they are undermining the foundations of religion and morality and all that is necessary for the existence of peaceful and orderly society and government. As an offset to all this, we want men versed in the languages and the wisdom of the ages. Above all, we want men skilled in philosophy, not such as skims over the surface, but sounds the depths; goes down to the bed-rock of facts, ideas and theories; gathers together what is true and rejects the false; generalizes the first deductions and principles, and, bringing them within a narrower scope, generalizes again, and stops not until it reaches the supreme fact, the supreme law and principle; the supreme cause of things; the supreme mind and the supreme thought, which is the "Word which has been from the beginning, and which is the light and the life of men." Such men we want, and we cannot have too many of them, wise men in thought and men of knowledge. But this is not enough. Of what value is gold in the ore? It would not at least be a pleasant or convenient medium of exchange. It would not be accepted as currency. So also is the greatest wisdom in the While it might attract the attention of the learned and studious, it would be passed by without notice by the multitude. But give it suitable expression; clothe it in attractive literary form; give it the garment of perspicacity and the graces of judiciously ornate language; let the speech or writing be condensed and arranged in the correct order of ideas, the selection of words and

the consecutiveness of sentences, so as to make the fact or the thought or the principle flash and sparkle like a gem in the light that God has placed in every man's soul; then will wisdom, God's truth, stand out in the soul of the reader or the hearer, with such splendor of beauty and goodness that he will be led to cry out: "With what shall I compare it? All gold in comparison of her is as a little sand, and silver in respect to her shall be counted as clay. I love her above health and beauty; and choose to have her instead of light; for her light cannot be put out" (Wis. 7, 7, 10). For such results, that the young men of this institution might know how to think, reason and philosophize aright; be able to shed the light of their thought upon the souls of others, and thus be instruments in the hands of the Lord for the building of the house of wisdom, truth, justice and virtue in the nation, much of the responsibility has been placed, these years, upon the shoulders of the Jubilarian, as professor of classics and philosophy. With what success we can see, by glancing along the line of those who have been his pupils, and, thanks be to God, are doing good work as clergymen, members of the bar, writers and public speakers, as well as those whose culture has enabled them to acquire a wholesome influence in society.

But this is not all. As in the commercial, classical and philosophical courses, he has led his pupils from lower levels to those that are higher, where are the truth and the law, the life and the light, that will guide and sustain them on the arid and dangerous paths of the world; so, while, as teacher and director in music, he has taught them the capacity of voice and instrument for the expression of the changeful moods of the heart and currents of passion, he has brought them up from the earthly to the ethereal and supernatural and revealed to them the supreme truth as supreme melody and harmony. He leads them to the threshold of the Church. The music of song and dance, of love and passion, sinks away into silence. He gathers them around the altar on which

the Eucharistic God sits enthroned to "lift up their voices that in the great house the sound of sweet melody might be heard" (Ecçl. 50, 20). The strains of sacred song, fast or slow, rise and fall with the pulsations of the truth and sentiment in the text they render, when, lo! their souls and those of the multitude ascend, ascend, as choir answers unto choir, until leaving the world and its distracting cares behind, they stand around the Great White Throne, mingling their voices with those of the angelic and white-robed Hosts of the Heavenly Court in adoration, praise, thanksgiving, honor and glory to the Lord God, Most High.

Ad majorem Dei gloriam! As in the world the motto is excelsior, so with the zeal that possesses him in relation to what pertains to God, his motto is higher, higher, higher! Better, better, better! For nothing short of what is the best that he and others are capable of, will satisfy him with whom that is a living principle which is a standard for all: "Be ye perfect as my Heavenly Father is perfect." And so we need not be surprised to learn that he has undertaken the task of teaching all the students of the College sacred music, the grand, old Gregorian chant. Why? Not only that they might be able suitably to sing the praises of the Almighty, but also that all the Churches of the Diocese might be supplied with singers and organists. As in other matters, as we have seen, his aim has been to equalize the souls of men with God as the supreme truth and law, so in this, he will make it the object of his best endeavor to equalize them with God as the supreme melody and harmony.

What more shall I say? As in thought and teaching there has been a correspondence with the highest standards, so has there been in his personality, in his conversation among men, in his intercourse in the various relations in which he has been placed. To that must be traced his manly, courteous, priestly bearing and character, radiating with the beauty, sweetness and sunshine of holiness, with goodness of heart, prudence, cour-

age, mildness, meekness, gentleness, humility, modesty and patience, all the virtues in a word, which go to make the typical, Christian, American gentleman, as well as the typical Priest, religious and Christian educator.

And now, I shall close, Reverend Father, but not without the prayer that God may grant you still length of days, with health and strength, until another jubilee be yours; and

Ut, cum sedebit Arbiter In fine Christus saeculi, Te, Joannem, sempiterni gaudii Concedat esse compotem.

Following is the address delivered in the name of the students:

Hail to the Hero of a combat spiritual, ceaseless and glorious, like Heaven's reward! Hail to the Model of a quarter-century for students ambitions in duty's fair strife! Hail to the Patron of youth and endeavor: to the Hero, the Model, the Patron, all hail!

'Tis now the hour, Reverend and very dear Father, that upon your brow descends the silvery halo, marking the transit of well-spent years in service all divine. Twenty-five summers have flown-aye, and winters too, for sorrows and trials have their season, as snows and chilling blasts succeed the zephyr, the blossom, the lily and the rose. As with the seasons, so with the life of man: gladness and woe alternate fashion a spirit to eternal fitness, temper him in a calibre commensurate with his task and in him consummate, as do the seasons in nature, the designs of Providence. The clear and sweet, victorious tenor notes mingle and harmonize with the steady, deep and soulful basso in that grand beauty of unison you so fully appreciate. Tribulations and consolations, counsels and admonitions, advice and prayerall concur in weaving a garland luxuriant and imperishable! Who has recorded the sacrifices offered upon the

altar, the sacraments conferred, the sermons delivered, the graces won for your fellowmen by sacred ministry, and the blessings bestowed by your enlightened leadership in the cause of Christian education during the lapse of all these years? No man knows them all; even you, yourself, perchance may have allowed full many to fade away from memory—yet all is written in the Book of Life. Richest recompense awaits you where the moth consumeth not and robbers break not through and steal.

Even here below, Rev. Jubilarian, is a slight foretaste of supernal glory in the reverent congratulations of an assemblage moved by considerations nowise worldly, but rather elevated by the solemnity of the occasion. we shall not undertake to enumerate the divers careers of life upon which hundreds of ardent youth have entered, strengthened and ennobled by your instructions and influence, we may at least be pardoned in alluding to this one detail of honor, that among them are counted now well-nigh a hundred priests, ministers of the Most High, scattered athwart the diocese and far beyond its limits, once and anon docile pupils of their Alma Mater, developing under the fostering care of such as you. And yet, as we mention such, we must reflect that, after all, but few, very few, have been able to devote quite as many years to the sublime work of this institution as you, our Spiritual Advisor.

Courage then and perseverance, buoyant, spontaneous joy be yours till ere God's own time, the silver crown shall have become golden and decked with precious gems—if not on earth, as is our wish and prayer, then, when God see fit, in Heaven!

## Father Griffin's Jubilee.

To-day with thee do we proclaim
In accents loud, with hearts sincere,
The glories of God's Blessed Name
Whom thou hast served with love and fear.

'Tis five and twenty years to-day,
Since He to you fond labor gave,
To smooth rough paths, to cheer the way,
By sacred functions, souls to save.

We whom you urged from fear to hope,
Shall ne'er forget your lessons true:
Though time moves on in downward slope
Our thoughts, our prayers, shall be with you,

At God's own altar now we kneel, The student-body young and old, With sentiments we deeply feel, Of gratitude as yet untold.

Alas! Our efforts are in vain
To show you—make you—feel 'tis true
That, shunning fear, we hope again
A Golden Jubilee for you.

So Reverend Father, now we seek
Your fondest blessing! Hearken swain!
The very walls with joy shall creak
"And echo back the joyful strain;"—

Long life and fruitful labor be, To Father Griffin, you and me.

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.



### MUSIC.

Music and her sister art, poetry, have been known and cultivated since the dawn of human history. Their origin is lost in the "twilight of fable." That they arose together seems probable; that they were for ages united is

certain. Naturally, then, may we conclude that there exists a most intimate relation between them.

Both fire the imagination and arouse the emotions; it is difficult to determine which the more powerfully. Music, however, is more extended in its influence. It touches the most ignorant savage as deeply as the most highly civilized and polished of men; whilst poetry, on the other hand, is more dependent on mental and moral culture and refinement.

The influence of both these arts, when united as they were originally, is greatly increased. In modern times, we have had many proofs of this in our lyrical productions. Many of these have captivated whole nations. What wonders were wrought by the singing of the Marseillaise and Maryland, My Maryland? What heart does not thrill with a nameless tenderness at the singing of Home, Sweet Home?

Both are efforts of the soul to voice thoughts and emotions too delicate, too subtile, too deep, and too full, for the ordinary form of human speech; ideas and sentiments which even they, though far transcending prose, cannot fully express. But what they are unable clearly and adequately to reveal, they can arouse in our minds and souls. In other words, their suggestive and affective power is greater than their power of expression.

Music sweeps over the human soul like the Spirit over the waters, stirring it to its lowest depths. It plays upon the mind and heart like the wind on an aeolian harp. This power can hardly be explained. We can say that "music is to the ear what order is to the mind," for there can be no music without order or harmony. But why this necessity? "Order is Heaven's first law," and it is shown thus in the human mind. It is one of those grandly simple laws of God that stretch from the centre to the circumference of creation, and form, as it were, the foundations of the world. The old idea of the hymning of the spheres, though a poetic fiction, expresses a sublimely beautiful truth.

Music acts upon the mind like an illumination. Thoughts receive an unwonted clearness, convictions are intensified, the intellect seems, for the time being, to be lifted up to a higher plane. This, as well as a corresponding influence on the emotions, is a matter of common experience.

The power of music to stir up the soul to great actions has been known and exemplified in all ages, both in the quiet of peace and the tumult of war. Great generals have acknowledged that to the drum and the fife, rather than to the musket and the bayonet, must be ascribed the most glorious victories. Under their inspiration, men have marched into the cannons' mouths unflinchingly. Does it rouse the mind up to a forgetfulness of self merely, or does it really ennoble it with this sublime courage?

Music is certainly ennobling in its effects. Some have contended that it can never be employed on the side of vice. I believe that this contention is well grounded. It is not without deep significance that it has, in all ages, been used in religion, but, especially, that it has been ordained to ever accompany worship in the true Faith. A distinct form of it, however, is required. We know that it tends to lift up the mind and soul to higher things; that it is distinctly spiritual in its trend, if unresisted, and that gives rise to one of the most pure and spiritual of our enjoyments. The thought of music always enters into our conceptions of Heaven and of the spiritual existence therein. Indeed, in the words of a great musician, "Music was born in Heaven."

Christianity whilst ennobling the arts, rather than being ennobled by them, seeks, through their instrumentality, to give us a still loftier perception of her own transcendent beauty and truth, the greatness of our destiny, and the majesty of Him whom we adore. Like Ezechiel of old, the Church at the bidding of the Almighty, commanded the dry bones of the arts to rise once more. She clothed them with her own eternal beauty

and breathed into them anew the breath of her own glorious and immortal life. With oratory and poetry beautifully, yet with music still more fully, has she striven to mirror forth her inward light. The voice falls short and so fails the pen, though one speak with the tongue of Isaias and write "with an iron pen on the rocks forever." Painting and sculpture, though by the brush of a Raphael and the chisel of a Michael Angelo, catch but the wandering rays of this divine illumination. "Deep calleth unto deep." In the boundless world of harmony, at last, does she find a fitting medium, whereby she may pour forth fully and freely her overflowing soul. Protean-like music lends itself to all the varying sentiments that through religion arise in the heart of man, by reason of his relations to time and to eternity, to his fellowman and to God. There is no height nor depth of Catholic Faith that it fails to touch and illumine for the spiritual eye; no joy nor sorrow of the righteous soul. that it does not voice and temper and sanctify.

Amos A. Johns, '06.



# Materialism Versus Christianity in the United States.

Man is a composite being—an epitome, so to speak of all creation, for in him are united the material and the spiritual. The two constituents of his being were at his creation, as we know, in perfect harmony, the former subordinated to the latter; but, by the Fall, this concord was lost. The flesh rebelled against the spirit, and continues to rebel. The record of this endless strife is written in the history of the race, for the external or social world is but the reflection of the inner man; history is the drama, as it were, of human life, in which the thoughts and desires of each and every individual become the actors.

Our Saviour was gazing upon this mortal combat, when He said "I came not to bring peace, but a sword," the sword of the Spirit. In this struggle there can be no compromise, no truce. It shall end for the individual at the grave; for the nations, in the Valley of Judgment. Down through the ages without cessation has this "Armageddon" continued. On the one side are leagued together the powers of darkness, on the other is the power of God: the one seeks to blast the Spiritual in man and reduce him to the level of the brute; the other, to regain the lost dominion over the flesh and to bring him to his destined end.

Materialism, in its more limited sense, is the actual denial of all things spiritual. In the wider signification of the term is included that negation which is merely practical. This is far more universal and far more to be dreaded; first, because of its universality, and, secondly, by reason of its insidious nature. For, like its begetter, it may appear "in the form of an angel of light" entering the very sanctuaries of religion, "deceiving, if possible, even the elect." "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for the battle?"

Many causes lead to materialism, of which one may only mention the more salient, when neither time nor ability permits to enter into a thorough treatment of them all. The actual theories of materialism, however, are the legitimate offspring of practical materialism, because the desire of the gratification of passions, as well as the passions gratified, make men desire to forget God. This tendency of mind and will is urged forward by a great variety of secondary causes. Long ago it was written, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'there is no God.'" This is the cradle of materialism.

It is worthy of remark here that all religions, save Christianity, have pandered to the passions of man, not daring to attempt to stem the torrent. The worship of Baal, of Venus, of Aphrodite, occurs to us in this connection. We know that pagan Rome deified every base and ignoble passion of man. The paradise of Mohammed was a place of sensual gratification.

The wish not to believe has no stronger ally than the sight of the disunion of Christian peoples. This affords a specious pretext which desire eagerly seizes. Protestantism is the vestibule of infidelity. Every new sect which now arises almost daily weakens the faith of those who do not wish to believe and, alas! of many who do. As it exists to-day, it is a mere jumble of contradictions in which no sane man who believes in the divinity of Christianity can have the least logical faith. It has degenerated to a mere heterogeneous mass of individual opinions. As such, it can command the respect of no one, for Christianity void of organization loses every trace of its Founder.

For this reason, Compte refused to consider Protestantism as forming a part of Christianity, using that appellation as synonymous with Catholicity.

The rapid disintegration of Protestantism bids fair to array, in a short time, all our people in either of two hostile camps, materialism and the Catholic Church, without intermediaries. This outcome is as inevitable as desirable. It will greatly simplify and facilitate the struggle, since the position of both parties will be clearly defined.

To a Catholic the issue is not doubtful, though he cannot doubt that the contest will be severe. Humanly speaking, materialism bids fair to come off victorious. There are at present 50,000,000 of American people unbaptized. We can give them no better designation than that of mere refined heathens. A godless system of education is rearing a generation of practical atheists. False ideas of life and false ideals are everywhere prevalent. The sanctity of the marriage tie is a mere phantom to the great majority of our countrymen. A fixed, and apparently insurmountable, neglect of religion and religious practices and a belief, more or less defined, that the world has outgrown Christianity, have settled

down like a vampire upon the nation. Those who love their country and their race, and who still have the slightest remnant of faith in the supernatural, cannot but see that we are approaching a grave crisis in our national life. Many thoughtful men are anxiously seeking for some power, some means capable of withstanding the avalanche of godlessness which threatens to sweep away every vestige of Christian teaching.

A consideration of the methods pursued by materialism and of the means most conducive to its progress, suggests with little reflection, the more salient of the requisite principles to be observed by its opponent. Christianity, as represented by Protestantism, is losing its hold on the American people, because of its disunion, of its contradictory doctrines, of its denial of the divinity of Christianity by reason of its tacit acknowledgment of our Saviour's inability to transmit His doctrine, down through the ages, whole and entire, and, what is worse, by denying the necessity of unity in belief. This all follows quite logically from the denial of the principle of authority and of there being an infallible tribunal of faith. What little of Christianity remains has been relegated to the sphere of private, individual, life. Yet this is "the city set upon a hill which cannot be hid."

A system of negations can never command the respect, not to mention confidence, of thinking or even unthinking men.

This, first of all, must be counteracted. We need then a positive Christianity.

Christianity is nothing, and worse than nothing, if it is not positive, if it speak not as its divine Founder. "I am the resurrection and the life;" "He that believeth not shall be condemned;" "He that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live again;" "Verily, till heaven and earth pass, not one jot or one tittle shall pass from the law." Did these last words sound in the ears of Lyman Abbot when he wrote "Things that Remain"?

We need a clearly defined, unitive, aggressive

Christianity, a Christianity that shall permeate the body politic, making it the embodiment of its social principles. For this end, authority, from which the mentioned attributes naturally proceed, and infallibility which gives to all its teachings the sacred sanction of truth and right are imperatively necessary.

One institution only possesses these qualifications and one alone claims them; and this assertion which has been sustained through all the vicissitudes, through all the mutations, of nineteen hundred years, is the surest guarantee of its own innate truthfulness.

The Catholic Church then, only, is capable of withstanding the onslaught of materialism and of overcoming it. To even the casual observer it is evident that the advocates of materialism see in the Church of Rome their one great opponent. Prof. Huxley openly avowed this. The Catholic Church is made the butt of every formidable attack on Christianity, as the history of materialism well illustrates. This is well deserving of serious reflection on the part of Protestants.

In our country, the Church indeed has need of all her ample powers. Her ministers must labor as the Apostles of old; her voice must sound over the nation as the fiat of the Almighty. She must preach as if from amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. Only this can awaken the American people who have been lulled to sleep by that namby-pamby, do-as-you-please, and believe-as-you-like, form of religion, known as Protestant-They must be made to feel that there is a divine power in the world; that the Church is a divine institution, and, as such, of a right demands their unqualified submission to her teachings. All men whose minds are not dwarfed or perverted instinctively recognize this as in perfect consonance with the idea of God and His providence. Nothing so powerfully draws sincere non-Catholics towards the Church as her speaking "as one that hath authority."

"If any man speak, let him speak as the oracle of

God." Thus the Apostles spoke when they came forth from the Cenacle of Jerusalem; thus speaking, they traversed the world. Thus did St. Paul speak to the Athenians from the heights of the Areopagus, and to the Romans "who were without God in the world." By the God-given powers of the Church, the Roman Empire was cleansed and purified and the fierce hordes of Northern barbarians who had destroyed the last vestige of Rome's material sovereignty were brought into the fold of the Church.

The Church "is the leaven which shall leaven the whole lump," the power which shall save our nation.

Noiselessly but swiftly has she grown in this land of ours, but her "hidden life" is quickly drawing to a close. Now must she traverse all the land "conquering and to conquer."

A. P. J.

## Cards of Sympathy.

Transfer and the same

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Stanislas Jeneka, be it

RESOLVED, That, we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the Bulletin.

THEODORE M. LAUX, JOSEPH E. MADDEN, LEO SCHAILL, ALEXIS SZABO.

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom to call to Himself the mother of our fellow-student and companion, Albert R. Blume, be it Resolved, That, we, the undersigned, on behalf of

his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heart-felt sympathy, and also that a copy of this resolution be printed in the BULLETIN.

> THOMAS B. HERRON, PAUL DARBY, JAMES HALEY, DENNIS NICHOLAS.

#### The Mission In Life.

"I am doing my share toward the elevation of womankind," remarked the youth with a tall collar and noisy tie.

"In what way?" queried the man with the auburn complexion.

"I run an elevator in a department store," explained the youth.—Chicago News.



#### In a Man's Pockets.

A fairly well-equipped gentleman true to his calling and to his friends carries quite a kit of tools. There is a jackknife, a match box, a cigar cutter, a nail file, a corkscrew, a finger nail tool and possibly a cigar holder, and some good five-centers to give away. And yet women wonder what he finds to put in his pockets. To facilitate further the business of just hanging around, he must have a little money, a handkerchief, bunch of keys, fountain pen, some lead pencils and sharpener, eyeglasses, notebook, watch, old letters, paper of more or less supposed value and a cardcase. Not one pocket could be spared unless it is the one on his night shirt, and that looks so sweet.—Clay Center Times.

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES,
LOCALS,
ATHLETICS,
ALUMNI,
CONCERTS,
BUSINESS MANAGERS,
E. F. JACKSON, '07.

A. G. JOHNS, '07.
H. J. LAWLER, '09.
M. J. BRENNAN, '08.
D. B. KEATING, '07.
A. DUFFY, '09.
ALUMNI,
F. J. TOOHILL, '08.
SOCIETIES,
CONCERTS,
E. M. MORALES, '07.
BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. JACKSON, '07.
A. F. WINGENDORF, '07.

J. L. McGovern, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 3.

#### EDITORIAL.

### Dr. Douglas Hyde.

The Gaelic League has a thriving branch in Pittsburg, as in various cities the land over. As part of his program for a trip through the United States, Dr. Douglas Hyde will deliver an address at Old City Hall on January 6, '06. He comes nobly heralded as a scholar and patriot, but especially as the prophet of Ireland in the arduous but grand task of making the Irish language popular and well-known among the race. He is a Protestant, the son of a Protestant clergyman and a Trinity graduate, but the President and incarnation of the League. An organ of the League, printed in Dublin, and whose title, translated, is: Sword of Light, pro-

claims him the most loved man in Ireland. It is also maintained that the League is the most powerful political body in Ireland, simply because it is non-political, at the same time that every branch of the League is rapidly forming a strong type of Irish cititzenship. The language is now being taught in nearly all the schools. The bishops have come out strongly in favor of the move-Irish names are being printed on gentlemen's cards, on shops and carts, and the government seems to fear the result, as it is making arrests to check the movement. The Gaelic League is also planning affiliation with other large Irish societies, as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which numbers 200,000 in this country, the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union and the Sons of St. Patrick. The undertaking appeared almost superhuman, but it is doubtful whether what yet remains to be done be not less difficult than what has already been effected. It is palpable that Dr. Hyde is an organizer of rare genius and energy, as well as a leader of men.



## LOCALS.

#### First Term Examinations.

The first term examinations were held during the week beginning November 6. They were written in all subjects, and oral in Latin, Greek, German, French, Polish and Italian. The results were published in the College hall, on Tuesday, November 14. The Very Rev. President expressed his satisfaction with the high marks generally obtained. One hundred and twenty-eight of the three hundred and seventy-one students that presented themselves for the examinations were awarded honor cards. The following obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) J. J. Dekowski, A. G. Johns, J. A. Carroll, C. A. Mayer; (Commercial Department) S. A. Conway, J. F. Thornton, C. A. Staud, C. Swain; (Academic Department) J. H. McGraw,

S. G. McLaughlin, T. A. Feeney, J. V. O'Connor, O. H. Steedle; (Grammar Department) T. S. Gillespie, A. B. McSwigan.

At the last monthly meeting of our C. T. A. U., Father Giblin delivered an address, after which the enrolment was made of about 200 students in the society. The Nomination Committee proposed the same list of officers as last year, as they had been elected just towards the close of the school year. The list was unanimously confirmed. Bernard McGuigan made an able speech, when introduced as Vice-President. At the close of the meeting a brief discourse was delivered in encouragement of the movement by the President of the College.

We have good congregational singing every Wednesmorning at Mass for the students, and also at Benediction.

The last bi-monthly meeting of the County Federation of Catholic Societies was held, as the two previous, in the College Library, where it will regularly meet henceforth. It was largely attended, but will probably be surpassed by the January meeting by the number of delegates elected for the new year. A strong, though brief, manifesto has just been sent to every society in the county.



## Chapel Windows.

Through the generosity of our friends, the series of art windows in the College chapel is gradually nearing completion. Two new windows arrived from the Munich studios of Mayer & Co., and were in place for the jubilee of Rev. Father Griffin. One, donated in memory of Mrs. B. Maloney by her daughters, represents the presentation of the Divine Infant in the Temple; the other, depicting the Ascension of our Lord, was given as a memorial of Daniel Brady by his parents. They are

lovely examples of the art that has been fostered for ages in the old Bavarian town. Their soft, warm colors attract the worshipper's eye, and the deep religious feeling that pervades them awakens in his soul like emotions and aspirations.

The *Presentation* is treated with great simplicity. Of the four figures, one is most impressed by that of holy Simeon. Reverently he clasps the Child, while his upturned face gleams with joy and gratitude. Mary and Joseph look on tranquilly. The whole group is suggestive of sweet repose and peace.

In designing the Ascension, the artist has cleverly overcome a grave difficulty occasioned by the central mullion. Despite this obstacle, the figures are grouped with unerring taste. Our blessed Lord, transfigured with glory, and escorted by cherubs, rises in triumph towards the blue heavens. Adoration, hope, exultant joy, are vividly portrayed in the faces and attitudes of the Apostles. With pensive look the Mother kneels, as if, for the moment, the pain of parting outweighed her joy at His glorification: instinctively, as we gaze on the picture, all these feelings surge over our soul, and raise us for awhile above the meanness of our daily lives.

The framework of these sacred scenes is that wondrous Gothic tracery which harmonizes so well with the surroungings. We cannot sufficiently express our thanks to those who made it possible for us to adorn our chapel with windows so befitting to the house of God.

J. M., '04.



## Alumni Notes.

A meeting of the Alumni Committee was held in President E. S. Reilly's suite of rooms in the Park Building, on the evening of November 7. In addition to the President, there were present Rev. H. J. McDermott, Secretary; Rev. J. J. Laux, Joseph Cawley, J. E. Kane, J. P. Kelly, F. T. Lauinger, E. G. O'Connor and P. B. Reilly. It was decided to hold an Alumni meeting in the College hall, on December 5, with a novel feature as an attraction—the services of two professional entertainers to make things generally pleasant and enjoyable before the transaction of būsiness usual on such an occasion. A large number of invitations has been sent out, and all indications go to show that the many Alumni who have favorably replied will have a most delightful time.

Wedding bells have been busy ringing out their gladsome chimes. Raymond A. Franz, James J. Curran, Bernard J. Johnston, Frederick Turnblacer and Edward L. Davin have led happy brides to the altar. Each and all, they have our best wishes for many years of unalloyed wedded happiness.

Impaired health has obliged Frank Barr to take a prolonged vacation. It is to be hoped that the bracing air of a Kansas ranch and freedom from real estate preoccupations will quickly build up our former star first-baseman and experienced tackle.

Mat Fitzgerald, '03, thinks there is no place like Pittsburg. During a recent visit he told us that it tugged so long and so hard at his heart-strings that he finally decided to quit an excellent position in Cleveland and return to the scene of his former many victories on the diamond. Several desirable positions have been offered him. His brother Richard, '04, is in charge of the service department of the Cuyahoga Telephone Co.

Harry Collins, James McLaughlin, Claud McDermott and Hubert Gaynor are attending the medical lectures in Georgetown University.

Letters from over the sea bring us the glad tidings that our Alumni in la belle France, now engaged in theological studies, are charmed with their classes and surroundings. Mr. Baumgartner made a delightful tour

of Holland, Germany and Switzerland; Messrs. Bryan, Schalz and O'Sullivan enjoyed a lengthy vacation before they sailed for Havre; and Messrs. Wrenn and O'Connor toured Ireland and England on their way to gay Paris.

Ralph Hayes and James Ryan proved excellent sailors on their ocean trip to Naples. Neptune was unusually considerate and did not subject them to the tribute he claims from so many passengers. They have now joined Tom Coakley in the American College at Rome.

Arthur Flanigan, '99, revisited the Academic halls in the middle of November. He is now in the accounting department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. George, his brother, was registered three months ago, and is doing well in the study of the ancient classics.

Ralph Hayes, '05, who went to Rome about a month ago, in pursuance of his ecclesiastical studies, has lately been admitted to audience with Pius X. Bishop Canevin procured his admission with that of Thomas Coakley, '04.

Joseph B. Cawley, '94, has been elected vice-president of the Cadwalader Tin Plate Metal Co., Elizabeth Street, Hazelwood.



#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

#### November 5.

March, Napoleon, Zamecnik, Orchestra; Recitation, A Lay of Real Life, T. J. Szulc, Violin Solo, Selection from Queen's Lace Handkerchief, C. J. McGuire; Chorus, O Willie, We Have Missed You, Glee Club; Cornet Solo, Shall We Meet Again, G. Weis; Recitaton, The Twins, C. E. Haley; Waltz, In Dear Old Georgia, Schwartz, Orchestra; Chorus, Do They Think of Me at Home, Glee Club; Mandolin Duet, I Ain't Got No Use for Sleep, C. E. Haley, E J. McKnight; Recitation, Curse of Regulus, N. M. Szabo; Piano and Violin Serenade, Rev. J. Griffin, T. B. Herron; Chorus, Old Dog Tray, Glee Club; Exit March, College Days, Orchestra.

#### November 14. (At the Proclamation of the Examination Results).

Waltz, My Lady of the North, Blanke, Orchestra; Violin Solo, Hearts and Flowers, F. McGrogan; Vocal Solo, Lead, Kindly Light, J. F. Corcoran; Midley, My Irish Molly, Schwartz, Orchestra; Violin Solo, Selection from Hernandi, F. J. Stack; Vocal Solo, The Monarch of the Woods, R. V. Conway; Kokomo, A Japanese Serenade, Sutton, Orchestra.

#### November 19.

March, Caroline Chimes, De Haven, Orchestra; Recitation, Cripple Ben, S. G. McLaughlin; Violin Solo, Slumber, R. A. Telerski; Recitation, The Collier's Dying Child; E. A. Mertz; March, Yankee Grit, Orchestra; Recitation, How St. Michael's Was Saved, G. P. Angel; Piano Solo, Regimental Daughters, J. Egan; Recitation, The Wreck of the Hesperus, J. J. Creighton; Intermezzo, Sesame, King, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Debating Societies Are Beneficial; Chairman, B. G. McGuigan; Affirmative, R. A. Brown, J. J. Millard; Negative, H. J. Lawler, J. J. Doyle.

#### November 26.

Overture, From Dawn to Twilight, Bennet, Orchestra; Recitation, An Incident in the French Camp, J. E. Madden; Song, My Old Kentucky Home, T. M. Laux, J. E. Madden and V. P. Wall; Serenade, Moonlight, Moret, Orchestra; Recitation, The Pride of Battery B, T. A. Feeney; Song, The First Voyage, C. A. Sanderbeck; Intermezzo, The Gondolier, Powel, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Emancipation Benefited the Negro; Chairman, D. P. Murphy; Affirmative, J. B. Keating, A. R. Nelson; Negative, P. G. Misklow, E. M. Morales.



#### ATHLETICS.

#### Sophomores.

During the few weeks which have elapsed since the last issue of the Bulletin, football was at its height and practically all the great griding struggles are over for the season, though one great football day still remains—Thanksgiving Day.

On November first, the 'Sophs' journeyed to Exposition Park with a pitched-up team to play the W. U. P. 'Sophs.' With several of the regulars out of the game, they nevertheless did not feel disheartened, but started into the fray with a vim that was sure to bring victory. During the first-half matters were about even, except that after about ten minutes play, Duffy picked the ball up on a fumble and ran 60 yards for what proved to be the only touch-down of the

game. In the second-half the College 'Sophs' played all around their opponents, being prevented from scoring only by fumbles and penalties. The W. U. P. 'Sophs' could do nothing through the defense work of Quinn and Noonan, while Neilan plowed through W. U. P. 'Sophs' line for gains every time he was entrusted with the ball. The final score was P. C. 'Sophs,' 5; W. U. P. Sophs, 0.

The following week the Sophomores met defeat at McDonald by a score of 5 to 0. Lack of 'ginger' and costly fumbles, while the ball was in the hands of the Sophs, practically lost the game. The features of this game were the playing of Grey and Ward for the Sophs.

Later on, the Sophomores encountered the Braddock Scholastics at Braddock, and though the game ended in neither side scoring, it seemed impossible for the 'Sophs' to win, as every time the 'Sophs' got within striking distance of their opponents goal line, the officials, for some reasons known only by themselves, would impose strict penalties, which would necessitate a kick. On one occasion, Misklow picked the ball up on a fumble and ran for a touch-down. The referee immediately brought the ball back and gave it to the Scholastics, claiming it was a dead ball when picked up. Ward, Grey and Vislet loomed up as the stars, with their fine tackling and line bucking. A return game will probably be played on the College grounds.

#### Juniors.

The Juniors have played but one big game during the last few weeks, but played so well that other teams in their class seem to be afraid of playing them. This game was with Coraopolis High School; whom they defeated by a score of 23 to 0. Cain and Gwyer were the stars. Cain, besides scoring three of the touch-downs, helped his teammates to the other one. On Thanksgiving, the Juniors will play the Swissvale High School, who are rated as one of the strongest high school teams in this vicinity.

#### Hockey.

For the first time in several years, the College will be represented by a Hockey Team, which will play at Duquesne Garden in the Inter-Scholastic League. This league is composed of five teams, viz.: Pittsburg College 'Preps,' Pittsburg High School, Shadyside and East Liberty Academies, and Wilkensburg High School.

As basketball is not played at the College, the students ought to encourage and support this team; Hockey is the only athletic game played during the long winter months.

The candidates for the Hockey team most likely for positions are Cain, Ryan, Dashbach, Carney, Ward, McMorris, C. McFarland, J. McFarland, Rutledge, Lawlor, Duffy, Cregan and Nzabo.

#### Minims.

The success of the Minims, whose season has just come to a close, is due mainly to the untiring efforts of the manager and the enthusiastic interest he has manifested at all times. Father Sonnefeld was the first to put a team on the field this year. His aggregation of youthful football players was out in uniform almost every day, faithfully undergoing hard and earnest training. This daily practice has developed a sturdy lot of young stars, whose prowess on the gridiron will some day be a credit to the Red and Blue.

The Minims' schedule included games with the strongest teams in their class, in Pittsburg and vicinity. To measure their strength and the success which attended their struggles, one need only glance at the appended results. Their goal-line was crossed but twice, and that in one game, the St. Mary's High School eleven, performing the feat on a fumble and on a long end run. This was the first and only time the Minims have been scored on in two years. They, however, won the game by the score of 17 to 10.

The season's record shows that out of seventeen games played, sixteen were victories and one resulted in a tie. From it we also conclude the fact that the Minims are the undisputed champions of their class.

Every member of the team merits praise, for each one did his utmost to fill his position creditably. Almost every game was characterized with spectacular end runs, which were made possible by sensational hurdling and magnificent interference. Trick plays were executed most successfully with a tact rarely seen in boys of their age. The terrific line plunging of the backs always netted the requisite number of yards. On the defensive their superb tackling elicited repeated applause from the spectators, whilst the line proved a veritable stone-wall.

The Minims wish to take this opportunity of extending their thanks to the good Sisters of the Holy Family Orphanage of Emsworth, who prepared such a tasty banquet for them after they had laid low the Emsworth Tigers.

Following is the result of games played since October 24:

October 28Min	ims—22 vs. F	riendship Juniors-0
November 2Min	ims—17 vs. Si	t. Mary's High School-10
November 4Min	ims—32 <i>vs.</i> M	Iadison Jrs0
November 11Min	ims—35 vs. E	Elberon Stars—0
November 11Min	ims-16 vs. S	t. Patrick's Cadets-0
November 18Min	ims-55 vs. S	t. James' Cadets—0
November 22Min	ims-32 vs. E	2msworth Tigers—0

#### EXCHANGES.

The Solanian is a pamphlet of good literary standards and reads very much like what might be expected from enterprising students. The Courant is not very elaborate, but it is in good taste: the article on "Gratiano" was clever. The Fleur de lis is one of the really high-class productions that grace our Sanctum. "Regina Mea" is a gem. "The Clash With Socialism" is a granite wedge. The Manhattan Quarterly is another high-class work. "Education and Parental Rights" is a timely topic ably handled. The N. D. Scholastic and Georgetown College Journal are unfailing exponents of good management and superior training. The Spectator, of Columbus, is all Lutheran in the November number. St. Augustine says: "Love men: immolate error." We do not possess the divine attribute of judging intentions: one may be sincere, and hence laudable, though erring. Indeed, the Spectator is what it professes to be, Lutheran-not after the fashion of such as know their principles have been refuted thoroughly thousands of times, though that were up to date, but in the manner of the early adherents of the sect. The writers scribble on in sanctimonious ignorance of a scholarship that has long since passed the stages of contempt and pity to enter upon a course of sublime indifference towards Lutheranism. The Spectator tells us, in reference to the days of Luther, "The Bible was unknown to the majority of priests. Even prelates, exalted in the Roman hierarchy, had never seen or read the Word of God." It says the clergy knew if sincere men would read the Bible they would discover the errors, falsehoods and the unwarranted claims of power held by the papacy."

We are told about "papal arrogance," "Tetzel, the instrument of the devil," and treated to various other plain, cheap lies ad nauseam. We are informed that "Our present civilization is the happy fruition of Luther's work." But it continues: "The infinite transformations of the past are criterions that at least foretell even a higher and better civilization than that of the present." Well, no; we are not Lutherans; we never were nor shall be, thank you. priesthood and prelacy may be very ignorant, but as there never was in history such a well educated class of men, then, God pity the rest of us! The papacy may be arrogant, but the grand old pope usually speaks with far more mildness and majesty than little barkers like the Spectator, even though we read in Holy Scripture that Christ said to the first pope: "Thou art Peter and on this Rock, I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"and to his apostles, the earliest bishops: "He that heareth you, heareth me''—and further: "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Luther seemed to think this was said for his special monopoly. He excommunicated the leading reformers, just as the pope and bishops excommunicated him. He taught private interpretation, but he didn't allow it : he knew, as Shakespeare puts it, that the devil could quote Scripture for his purpose. Who preserved the Bible? Who made one Book of the many small books composing it? Who decides its authenticity and canonicity? Who decided on its inspiration? Who taught the world that it was the Word of God and not merely the writing of some apostles? Who translated the entire Bible into three columns of the three master-languages of antiquity, putting Latin, Greek and Hebrew side by side? The Catholic Church: she gave you the Bible.

Luther claims the glory of spreading Bibles. That is due to the

printing-press, invented by a Catholic. But you say he translated it into German. He did, in 1534. The press had been invented in 1436: by 1442, only six years later, the printing of the Bible, a grand undertaking, at that date, was begun: it was completed and published in 1456. Between 1456 and 1534, Luther's date of translation, about 200 editions of the New Testament and 100 editions of the entire Bible were printed. Of the entire Bible, before Luther's time, there were printed 20 editions in Italian, 26 in French, 19 in Flemish, 2 in Spanish, and 30 in German. The highest position, practically, in the Church, next to the Papacy just before the Reformation, was the Archbishopric of Toledo, where so many councils were held. The Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Ximmers, had published his Complutensian polyglot Bible in 1522. He paid \$250,000 out of his own pocket for this, and then made it his will that the profits of its sale should be given in charity after his death. Even Protestant scholars admit that this was the most important Biblical work possible. Hundreds of years before the printing press was invented, Cyril and Methodius translated the Bible into Slavonian with their own hand, and so well as to form the Slavonian literary tongue. What did Rome do? She gave then the highest honors and called them saints when they died. Ximenes wrote a letter thanking Pope Leo X. for the help he had given for his Complutensian Bible. There is not in history a man more influential with the Papacy than was St. Bernard of Clairvaux: his sermons are more Scriptural-as we read them to-day-than any other set of sermons known: he preached all over Europe, three centuries before Luther's time. of course, he was not a Lutheran: he never taught "the basic thought of the Lutheran Church"—that "man is justified by faith and not by works." He knew that common sense and conscience contradict that; he knew that the Bible contradicts it, by those words of Jesus: "Not every man that saith to Me: Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father, Who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

# MUNICH'S STAINED GLASS ART BAVARIAN ART

F. X. ZETTLER, MUNICH.

#### BENZIGER BROS.

New York Cincinnati Chicago

Sole Agents for the United States of America.

Recent Contracts Awarded:

CATHEDRAL, Salt Lake City, Utah. ST. MEINARDS ABBEY, St. Meinard, Ind. IMMACUL. CONCEPTION CHURCH, Cleveland, O. THE GESU, Milwaukee, Wis., Etc., Etc.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1906.

No. 4.



## Christmas Carol.

#### HAIL TO THE BABE!

The Virgin's Son's all bright and charming:
You'll find him not in aught alarming.
How meek—though Herod plots his harming!
Hail to the Babe! Let all approach!

#### HAIL TO THE LAMB!

His love attracts by force magnetic, Yet spoke Isaias words prophetic— Redemption's Victim sympathetic! Hail to the Lamb! Be all redeemed!

#### HAIL TO THE LORD!

Bend low, with Kings and Shepherds kneeling!
His Presence sends all hell-power reeling—
To nether darkness quickly stealing.
Hail to the Lord! Let all adore!

#### HAIL TO THE KING!

O'er men and angels his dominion.

His reign for aye! But false opinion
Could serve as other master's minion.

Hail to the King! Let all obey!

T. G.

## The Apostolic Delegate at the College.

Mgr. Falconio, kindly accepting an invitation tendered by our Very Rev. President, favored us with a visit on Monday, December 4. His Excellency entered our parlors a few minutes before eleven in the morning, in company with our Rt. Rev. Bishop, and was thence escorted to the College hall, where about forty members of the diocesan clergy were seated on the stage with the Faculty. Just off the stage sat the orchestra, Professor Weis holding the baton: beyond were 375 students with their class-presidents at their head, and, at a given signal, a rousing cheer greeted the entrance of the distinguished guest. He took his seat at the center of the stage, and was handed the following program:

Overture . Reception (Schlepegrell) . Orchestra Vocal Solo Oh, Leave Me Not, Dear Heart Mattei J. F. Corcoran

Cornet Solo . The Commodore . Chambers F. J. Neilan

Chorus . Oh, Golden Land of Peace . King Vocal Solo . Ave Maria . Mascagni R. T. Ennis

Violin Solo Le Rêve (Gottermann) C. B. Weis Accompanist, Rev. J. Griffin, C. S. Sp.

#### Address of Welcome

March Gallant Knights (Leipziger) Orchestra

The following address was read by Erminio Morales:

"Your Excellency, with great reverence and much gladness we welcome you to our Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost. We, indeed, the students and children of this Catholic institute, approach you, Most Rev. Father, with so great affection and respect that we have no hope of finding adequate expression for our feelings. In many ways your Excellency challenges our filial ad-

miration. When to your characters of priest and archbishop we add those of franciscan and papal delegate, we have not yet said all; for we have in mind both your past rich services to the Church in other lands and your present mission of light and leading in this our great Republic. Though yet but youthful learners, we know enough to understand how beneficial is your influence to us and to our country. To hold aloft the ideals of ecclesiastical order and harmony and strength and dignity, is a work of blessing to all American Catholics; and as they are, humanly and divinely, the vigor of life to these United States, your fruitful action in their midst redounds to the healthful progress of the entire nation.

"As students of an American Catholic College, we naturally look to your Excellency with admiration and confidence. We recognize in you the great churchman's intelligently loving interest in much-needed Christian education. The fact that Leo the luminous chose you as his delegate in this distant land, made visible to us your halo of science; and no less is manitested that other halo, the halo of sanctity, by the further fact that Pius the Christlike establishes and maintains you across the sea as his far-outstretched arm of guidance and benediction.

"Much more' twould gratify us to say; but we fear to tire your Excellency. We are grateful for the honor and favor of your visit. We hail your exalted presence among us, and we proclaim our absolute devotedness to him whom you represent. We feel and profess for your person and authority all the sentiments of love and veneration—not unmingled with joyous enthusiasm—which can be evoked by the united remembrances of Apostolic Rome and Seraphic Assisi."

Our V. Rev. President now arose and delivered an appropriate address of welcome in the name of the Faculty. He referred to the presence of the secular and regular clergy—all working harmoniously in the diocese.

He spoke of the Seraphic Saint Francis, the glory of the Franciscan Order, to which the apostolic delegate belonged. He referred to the various nationalities among the students, their ardor for learning, their good conduct and the self-sacrificing work of the Holy Ghost Order in the cause of Catholic education. Finally, he thanked his Excellency in the name of all for the honor conferred by his visit.

Mgr. Falconio addressed himself to the students directly. He said the words of the President were full of zeal and wisdom. The substance of his words was chiefly this: Success comes by perseverance and labor. You see in the United States and the world over men of ordinary ability surpassing those of superior powers because the former have labored zealously for years while the latter frequently allow talents to rust and decay or at least to remain unapplied. If you young men persist in steady development till graduation, you shall at least have done your duty, your part thus far. You shall not be filled with idle regret, but shall be what you should be by the time you leave this institution—capable youths, ready to profit by experience, choice fruits of regular educational growth. There is grand work to be done in this splendid nation of yours. All is activity: ability is in demand. Now is the time to fit yourselves for the arena. Leave not the laying of the foundation-stones till it shall be too late.

About the noon hour, the students were dismissed for the rest of the day. The clergy retired to partake of a luncheon, enlivened with various oratorical sallies, among which Bishop Canevin, describing his interview with Pope Pius X. said the Pope highly praised the Pittsburg diocese, and being seated at the time, his words might be considered ex-Cathedra.

The same evening, a reception was tendered to the apostolic delegate by the Knights of Columbus in the Conservatory of Music. Very prominent at the gathering figured members of the College Alumni.

#### What Is the Dramatic In Literature?

In the study of the literature, and especially the poetry, of any language, it is a most important consideration, that we obtain a clear and concise knowledge of its different branches, and the distinguishing properties of each. Unless we do this, we are apt to be confused by the various terms used, and much labor will be entirely wasted. If we do not thoroughly understand what is meant by the lyric, the epic, and the drama, among critics and other literary men, and the properties which characterise great works as such, no matter how much we study the various masterpieces, we will never be able to apprecitate the full beauty and intrinsic greatness of any.

The drama is a very common form of poetry, and is familiar to all, yet it is surprising, that so many, even among the well-educated classes, are unable clearly to draw distinctions between it, the lyric, and the epic. In its true signification, as accepted by all authorities, it is the representation of some incident, story or plot, as really happening, by means of the words and actions of the several persons, who are more or less intimately concerned. It differs from the epic in this, that, while in the latter the events are merely related, as having happened in the past, in the drama everything is in the present, really taking place before our eyes. It represents real action, teeming with life, and the more naturally it does this, the more perfect it will be as a dramatic production.

In lyric poetry there is represented to us the human passions, and the affections of the soul of man towards his Creator and his fellow-creatures. The drama to some extent embraces both the epic and the lyric, yet in a certain manner it is radically different from both. Like the lyric, it delineates character perfectly, yet much more vividly than the lyric, and it depicts clearly the deepest and tenderest passions, in all their phases. Like the

epic, it has for its ideal, all that is virtuous, heroic and beautiful, with this exception that instead of using stately, studied language, it puts it before us naturally, represents it to us so forcibly, that we cannot help but admire it.

The drama is divided into tragedy and comedy, yet no two branches of poetry seem more widely different, except in as much as both represent life; the one in its deeper and more striking passions, the other in all that is ludicrous, filled with boisterous gaiety and riotous mirth. Neither can the one encroach upon the territory of the other. No suspicion of gaiety can be connected with the main plot of the tragedy, while the least reference to the deeper side of life, will mar any comedy.

The tragic drama is, above all, a teacher of morality to men. It shows vice, sin and inhumanity, in its most loathsome aspect while the virtues of the hero and heroine, in a fight against fate, cannot but arouse our sympathy—and hence indirectly our actions will follow towards an ideal in what is good.

The comedy becomes a mighty weapon when used as a satire. It makes us see certain things in a ridiculous environment, and, when rightly put, almost naturally, seems to make us ally our sympathies with the author. In fact, it is to satirical comedies that we owe the beginning of the modern drama.

In the works of Shakespeare, the mightiest genius that ever swayed the dramatic world, more than in any others, we see that keen perception of human nature, and that almost perfect delineation of character, which constitute a master-piece. After a careful perusal of his works, or better still, after a deep study, of only a few of his productions, we can understand what the dramatic in literature really is, and that, as long as the English language continues to be spoken, they will undoubtedly exert a powerful influence upon future generations.



#### Off at the Azores.

About the sixth day out from port, we began a lookout for the Azores. Passengers frequently called attention
to something off in the distance which resembled land,
only to learn later that the supposed land was a cloud.
At last, what appeared to be a cloud off near the horizon
slowly assumed definite shape and land was really in
sight, gradually coming nearer till we could see that it
was covered with vegetation, reminding one of the
"Emerald Gem." The valleys, and even occasional
dwellings, were discerned, then groups of houses began
to be discovered on the mountain sides and in the valleys,
always with a small church occupying the most
prominent place in the hamlet—a fact which seemed to
impress itself upon many and called for a number of
comments, explanations of cause and effect, etc.

As we came nearer, the fields were found to be marked off by hedges—and most remarkable of all to American eyes, these same fields were seen to extend one after another to the very summits of the mountains, all the land in sight being under cultivation. This fact also elicited comment and had necessarily to be reconciled with the other remarkable feature, the presence of so many churches, all Catholic. The beauty of the scene, the evidence of the "simple life" and the appearance of plenty could not fail to add to the impression already made, and many on board had their faith in old prejudices and misinformation as to the conditions of Catholic countries shaken for the first time.

In the evening, we passed the end of the most westerly of the group and drew away to the east of it just as the sun was sinking in splendor, so that our last sight of that beautiful island has hung as a picture on "memory's walls, a picture not equalled in the rarest treasures of the Pitti Palace or the Louvre.

In the morning, we were approaching St. Michael,

the island of this group, on which Ponto Delgada is situated and at which our vessel was to call. St. Michael was much like Fayal or St. Mary's—thoroughly cultivated and giving evidence to passing ships of a prosperous, contented and Catholic population.

The approach to Ponto Delgado revealed to the delighted passengers an ideal for a water-color. The town extends along the shore and back up the mountains in the rear. As seen from the sea, the most striking thing about it is the coloring of the buildings, which seem all freshly painted in beautiful pastel shades which, with the green of the mountains in the background and the sea in the foreground, gives one an impression of beauty that will not suffer by comparison with the gleries of Italy, Switzerland or the Rhine.

As the vessel neared the harbor and the long anticipated landing-time approached, one could but remark the change in the actions of the passengers. Expectancy was gleaming forth from the eyes, hurried preparations were being made and parties forming to go ashore. When the steward appeared to serve the usual lunch about ten o'clock, he was quickly relieved of his burden at the companion way by those whom he was accustomed to see awaiting his coming with dignity, if not with indifference.

As the ship came to a stop and anchored, a swarm of small boats manned by dark-skinned, barefooted men, crowded as near the landing-stage as possible. The Portugese customs' launch came up to the landing stage and a dark, well-built, soldierly figure, in military uniform and cavalry boots, mounted the steps to make his official examination of the vessel. This formality over, officers permitted the small boats to come up one at a time for a load of passengers. We decided to remain on the ship for luncheon and then visit the Island in the company of a native whom we met and who had kindly invited us to see the Island with him as a guide. In this we were specially fortunate, as our friend, Senor Camere,

was a brother of the governor of the Island, connected with the best families and acquainted with everyone and everything. We were very courteously entertained by him, visiting all the points of interest, a few of which only have we space to describe.

Landing at the "Dogana," or customhouse, we were soon up the steps and out through the gate.

We found the town remarkable for its narrow streets, and its cleanliness, and quietly celebrating the feast of the Sacred Heart. The people were dressed in their best and all business was suspended more completely than it is on Sunday in American towns. We learned from our guide that it was the custom to observe all the feasts, sometimes two in a week—that crime and poverty were unknown. Our own impressions quite harmonized with this information, for while it was a holiday and the town filled with many from the country districts, perfect order prevailed and the conduct of the people was in keeping with the proper observance of a religious holiday.

We were told that while all the people were Catholics, Protestant missionaries were at work and had only succeeded in making a few bad Catholics, but had not made any "converts" to their sect.

A visit to the old Jesuit church (nearly 400 years old) was interesting. This we learned had been the private property of a nobleman of the Island since the expulsion of that religious order. We found it fairly well preserved, considering its age, showing traces of bygone splendor in its frescoes, old paintings and particularly in the wood carving of the sanctuary which covers the ceiling, walls and altars and which even at this late date excites wonder by its beauty, all the greater on account of its age and state of preservation.

A visit to a large garden, the private property of a titled islander was a revelation of the landscapearchitects' skill. The fountains, ravines, caverns, and underground passages—grottoes furnished with tables

and chairs for a picnic meal, its bridges—apparently natural, and the tropical wealth of vegetation—its superfluity of blossoms, seemed to quite surpass anything in Europe or America.

So remarkable were the works of nature, and so perfect has the work of man initiated and supplemented her, that they blend, and one cannot at times discern the one from the other—where man's efforts begin and nature's unaided effort ends.

Our beautiful earth has many an earthly paradise, some the work of nature alone, and others by her with man's co-operation, but we have never seen quite the equal of the gardens of the Azores.

Another surprise awaited us in the completeness and luxury of the home of the Michaelense Club, the elite organization of the islands—its ball-room, game-rooms, library, etc., were complete and up to date.

The governor's palace was also very richly furnished and complete in every modern appointment.

After a delightful and instructive visit, we bade farewell at the quay to our generous guide and were rowed off to the ship which soon weighed anchor and got under way for the famous "Rock of Gibraltar."

RICHARD A. ENNIS, '08.



### JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc was born at Domremy on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne—a land eminently religious and patriotic—on the feast of the Epiphany, 1412. Her father, Jacques d' Arc, and her mother, Isabel Romél, were poor, hard-working peasants who earned their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. They were withal good and staunch Catholics and enjoyed in the village a high

reputation for honor and probity. Joan had three brothers, Jacques, Jean and Pierre, and a sister called Catherine.

The education which Joan received from her parents was such as might be expected from poor laborers. She learned sewing and spinning, and grew up oecupied with household duties and the labors of the field. Our heroine—whose fame was one day to become world-wide—could neither read nor write. Gentle and modest, she was from her earliest years remarkable for her simple, earnest piety and her love for the poor. She had for the land of her birth a deeply-rooted affection; and when, during the long winter evenings at the fireside, some old, war-worn soldier spoke of the evil plight of France and the sorrows and misfortunes which of late had weighed so heavily upon her beloved country—the young girl's heart grew heavy, her innocent brow clouded and her eyes filled with tears.

I'm the neighborhood of Domremy, near the Bois-Chesnu, there stood on the brink of a fountain an ancient tree called the Arbre des Fées, or Fairy Tree, because, according to a popular legend, it was the midnight resort of the fairies. Thither, at the approach of spring, the young folk of the neighboring villages came flocking to hang their garlands on its boughs and dance under its shade. Joan seldom joined in these noisy pastimes. The wreaths she wove with her companions were destined for a worthier purpose—to deck the images of Our Lady and of Saints Catherine and Margaret in the Church of Domremy.

Joan had consecrated her virginity to God. She fasted several times a week and her devotion to the Blessed Virgin was remarkable. Every Saturday, we are told, she would go on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Bellemont, a sanctuary not far distant from her native village. Indeed, her sterling virtues and fervent piety had won for her the esteem and admiration of all. Oftentimes, when her work was over, serious and thoughtful

she would retire to the village chapel and there, wrapt in prayer, would converse familiarly with her God. The time was fast approaching when these communings would become more intimate and when a Voice from Heaven would announce to the little peasant maid that she had been chosen to deliver France.

It was in the summer of the year 1425. Joan—then in her thirteenth year—was praying, towards the hour of noon in her father's garden, when she heard a voice calling on her by her name. "Joan," it said "be good, be virtuous, be dutiful. Place thy trust in the Lord, for He hath chosen thee to be the saviour of thy country." Surprised and frightened, the young girl was about to flee to her father's house—when lo! a dazzling light shone forth in the direction of the mysterious voice, and, in the midst of other heavenly forms, she beheld St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, radiant with celestial beauty, as she herself relates. "Joan," said the Archangel Michael, "I am sent by God to bid thee go to France. Thou must raise the siege of Orleans and restore to the Dauphin his kingdom."

Night and day, Joan was visited by these apparitions and these warnings. The pious maid loved to hear the heavenly voices, but she shrank from the extraordinary mission with which they charged her, deeming herself utterly unfit to undertake it. The Voices became more and more distinct and more pressing. They commanded the young girl to go to Robert of Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and procure an escort of armed men to bring her to the King. "Delay no more," said the Voices. Too long already hast thou waited. Go, daughter of God! Be not discouraged: God will be with thee!"

For three years Joan resisted the heavenly call. But, in 1428, a marauding party of Burgundians sacked the village of Domremy and compelled the inhabitants to seek refuge in the neighboring forests. At sight of the misery of her country people, Joan hesitated no longer: she openly declared her mission. At the first suspicion

of her designs, her father—a rough peasant—had only one answer: "He would rather see his daughter dead before his eyes, than riding in company with men-at-arms."

But God had spoken, and Joan must obey. Undaunted by this opposition of her father, she prevailed upon her uncle, Durand Lascart, to accompany her to Vaucouleurs. But here another trial awaited the young girl. The stern Baudricourt, thinking her mad or possessed, dismissed her with harsh words and threats. Sadly Joan returned to Domremy.

Meanwhile, the visions of the Maid of Domremy had become known far and wide, and public opinion pronounced in her favor. The news of the siege of Orleans had spread dismay through the country and the smouldering fire of patriotism was bursting into flame. Baudricourt, on being appealed to a second time, was won over by the artless eloquence of the maid and consented to give her a guide and an escort to Chinon. His parting words to her were: "Go, whatever may betide!"

By this time, the situation had become well-nigh hopeless for the king and for France. For the last five months the English had been besieging Orleans; and an attempt to relieve Rouvray had led to the defeat known as the "Battle of the Herrings." Orleans was the last bulwark of the provinces beyond the Loire—the last fortress and refuge of French royalty. Were it once taken, the English would be masters of the country from north to south. In this extremity, unparalleled since the beginning of Monarchy, the poor 'King of Bourges'-surrounded as he was with courtiers more skilled to flatter his passions than to make a stand against the invader was about to resign the crown. At sight of the disasters of France and the disgraceful conduct of his mother, Isabella, the unfortunate prince had been brought even to doubt the legitimacy of his birth. He accused himself of unjustly withholding the crown from its legitimate

possessor, and of drawing down upon his country the chastisement of Heaven.

On the 13th of February, 1429, Joan clad in male attire and accompanied by six faithful followers, set out on her strange expedition. From Vaucouleurs to Chinon where the king then held his court, the country was in the hands of either English or Burgundians. Traveling mostly during the night, Joan rode a hundred and fifty leagues through perils of every kind, and, on the 6th of March, entered Chinon. Three days afterwards, a royal messenger came to inform her that the king consented to receive her. She at once proceeded towards the castle. At her approach, the drawbridge was lowered, the port cullis raised. As she entered the fortress, one of the archers assailed her with insulting words and curses. "Unhappy man," she cried, "blaspheming God and so near thy end!" The event soon verified the prediction. Some moments later, the unfortunate wretch fell from the ramparts into the moat beneath and was drowned.

Everybody knows how, to test the truth of Joan's mission, Charles exchanged garments with one of his nobles and, mingling with the crowd, concealed himself behind a group of courtiers. Without trace of confusion, the Maid entered the spacious hall. Unabashed by the glare of lights and the gaze of the spectators, she walked straight up to the Dauphin, and bending her knee, "God give thee long life, noble King!" she exclaimed. Charles protested: "I am not he whom you take me for," he said, and pointing to one clad in the royal robes: "There is the King!" "In the name of God, gentle Prince," straightway answered the inspired girl, "thou art the King, and none other. I am sent to thee, O King! to tell thee thou wilt be crowned at Rheims." Joan then revealed to Charles a secret which he believed locked up in his inmost heart and dispelled the cruel doubt which he had leen led to entertain:-"I tell thee from the Lord God, thou art a king's son and true heir of France!" Doubt was no longer possible. From that moment,

Charles believed in Joan of Arc. He knew she was sent by God to restore to him his kingdom and his honor, and he proclaimed it before all his court.

A further trial vet awaited her. The men of science, the divines and theologians demanded that she should undergo an official examination and obtain in some sort a legal sanction. The Faculty of Divinity, driven from Paris, now resided at Poitiers. Charles himself conducted the Maid before the ecclesiastical tribunal. Her answers to those doctors and learned men were simple, straightforward and clear. She related the visions she had been favored with and set forth the object of her mission. know neither A nor B," she said to her judges: "but I am sent by God to deliver Orleans, and see the Dauphin crowned in Rheims." "If God wants to deliver France," said one of the inquisitors, "He has no need of soldiers." "The soldiers will fight," she answered, "but God will give the victory." And, as they asked her for signs of her mission—"I have not come to Poitiers," she said, "to work signs. Lead me to Orleans. I will raise the siege. I will take the Dauphin to Rheims and win back for him the Kingdom of France. Then signs will not be wanting!"

The examination, which lasted three weeks, redounded completely to the honor of Joan of Arc, and established beyond doubt the providential character of her mission. Her cause had triumphed; and the Bishop of Chartres, voicing the universal conviction, proclaimed her an envoy from Heaven, worthy to serve the Dauphin and lead the armies of France.

The holy Maid was all impatience to arm herself for the fight. She was presented by the king with a horse and a suit of armor; but the sword which was offered her she did not accept. The 'Voices' had told her that the sword destined for her lay in the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois. And in the very spot indicated by Joan, under a stone-slab behind the altar, was unearthed a long sword, covered with rust and marked with five crosses. This mysterious weapon was never to be stained with blood: it was to be used only as a sign of military command. She had a banner made of white linen fringed with silk and decorated with golden fleurs-de-lis. On one side were depicted the arms of France, upheld by two angels; on the other, the image of God the Father and the words: Jesus, Maria. This white banner never left the pious heroine. It accompanied her in all her combats and victories. She loved it still more than her miraculous sword; for it was the outward sign of her patriotic and religious faith—it was the symbol of her love for God and country.

But the time had now come for the deliverance of Joan set out at the head of an army of 5,000 men and entered the city on the 30th of April, 1829. The citizens received her with lighted torches and acclamations of joy. She appeared clad in brilliant panoply, mounted on a white charger, her sacred banner waving in the breeze, and her face aglow with a superhuman joy and enthusiasm. The crowd surrounded her, eager to kiss her hands-to touch her garments; mothers offered her their babes, that she might caress and bless them; all looked upon her as the envoy of God-as the angel of victory and the herald of peace. But this enthusiastic reception did not unduly elate her. She ever remembered the work she had been commissioned by God to perform, and all the energies of her soul were bent towards its accomplishment.

On the 1st of May, the brilliant series of her exploits began. Ascension Thursday saw Joan of Arc engaged in her first battle. Followed by the bravest of the French knights, she rushed onward and soon the English, driven from their redoubts, were compelled to retire to the Bastille des Tourelles, a fort reputed impregnable. While attacking this famous fortress, the warrior maid—in the act of planting the first ladder against the wall—was wounded by an arrow between the breast and shoulder. She fell. The English for a moment believed themselves

victorious—the assailants were about to give way—when Joan, dashing away the tears which pain and woman's weakness had wrung from her, plucked out the arrow and remounting her horse revived the drooping spirits of her countrymen. Around her, the fight now raged more furious than ever. But the Archangel Michael himself came to the help of Orleans and mysterious knights were seen battling in the air. The terrified defenders offered but a feeble resistance and were soon driven from their position. After a complete victory, Joan reëntered Orleans in triumph. God had heard the prayer of a virgin: Orleans was delivered—France was saved!

[TO BE CONTINUED]



### Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, William C. Ziegler, be it

RESOLVED, That, we, the undersigned presidents of our respective classes in the College Commercial Department, in further and stronger token of the sentiment of condolence expressed in the floral wreath which it was our sad privilege to place beside the bier, do herewith, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also desire that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

THOMAS W. NOONAN,
RAYMOND D. DOWLING,
EDWARD J. DEGNAN,

Class Presidents.

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES,
LOCALS,
ATHLETICS,
ALUMNI,
CONCERTS,
E. M. G. JOHNS, '07.
H. J. LAWLER, '09.
H. J. BRENNAN, '08.
LOCALS,
C. A. DUFFY, '09.
LUMNI,
CONCERTS,
E. M. MORALES, '07.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,
E. F. JACKSON, '07.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07. J. L. McGOVERN, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 4.

#### EDITORIAL.

#### Greeting.

The editors most cordially desire to extend the compliments of the season—of sacred Christmastide and the New Year, to all the readers of the BÜLLETIN. "The expression is not perfunctory or platitudinous. Is any time of life more full of holy sincerity, so fit for the spirit of simple and honest brotherhood as this." Christ, the Lord of Lords, becomes our Brother, as we in season commemorate: let us be fraternal with our brethren all. The competition of life may be keen, but let it not be heartless or bitter: else it were ignoble, brutal, perhaps robbery, calumny, conspiracy or worse in the eternal records of God. Could we but continue to love with the

sincerity of childhood, what a world were this, even this! But eternity will certainly be happy just exactly in proportion as we shall have loved in life with the sincerity we see in the love of a child. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, though New Years come and go. Let the years fly; acquire energy, experience, accomplishments and character, but lose not the simple, the good, the innocent, the honest freedom which is the source of strength, safety, contentment and real worth forever.



#### Football Rules.

The inter-collegiate football conference wishes to preserve the game as it is, minus the casualities: experience has proven that impossible. Therefore, either change the game radically or continue killing and maining: there's the dilemma. Most injuries result from mass plays, but they are the characteristic of the game. Its essential is a case of concentrated beef. Eleven men with no extra quality but weight would usually win in mass plays against eleven others at medium weight who would be absolutely superior not only in courage, brains, speed and coolness, but also in sheer physical strength and endurance. Preference has been shown to 200pound men who could scarcely lift 500 pounds each over a man under 160, who was known to lift over 1,500 and to possess almost incomparable endurance and aggressiveness. The reason is simple: the game is not man for man. When team work is complete and the game scientific, the point is to carry the ball through 2,200 pounds of beef, or stop that weight coming in any direction. Such a proposition is brutal in calculation, in appearance and in fact. The adroitness of any player is incidental. The main question concerns straight football. There is science in it and it requires constant drill, but the drill and science merely result in the concentration of the beef-and there's the brutality of it. Besides

this necessary result is the concealment it affords to foul tactics. Certainly no man can deny that rules which practically conceal foul tactics are dangerous, unsportsmanlike and objectionable.



#### Materialism.

Materialism is the theory holding that matter is the only substantial thing, and that matter and its various motions constitute the Universe. The originator of this belief was undoubtedly considered a sane and educated man, before his declarations—made at first, probably in the hope of gaining notoriety, but it is hard to see how any man of common sense can look around him and see the works and things of God, and then call the materialist a sane man.

His doctrine, in the first place, is contrary to the simplest laws of nature. Presuming that a man follow all his earthly or worldly inclinations, what is the result? Outraged nature must be satisfied and we find the sensual, money-loving and pleasure-seeking materialist broken, both physically and morally. He finds, too late, that he differs considerably, and to his own loss, from the Godfearing, right-living man.

Most Materialists are also Annihilationists. They will say, "When I die, that will be an end of me." This speech calls to mind the apt and witty reply of a noted priest. On being told by a materialist that his death would be the end of him, he replied: "Thank God for that."

God gave us our faculties and abilities to direct us in the right way, as pointed out by His Church, and we must render an account of all. Though the materialist does not believe in any rendering of accounts, still we know that he will. What, then, must be his feelings on facing the God whom he doubted and scorned? He will not face his money-god, nor pleasure-loving god, but our

God, who created him with the rest of the Universe.

What a pity that God did not create him in the animal state, to which he rightly belongs, instead of endowing him with priceless gifts to put to such a worthless use!

What is his matter after his spirit has departed this life? In reviewing his work, we see him following his own selfish ways, adoring worldly gods, and attaining nothing, nothing, in the real sense of accomplishment. He may die a millionaire, but his millions are of no account to him.

In conclusion, comparing materialism with the real Spirit of Catholicity, what more fitting words can be found than these—"What does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his own soul?"

F. M. H., '04.



#### Alumni Notes.

The Alumni held a meeting in the college hall on the evening of December 5. It was largely attended. The President, Eugene S. Reilly, who planned and directed the affair, made it an unprecedented success. Everyone present went home satisfied that he had spent a delightful evening and anxious for many repetitions of similar gatherings. The Four Mortons from the Bijou had been engaged to furnish part of the evening's entertainment, but in deference to the college traditions, which have never permitted lady performers to appear on the stage, the engagement was canceled, and, instead, there were music and song, recitations and impersonations, by Julius Kohn and James Whiteside, both professional entertainers, together with E. G. O'Connor and E. P. Hughes, active members of the Association. audience were kept in roars of laughter or were moved to tears of sympathy by the skill and versatility of the performers. Their spirited and enlivening renditions, the familiar chats about old college days, the substantial and varied refreshments, and the speeches replete with sentiments of loyalty to *Alma Mater*, good fellowseip and wit,—all combined to make the hours glide by imperceptibly.

One of the practical outcomes of the meeting will be the establishment in the near future of an Alumni Debating Society, with regular meetings to be held in the College hall and discussions on live topics with the present students. The array of speakers that voiced their sentiments gives the assurance of abundant talent and animated debates. Frank T. Lauinger, Vice-President of the Association, is the most enthusiastic promoter of this new phase of Alumni interest along lines of practical utility.

Rev. Timothy A. Dunn was ordained priest on the same day by the Rt. Rev. I. F. Horstmann in the cathedral of Cleveland, and celebrated his first Mass in St. John's, Canton, O., on Christmas morning. May his ministry be fruitful, and his spiritual labors accompanied with abundant consolations!

The Reverend Hermann J. Killmeyer was ordained priest for the Pittsburg diocese by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral, Baltimore, on Friday, December 22. He celebrated his first holy Mass on Christmas Day in St. Martin's Church, W. E.; on the evening of the same day his many friends congratulated him at a Reception in the Maennerchor Hall. We are delighted to add our congratulations to theirs, and wish him many happy years of fruitful service in the vineyard of the Lord.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Edward H. Kempf in the death of his little sister, Louisa. In the placid sleep that knows no wakening, she looked a thing of heavenly beauty, and the smile that seemed to play

around her lips was suggestive of a joy surpassing that of earth. Father Goebel was sub-deacon at the Mass of the Angels, and Father Griffin celebrated at a side altar during the obsequies. Father Woelfel delivered a most appropriate and touching sermon.

We desire to convey to Joseph Murphy the expression of our sincere sympathy in the loss of his beloved father, John Murphy, who lately departed this life at the advanced age of 72.

John Hanlon is now Vice-President of the American Galvanizing Co.

Charles F. McLaughlin, until lately purchasing agent of the Buffalo-Rochester Co., with offices in the Frick Building, has taken a large interest in the East Liberty Automobile Company, 5969-5971 Centre Avenue.

For the last year and a half, Alfred Watterson McCann has been connected with the Siegle Cooper Co.'s immense establishment in New York City. He has charge of the entire correspondence of the house. With the aid of never less than nine stenographers in his employ, he answers from five to seven hundred letters a day. He enjoys unreservedly the trust of the firm. He is still interested in theatricals, and has found time to take charge of three plays presented by the students of St. Francis Xavier College, W. 16th Street.

Rev. James Garrigan, after a long course of treatment by Dr. Flick at White Haven, has returned to the diocese perfectly restored in health. We congratulate him on his recovery.



#### ATHLETICS.

#### Football.

During the season just past, the different teams of the college have made fairly good records. The Sophomores, who started out with such a rush by beating W. & J. Academy and Beaver High School, fell down toward the end of the season and were defeated, for the first time in three years, by the McDonald High School. They nevertheless ended with a good record, winning six games and lowsing one.

The Juniors also upheld their last year's record by defeating nearly everything in their class. They also met defeat this year at the hands of Ben Avon High School. Aside from this, they had a very good season which ended by their defeating Crimson A. C. of McKeesport by the overwhelming score of 41 to 0. Their record was five won and one lost.

The record of the Minims was published in the last issue of the Bulletin. Don't miss the poem, Minims.

#### Hockey.

Now that the football artists have put away their suits for the season, Hockey looms up among the students of the college in such a way as promises to put forth teams which will achieve records on ice, equally as good as our records on the gridiron and on the diamond.

As all the interested ones know, the College team has been admitted into the Inter-scholastic League which plays every Wednesday afternoon at Duquesne Garden. For some unknown reason, our team will not have an opportunity to show its strength until January 17, when we open our season by playing Shadyside Academy.

The schedule from January 17, is as follows:

. Pittsburg College vs. Shadyside
High School vs. East Liberty
Wilkinsburg vs. Shadyside
Pittsburg College vs. High School
East Liberty vs. Shadyside
Wilkinsburg vs. Pittsburg College
High School vs. Shadyside
East Liberty vs. Wilkinsburg
Shadyside vs. Pittsburg College
High School vs. East Liberty
.Pittsburg College vs. East Liberty

Practice has already started and those that look most promising are Graham and Dashbach for goal; Ryan or Cain for point; O'Rielly or Duffy cover point; Patterson forward; Gwyer, Daur or McFarland center; Rutledge right wing, and McMorris left wing.

#### Indoor Sports.

As it is now almost too cold for outdoor sports, the gymnasium is the scene of many different games of pool, billiards and ping-pong; while, on the horse, the parallel bars and the horizontal bar are many gymnasts, each endeavoring to gain superiority over the others.

Time will develop judgment as to who are the champions of each individual game. Professors Neilan and Koch are working daily with the students in order to develop them for the play which will be held sometime in the Spring. With our fine hall, the indoor recreations are very enjoyable. There is no quarrel or roughness: the punching-bag is the sole object of fistcuffs. Our Sunday evening entertainments are elsewhere recorded, but apart from them, the mandolin and other work of the glee club sometimes helps to enliven and sweeten our gymnastic activity.

CHARLES A. DUFFY, '09.



#### Entertainments.

The Sunday evening entertainments are drawing an ever increasing representation from the class that contributes the programme.

Professor Weis acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the complimentary numbers presented by the Wittmark Publishing Co. The students' rendering of them was enthusiastically applauded.

On Fourth Academic night we were charmed to hear "The Stories That My Mother Told to Me," composed by James J. Hawks, an alumnus.

The attractive programme of December 10, drew an audience of four hundred to the college hall. It has been decided to hold similar ones three or four times in the year.

The Programme executed December 4, on the occasion of the visit of his Excellency, Most Rev. S. Falconio, D. D., Apostolic Delegate, is given in the account of his Reception. We have further to record the following programmes:

#### DECEMBER 10.

Overture, Silver Bell, Schlepegrell, Orchestra; Recitation, The Brave Fireman, H. F. Cousins; Piano Solo, The Midnight Fire Alarm, Lincoln, E. E. Locke; Violin Duet, Petites Symphonies, Dancla, F. J. Stack and C. J. McGuire; Accompanist, Rev. J. Griffin; Recitation, Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight, E. Ley; Vocal Solo, The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me, J. J. Gannon; Cornet Solo, The Wedding March, Lendeessohn, F. J. Neilan; Recitation, Cornelia, H. H. Malone; Medley, Pal of Mine, Costello and Nathan, Orchestra; Vocal Solo, The Choir Boy, Armstrong, J. F. Corcoran; Piano Solo, Paul Revere's Ride, Paull, F. S. Clifford; Recitation, The Chariot Race, from Ben Hur, P. A. Tull; Mandolins, Bright Eyes, Van Alstyne, E. F. Jackson, C. E. Haley, B. H. Swint; Recitation, The Raven, W. A. Chambers; Chorus, Bunker Hill, Von Tilxer, Students and Orchestra; Violin Solo, Le Re Rêve, Gottermann, Prof. C. B. Weis; Vocal Solo, Oh! Promise Me, De Koven, M. J. Breen; Piano Solo, Pas Redouble, Sy. Smith, A. R. Blume; Recitation, The Gypsy Flower Girl, R. T. A. Ennis; Piano Solo, Soirees in Vienna, Schumann Op. 26, Rev. J. Griffin; Vocal Solo, The First Voyage, Draper, C. Sanderbeck; Finale, The Messenger Boy, Anstead and Furth, Orchestra.

#### DECEMBER 17.

March, The Jolly General, Moret, Orchestra; Song,

Hearts and Homes-Vincent Blum, Henry Boennemann, Earl and Desmond McNanamy, Marcellus O'Keefe, Albert Rump and Paul Schaub; Recitation, In School Days, Otto Steedle; Vocal Solo, The Stories That My Mother Told to Me, James J. Hawks, Martin Luczkiewicz; Waltz, In Dear Old Georgia, Schwartz, Orchestra; Song, Alice, Where Art Thou-Vincent Blum, John Boeggemann, Henry Boennemann, Marcellus O'Keefe and Paul Schaub; Recitation, The Ship On Fire, George Craddock; Violin Solo, Old Black Joe, Martin Coyne; Song, The Bride Bells-Vincent Blum, Henry Boennemann, Earl and Desmond McNanamy, Marcellus O'Keefe, Albert Rump and Paul Schaub; March, Bell Boy, Stack, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That in oratory medium matter with excellent delivery is more impressive than medium delivery with excellent matter; Chairman, Matthew J. Breen; Affirmative, Francis J. Toohill and John P. Gwyer; Negative, Samuel F. Carraher and Martin J. Brennan.

### All Glory to the Minims.

All glory to the Minims!

They have not lost a game,
A record Princeton, Harvard
Or Indians can not claim.

In two successive seasons
One only team could score,
While they piled up an av'rage
Of twenty points or more.

Our Teddy holds the centre
As firm as any wall,
Propped up by Quirk and Carroll
Against untimely fall.

At tackle, sturdy Szabo
And Smisko from the mines
Plough through all opposition
And smash up all combines.

Ted's brother, John Gillespie, And Monahan, as ends, Present a combination That skill with courage blends.

To Conway, brainy quarter, Each player doffs his hat, To Charlton fleet-footed And Drake the acrobat;

These speedy half-backs circle
The ends for steady gains
Or plunge where guards make openings
As wide as country lanes.

The brilliant full-back, Scanlon,
Is sure to find a hole,
To wriggle through opponents,
Punt, drop, or kick a goal.

The spunky Captain Lawlor
Is missed from this array;
An injured shoulder keeps him
From joining in the fray.

If substitute is needed,
Nick Cronin, Lawrence Drake
Or Strako is quite ready
The vacant place to take.

Now, having named the players, Before I close 'tis meet That I should briefly mention The teams the Minims beat.

They squelched the Hampton Juniors, Eclipsed the Charlotte Stars; They vanquished Pittsburg's Gallants And proud St. Patrick's Tars.

They gave the Friendship Juniors
And Madisons a fall;
They taught the Academics
A thing or two in ball.

They spurred McKee's Rocks' bantams,
They licked the Elberon boys,
Unscathed they tomahawked
The doughty Iroquois.

They downed St. Mary's High School, They scalped the Seminoles, They whipped the Celts and Indians, The Sheenies, Dutch and Poles.

Their flag victorious flutters,
No stain defiles their shield,
Th' Imperial Guards' their slogan,
"We die but never yield."

'Twould be a dire injustice
If credit were withheld
For this intrepid spirit
From Father Sonnefeld.

' Twas Eugene N. McGuigan
That taught them all the arts
To circumvent opponents—
And well they learned their parts.

All praise to the instructor, The manager and men! Their future feats in football Some fitter scribe will pen.



#### Winter.

Ere ruthless Time hath conquered Summer days,
Ere flitting birds have hushed their merry strain,
Too soon we feel— not sun's refreshing rays—
But gloomy Winter hast'ning 'cross the main.

JAS. F. CARROLL, '08.



#### EXCHANGES.

The Solanian and Record ask us to exchange: delighted! The Transylvanian is very collegiate and with much The N. D. Scholastic attributes the welcome variety. given Dooley's reappearance in print to his originality: "Night" in the Exponent is powerfully poetic. "Socialism in the U. S.," in the Abbey Student, should be awarded a medal: everyone should read it. The St. Ignatius Collegian draws attention to a classic gem in the St. Thomas Collegian—the Latin rendition of Anthony's oration at Caesar's bier. The former has entered upon a relation of the history of the Jesuits in Chicago—an interesting study. The Trinitonian attacks Tolstoi's charge that America has sacrificed youth and ideals for money. It comments, very judiciously we think, that such was our temptation and tendency, but that, as from many previous dangers, we are emerging safely, that financial corruption is being successfully fought in the highest political and financial centers. The Dial, in a brief essay on College Journalism, emphasizes our need of Catholic writers: very timely. St. Vincent's Journal shows ability and care in matter with good taste in form.

# MUNICH'S STAINED GLASS ART BAY

ROYAL BAVARIAN ART INSTITUTE.

F. X. ZETTLER, MUNICH.

### BENZIGER BROS.

New York Cincinnati Chicago

Sole Agents for the United States of America.

#### Recent Contracts Awarded:

CATHEDRAL, Salt Lake City, Utah.
ST. MEINARDS ABBEY, St. Meinard, Ind.
IMMACUL. CONCEPTION CHURCH, Cleveland, O.
THE GESU, Milwaukee, Wis., Etc., Etc.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1906.

No 5.

### february.

The month of February's here;
It comes midst storm and snow,
And, though the shortest of the year,
It passeth all too slow.

The earth is hidden from our eyes

Beneath a mantle white;

A dull lead color are the skies,

Full soon they'll be more bright.

This month we call the passion-tide;
Herein the Church begins
To show the emptiness of pride,
The folly of our sins.

No time could more appropriate be, To all men this to show; For dead in Winter's grasp we see All nature here below.

We think of what we are and why;
For God our spirits yearn.
Oh, man, thou art but dust, we sigh,
To dust shalt thou return.

In empty pleasures of this life,
Oh, let my soul not sow,
For here 'twill reap rewards of strife,
Where victory's merely show.

From all such sad and morbid things, In loathing turn away. Our spirits soar with steady wings, And brighten with the day!

I hear the merry sleigh-bells peal, The skaters' hearty cheer; As magic their effect, I feel This joy begets no fear.

Thus comes the mood and thus it goes; So happy be and gay, For February ends the snows, And Spring begins its sway!

FRANK NEILAN, '05.



### JOAN OF ARC.

[CONCLUDED]

But Joan had not yet fulfilled the chief object of her mission. There were still many obstacles to be overcome and many victories to be won before her work could be sealed by the crowning of the Dauphin at Rheims.

On the 14th of June, the young heroine took Jargeau by storm. On the 17th, Beaugency was forced to capitulate; and on the 18th, Fastoff and Talbot were defeated at Patay, with a loss of 1,200 men, Talbot himself being made prisoner. There was need of good spurs, as the inspired maid had foretold, to pursue the fugitives. Thus, in seven days, the 'little shepherdess' had taken three towns, had completely routed the redoubtable English infantry, had baffled and beaten the most skillful captains of the age, and avenged on the field of Patay the disasters of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt.

Victorious over England, the Maid of Orleans had

vet to overcome the hesitations of Charles and his court. At length, the King decided to follow her to Rheims, with an army of ten thousand cavalry, across eighty leagues of a hostile country. On the 5th of July, Charles entered Troyes without striking a blow. On the 16th, Rheims opened its gates to its sovereign; and at length, on the morning of the 17th, Regnault de Chartres, with all the pomp and splendour of ancient custom, anointed Charles with the sacred unction and placed upon his brow the crown of Clovis and Charlemagne. Beside the King stood the heroine of Orleans holding unfurled the glorious banner which had wrought so many victories. ' It had shared in the toil, it was but just that it should share in the glory.' Charles received the crown amid the enthusiastic acclamations of a grateful people and the oftrepeated cries of Noel! Noel! Never since the baptism of Clovis had France witnessed anything grander and more soul-inspiring than this wonderful coronation which was at once the restoration of the royal dynasty and the resurrection of the country.

The task of Joan was now accomplished. She had brought about the anointing of the Dauphin in the city of Rheims. She had carried the lilies of France from danger to triumph. But a more glorious palm than that of victory was yet in store for her—the palm of martyrdom. She was to become the victim of expiation for the redemption of sinful France—a living image of our crucified Lord, she was to atone by her immolation for the crimes of her country and regenerate France by the sacrifice of her life.

When the ceremony of the consecration was over, Joan of Arc threw herself at the feet of the King, and with tears solicited his leave to return to her native village to tend once more her father's flocks. But Charles was loth to lose so powerful a champion and besought her to remain. His knights and captains joined their entreaties to his, and it cannot be doubted that the whole army cherished the same desire. Joan was prevailed

upon to stay—but she did so reluctantly. Henceforth, she was often sad and downcast; her enthusiasm was gone: gloomy forebodings—too soon alas! to be realized—filled her soul.

Success, indeed, seemed to have deserted her. The first reverse was sustained before Paris, where the Maid's sacred sword was shattered and she herself was wounded in the thigh by a shaft from a crossbow. It was the first time that her standard was not victorious. On May 24, 1430, she succeeded in entering Compiegne. That evening, a sortie was concerted with the governor of the place. In the midst of a sudden panic, Joan, abandoned by her followers, remained outside the city gates, which were closed before she could re-enter the town. An archer in the service of the Duke of Luxembourg pulled her down from her horse. She proudly refused to give her parole to her captor: "I have given it," she said, "to others; and I shall keep my oath."

Joan was now a prisoner in the enemy's hands. A Te Deum was sung in Paris and the rejoicings in the English and Burgundian camps knew no bounds. They had been beaten by a woman—and now she was delivered into their hands. They shut her up in an iron cage, and bound her with heavy chains. She was dragged from fortress to fortress; and after several ineffectual attempts at escape was at length brought to Rouen where preparations for her trial were immediately set on foot.

The English found a fit instrument of their hatred in Pierre Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, who had been expelled from his epsiscopal town. It would be infamous to sentence the heroic Maid to death for having defeated the English. But they will secure a death sentence by charging her with heresy and sorcery. The heroine must be dishonored in the eyes of the Christian world: the shame of defeat must be blotted out by imputing it to a witch's enchantments and spells.

For three months, Joan had to undergo public and private examinations, conducted with consummate skill

and perfidy by judges who had already made up their minds to condemn her. Surrounded by accusors who left nothing undone to mislead and entrap her, she appeared fully as great and heroic as when fighting for God and country on the batale-fields of Orleans and Patay. Try as they might, the judges could not succeed in confusing her by their subtle and intricate accusations—their insidious and irrelevant questions: "When you went into battle," they asked her, "was it you who were of assistance to your standard, or was your standard of assistance to you?" "Whether," answered Joan "it was the standard that conquered, or whether it was I, it matters not to our Lord." "Are you in the state of grace," they again asked her? If she answered 'yes,' they would accuse her of pride and presumption; if, no,' it would be an admission of guilt and crime. "If I am not in the state of grace," she answered, "may God put me in it; if I am, may He keep me there." Another question was :-- "Does God hate the English?" "Of the love or hatred of God for the English," she answered, "I know nothing. All I know is that God will drive them out of France, and that France will have her own again." Thus did the intrepid Maid, by answers full of good sense, loyalty and truth, elude the captious interrogatories and confound the sophistries of her treacherous judges as triumphantly as when she put to flight the enemies of France with her victorious standard.

When the hateful farce had been gone through to his entire satisfaction, Cauchon sent the documents of the trial to the University of Paris. But the accusations had been condensed and Joan's answers truncated and travestied. In face of these treacherous reports, the answers of the university—then completely under English influence—could not for a moment be doubtful. The charges and all the minutes of the trial were officially approved and a formal sentence of condemnation was passed upon the accused.

It only remained now to carry out the heinous

judgment and perpetrate the judicial murder of the heroine. But the hatred of her bitter enemies was not yet fully gratified. To give a color of justice to the proceedings against her, the glorious Maid must be made to disavow her mission: at all costs a public abjuration must be wrested from her.

Accordingly, on the 24th of May, 1431, Joan was conducted to the cemetery of St. Ouen and placed upon a raised platform at the foot of which stood the executioner. Opposite on a lofty tribunal sat her judges. The dismal proceedings-intended to strike terror into the soul of the victim - began by Erard, the preacher, addressing a public exhortation to the prisoner in which he called upon her to "submit herself to the Church." Joan's answer was :- "Let everything which I have said be sent to Rome and laid before the Sovereign Pontiff to whom I appeal after God. What I have said and done has all been by God's command." They handed her the form of abjuration. "I appeal," she said, "to the Universal Church as to whether I must abjure or not." "Abjure immediately," cried Erard, "or you will be burnt immediately." The executioner was at the foot of the platform, ready to seize the victim. Among the crowd her enemies were becoming impatient. Stones and missiles were already flying through the air . . . "I submit to the Church," Joan said at last in a broken voice: will sign" . . . Then the apparitor Massiere read a short formula of retractation which she was made to repeat. Among other things the accused promised no longer to wear the man's attire which she had found necessary in her military life. But as she could neither read nor write, they were not ashamed to take advantage of her ignorance in order perfidiously to deceive her. A servant of the English king who stood beside the scaffold substituted to the articles which had just been read a much longer formula and it was at the bottom of this that Joan was made to trace a cross. In this longer schedule the tenor of which she did not suspect-Joan recognized

herself guilty of all the crimes imputed to her. She could now be condemned only to imprisonment for life. This sentence was hailed with shouts of vexation and rage. Nothing but the death of that victim could satiate the fury of her persecutors. Some of them imagined that Cauchon had been actuated in these proceedings by a desire to save Joan. They drew their swords in anger and threatened with loud cries to wreak their vengeance on the bishop and the other members of the tribunal. "Never fear," the assessors told them; "we will have her yet!"...

A dastardly trick soon gave them the opportunity they wanted. One night, her gaolers took away from the hapless girl the woman's dress which she wore in her prison. Next day she had to don again the knight's costume which under pain of death she had been forbidden ever to wear again. Here then was her crime: she had evidently relapsed into her former errors.

On the 30th of May, Joan was summoned to appear again before her judges. The former sentence was revoked: she was condemned as a heretic and a backslider—she had formally retracted the abjuration which violence and treachery had extorted from her—and she was handed over to the secular power. Once more she appealed to God and the universal Church against the iniquitous judgment. To Cauchon, who came to her in her prison to persuade her to renew her abjuration, she said: "Bishop, I die through you. But from you I appeal to God!" "You die," the judge impudently retorted, "because you did not hold what you had promised us and because you have returned to your original witchcraft."

Before being led to execution, she was allowed to confess and receive Holy Communion, which she did, as was her wont, with sentiments of deepest devotion.

On the morning of the 30th of May, 1431, Joan of Arc was placed on the ignominious cart and the melancholy procession set forth towards the Square of the Old

Market. The prisoner was dressed in a long white On her head was a huge cap in the form of a mitre bearing the inscription: Heretic, Sorceress, Idolater . . . A huge pile of wood, surrounded by several platforms, had been erected on the square, where a dense crowd had already gathered to witness the execution. When Joan had ascended the platform destined for her, Nicolas Midi preached a sermon in which at times he grossly abused the King of France; at others, his attacks were directed against Joan herself. The accused listened patiently to what was said of her; but when the preacher called Charles a heretic and a schismatic, suddenly interrupting him, she cried out: "Speak of me and not of the King; he is a good Catholic, and I dare say and swear--were my life to be the forfeit—that he is the noblest among Christians and loves the Church and religion best of all. He is not such as you would make him out to be."

Cauchon then hypocritically exhorted the holy Martyr to bethink herself of all her crimes and excite her soul to repentance . . . Joan, on her knees, was praying . . . She invoked Almighty God, the Virgin Mary, St. Michael, her patrons, Saints Catherine and Margaret. She pardoned all, craving forgiveness likewise for any evil she might unwittingly have done, and entreating any priests present to offer up a Mass for the repose of her soul . . . At sight of her piety and heroism, her enemies themselves were moved to tears.

The judge, too much affected to pronounce the death sentence, merely said to the executioner:—"Do your duty."... The soldiers dragged her away to her doom. "O Rouen!" she exclaimed, "thou wilt then be my last abode!"... She ascended the funeral pile and the executioner bound her to the stake. United to the end with the divine victim of calvary, she asked for a cross. Moved to pity, an English soldier made a wooden cross with a broken flagstaff and gave it to her. She pressed her lips upon it, and placed it over her heart.

The executioner set fire to the piles. Long tongues of fire, fanned by the breeze, let up and clung to her garments . . . To the last, the heroic Maid bore witness to the truth of her mission: "The Voices," she exclaimed, "have not deceived me: my mission was from God!" But the flames, rising, envelop the victim,—the relentless fire hastens its deadly work . . . The horrible torment draws from the martyr an instinctive cry of anguish: "Water! Water!" . . . Then a triple cry of love, confidence and fidelity: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! . . . She bows her head, her soul goes forth in a last sigh: Jesus! . . . and all is consummated . . .

One of the English soldiers had sworn that he would add a faggot to the pile. As he was hurrying to fulfill his oath, he heard the last cry of the victim; and, looking up, he saw a white dove taking its flight from the stake towards heaven. He fainted away, crying out aloud: "Woe to us! Woe to us! We have killed a Saint!"...

We are at liberty, doubtless, to see in this nothing more than the delusion of an over-wrought imagination. Yet supposing for a moment we acknowledge the possibility of the story—what is it after all but another in the long series of prodigies which, strive as we may, we must admit in the career of the heroine.

The ashes of Joan, along with her heart and entrails which had not been consumed, were by the English thrown into the Seine. Did they think, by thus doing away with the relics of the pious heroine, to quench in the hearts of her countrymen the flame of patriotism and valor which noble example had kindled? If so, they were soon to be undeceived! Her spirit more than ever animated the French armies. English influence on French soil rapidly declined. In 1435, Burgundy abandoned the English party and returned to its allegiance. Less than seven years after the "Place du Vieux Marche" had witnessed the deed of horror and iniquity, Paris, according to a prediction of the heroine, welcomed

back its sovereign; and ten years later, the English routed by the royal armies had lost all their French possessions, except Calais, which they were to keep a century longer.

Joan died without any effort having been made by Charles VII. to save her. To the honor of his memory be it said, such an attempt would, we think, have had little chance of success. He had been repulsed before Paris in 1430; was it likely that in 1431 he would have been more successful? How could be have reached Rouen to rescue Joan from her executioners? By bringing her to the Norman capital, her foes knew she would le safe from any attempt at rescue, and that no one would disturb them in the execution of their fell design. Had they brought her to Paris, their security would not have been so great, and Charles would surely then have attempted something to her favor. Indeed, it was at his request that, in 1456, when France had been delivered from the foreign foe, Pope Callixtus III. reversed and annulled the sentence pronounced twenty-five years before against Joan of Arc and rehabilitated the French heroine in the eyes of the Christian world.

Not content with this act of just reparation, religious and patriotic France demanded something more. While the national sentiment exalted and glorified the deliverer of France, the conscience of the Catholic world claimed from the Church the honors of canonization for the heroic Maid of Domremy, for the chaste Martyr of Rouen.

But the longed-for event was not to be accomplished for several centuries. Many causes which cannot be here set forth retarded its realization. It was only in our own times, on the 27th of January, 1894, that Pope Leo XIII. of glorious memory, ratifying the decision of the Holy Congregation of Rites, introduced "The Cause for the Beatification and Canonisation of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, Virgin, known as the Maid of Orleans."

More recently still, the reigning Pontiff, Pope

Pius X. in a consistory of the 6th of January, 1904, solemnly proclaimed the heroic degree of her virtues. It is the completion of the first stage towards her beatification. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the final decision of the Church will at last place Joan of Arc on a pedestal inaccessible to mere human greatness and when, after having hailed in her the *Heroine*, it will be given us to venerate and glorify the *Saint*.

P. BLANCHOT.



#### Catholic Total Abstinence Unions.

Catholic Total Abstinence Unions are lately attracting even more attention than formerly. The question of their advisability or necessity imposes itself. Whether total abstinence be advisable is a matter which is important apart from the question of belonging to any union. First of all, a powerful consideration for Catholics here is the fact that not only are many prominent Bishops and Archbishops in favor of the total-abstinence movement, but notably our own Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg. The latter is National President of the C. T. A. U. of America. It is thus somewhat appropriate that this diocese be even in the van of the movement. Over five thousand members already belong to the diocesan league.

Doubtless there is no obligation a priori, that is, not except in particlar circumstances; for instance, when a man knows by experience that he will go as far as intoxication if he drinks at all, then he is bound to total abstinence as a safeguard. Nor is any slur to be cast upon the moderate man who follows his own discretion, nor yet upon such as manage respectable hotels or taverns. Those who attack all such without discrimination practically claim what they have not—a right to make

laws. They also injure the cause by excess and intolerance. Evidently the proper force is that of example, invitation and such arguments as appeal to reason. There are many of these with great persuasiveness.

Ours is an age of rapid transit and almost feverish strenuosity. Our country especially stands pre-eminent herein, and Pittsburg is an almost typical illustration. In such an age, in such a land, such a city, we need strong, steady nerves, cool heads and dauntless hearts. The pace is too rapid, the competition too keen, for the man who is not in perfect trim and with complete self-possession and a large reserve power. No argument is needed to show what a part is played by the drink habit in all this. Railroad managers, bridge builders, police agencies, fire bureaus, banks, storekeepers, etc., etc., will inquire on all sides whether the man looking for a position imbibes freely or at all.

Many a man thinks he needs drink for his health or because of hard work. Every athlete is forbidden by his trainers to drink at all, yet all he wants is health and A stimulant gives no strength; it is not nourishment. It excites the nerves so that it seems to give strength, and hence a man with enough of whiskey on board imagines he could easily beat two or three good men, whereas the most ordinary man would be judged cowardly to hit him, because of his predicament, and would simply push him aside. Heat is also apparently given by drink, but doctors explain that it drives out the heat within. As it exudes by the pores, there is a sensation of warmth, succeeded by chilliness and weakness. Soldiers as well as doctors have discovered this by experience in cold regions. It is true a certain amount of alcohol is of some use to the system, but the best way to take it is as it occurs in our daily food-in potatoes, rye, sugar, etc. Above all, in the United States men should beware of it in distilled liquors, not only because of the activity and strain of life, but also because of adulteration. Wine can scarcely be known to

be wine, even when labeled as imported. Whiskey is made in all manner of cheap ways. Beer is not made as in Germany. The writer heard a prominent German brewer who paid a visit to a large brewery in one of our cities say afterwards that he had been in a drug shop, not a brewery.

The drink question would not be difficult if it were not for the pleasure and slavery of it—the passion for drink. The writer attended a public institution in the suburbs of Philadelphia for two years, where from six to eight thousand were annually detained during brief terms for misdemeanors, chiefly for complete, helpless or violent intoxication. The inmates were always exuberant with, "Never again!" Most of them would not be free more than a day or two till they would be reincarcerated. Ask why. One would say he went to a marriage and took too much, another went to a funeral and did likewise. One received some money and had "a good time," another lost some and felt worried. One man felt good and went in for celebrating, another worked hard or felt bad or got bad news and wanted encouragement or consolation. Contrary reasons. Evidently these parties first of all wanted drink, and, secondly, found a pretext. We should not allow our reason to be thus dominated. Fancy men taking a "night-cap" to induce sleep after a day's labor, then in the morning an "eye-opener" to produce wakefulness for business.

The mind suffers by intoxicants, even more than the physical health. Pure alcohol would be found distilled into the brain, if a man's skull were opened while he was intoxicated. The first place, we feel the evil of drink is in the head, and we know that its characteristic is to rob us of reason. Of course, this robs us at the same instant of our dignity as human beings. Of old, the Persian nobles used to set a poor fellow drunk in order to teach the youth by his appearance and incapability how vile is intoxication. Our foremost American electrician, Edison, was once asked why he never drank, and he merely

replied that he had too much use for his head. So has every one of us. The peculiar sin by which intoxication is mortal lies in this, as all know—that it deprives us of the use of reason.

The moral view in this matter is brought forward by the sin of intoxication, but also by the other sins to which it may lead. Some, indeed, are inclined only to sleep off the effects of too deep a potion, but others commit most of their sins, or the worst of them, simply by the dominion drink has over them-squandering money, gambling, swearing, fighting, neglect of all duties, and vices more reprehensible than all of these. Among the evils in the moral point of view is bad example. a grave injustice, that non-Catholic men are led to judge of Holy Church unfavorably by the sight of some of our Creed who care not or think not what dishonor they draw upon the Church. Unfortunately, drunken men are very effusive of religious sentiment. Every Catholic should do his utmost for the glory of the Church. He should, by sobriety, and otherwise, do all in his power to give the best impression he may to those outside the fold. In our land, more than in most European lands even, a man is respected for sobriety. Most of the influence of some of the sects is won by efforts in the cause of total abstinence. Certainly their pretence that Catholics drink more than Protestants is false, but we must make it as false as we The nations where most beer is drunk are England and Germany. In proportion to population, England heads the list and is the most Protestant of nations. Scotland, in proportion to population, absorbs most whiskey. In the Latin nations wine is drunk, but intoxication is not one twentieth as common as among the other nationalities. It is well to refer to this in answer to calumny. But still we are far from blameless, and people have a right to look to the true Church for example.

We may practice many virtues by total abstinence. It is a mortification, and that is virtuous. It may denote prudence and fortitude to withstand temptation. Likewise, humility may be the mainspring of total abstinence. inasmuch as a man doubt his own strength to "take a drink and let it alone." That is what every drunkard thought he could do at the outset. Cardinal Manning said: "The moderate drinkers of today become the drunkards of tomorrow." Many a man does not know what a drunkard he would have been, because he early took a pledge. To have societies for this is beneficial. even though the majority of the members are ladies and such as are not inclined to overindulgence in dangerous beverages. Ladies and sedate people are precisely the most afflicted by the abuse and bad name of some relative who might otherwise be their joy and pride. Again if these unions were only for drunkards, who would join them? It is, therefore, a prop for the falling that the erect stand in union and ready to uplift them.

An insidious attack on total abstinence is made when it is called a fad. The arguments above prove it is not a mere fad. It may be such for some, but it may be a treasure for thousands. We could add to the reasons given, that it would save money. But here it is opportune to reflect that our Rt. Rev. Bishops and our Archbishops would scarcely foster a fad. Furthermore, Holy Scripture would not have praised Samson, St. John the Baptist and others for the pursuance of a fad. At the last National Convention of the C. T. A. U., Cardinal Gibbons and President Roosevelt assisted. They are serious leaders.

REV. THOMAS GIBLIN, C. S. Sp., President Pittsburg College C. T. A. U.



# Cards of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the father of our fellow-student and companion, Henry A. Stander, be it

RESOLVED, That, we, the undersigned presidents of our respective classes in the College Commercial Department, in further and stronger token of the sentiment of condolence expressed in the floral wreath which it was our sad privilege to place beside the bier, do herewith, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also desire that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

THOMAS W. NOONAN,
RAYMOND D. DOWLING,
EDWARD J. DEGNAN,
Class Presidents.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, to call to Himself the mother of our fellow-student and companion, Paul Darby, be it

RESOLVED, That, we, the undersigned, on behalf of his fellow-students and companions, tender him our heartfelt sympathy, and also desire that a copy of this Resolution be inserted in the BULLETIN.

A STATE OF MAN HARMAN TO

THOMAS B. HERRON,
JAMES HALEY,
DENNIS NICHOLAS.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07. J. L. McGovern, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 5.

#### EDITORIAL.

# Art In the State Capitol.

That the State Capitol have paintings to decorate the walls is an idea of ornamentation very innocent and feasible in thousands of appropriate ways. But——! The pictures are nearing completion. They are supposed to present the origin of the Pennsylvania Colony. They present Catholicity as persecuting and the Bible as unknown in England until Tyndal's time. Then the light dawns on England and we get it from there. Imagine for a moment the crass stupidity of putting such a contention at our date and in our Country on the walls of the Capitol of the State of Pennsylvania!

Ex-Governor Stone is President of the Commission

appointed by the Legislature, it appears, to build the State Capitol. His excuse is that the pictures are nearly finished and are paid for: he also says they will not be found so objectionable when finished. The President of the State Federation of Catholic Societies, Walter George Smith, sent in a splendid protest, showing that the theme of the paintings was historically false, that further it is a spur to bigotry and religious animosity, far from the spirit and Constitution of the Country, and that gyndal's smuggling a Bible into England has less to do with Pennsylvania than thousands of other themes still remote enough. The Knights of Columbus have also filed protestation alluding in a preamble to the objections made likewise by the Federation. Ex-Governor Stone conferred with Bishop Shanahan who wrote him: beg to say that the objectionable pictures should be withdrawn by all means and at any cost. The Capitol of this Commonwealth should be a hallowed temple where all our citizens may meet in the spirit of fraternal charity, to promote 'virtue, liberty and independence.' In the language of the immortal Grant, 'Let us have peace!'" In the Messenger, Rev. Dr. Ganns has written a series in refutation of the plan of the pictures and his articles are now embodied in a powerful pamphlet.



# Statement of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children for 1905.

The receipts of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children for the year 1905 amount to \$14,957.21 and may be specified as follows:

From the Diocese of Cleveland	2,346	78
From the Special Appeal of the Bureau for 1905 (including		
a donation of \$237.53 from the Ludwig-Missions-		
Verein of Munich, Bavaria)	2,163	13
From The Marquette League of New York City	1,091	00
From the membership fees of the Preservation Society	9,356	30
Total \$	14,957	21

It should be noted that the New York Marquette League has given, in addition to the above mentioned sum, \$1,000.00 for the erection of a chapel among the Moqui Indians, Arizona Territory. The League, under the impression that this sum was required for immediate use, forwarded it to the Bishop of Tucson direct and hence this donation does not appear upon the books of the Preservation Society.

The receipts of the Preservation Society for 1904 amounted to \$22,708.75, while those for 1905 are only \$14,957.21, a falling off in one year of \$7,751.54. true that the Preservation Society received last year an allocation of \$3,863.56 from the Association of the Holy Childhood, which this year made no allocation. even taking this into consideration, the receipts of the Society from the ordinary sources show a falling off of \$3,887.98. If this rate of decrease continues it is very easy to foresee the outcome in the near future of the Preservation Society and the Catholic Indian Schools. What is to be done? The attention of the public has again and again been called to the needs of the Indian Missions and to the Preservation Society, and the Catholic Indian Bureau has constantly employed an able, eloquent and zealous priest to devote his time to the promoting of the Society by lecturing and otherwise. But with all this the results are anything but encouraging. In the Diocese of Cleveland the Bishop has established the Society in the various parishes, with the result that a very considerable amount is annually realized for the Missions, and the Bishop, far from experiencing any inconvenience from the system he has inaugurated, is enthusiastic over

it. This system is not feasible for every diocese, but if it were it would no doubt solve the problem of providing support for the Catholic Indian Schools. As it is, there seems to be no escape from a retrenchment of our Indian work next year, either by closing some of the schools or cutting down in all of them their already limited attendance. Poor Indians! Poor remnant of an afflicted people! It seems that they not only have lost their temporal inheritance, but that they must also lose their spiritual inheritance! Because some of them were permitted to pay for the education of their children in Catholic Schools out of their tribal monies, the whole country was in a state of excitement and alarm. There will be no excitement or alarm when all of the Indian children are turned out of Catholic Schools. But if the white Catholics of this country permit such a lamentable thing as this to take place, what assurance can they have that the day will not come when their own children shall meet the same fate. "For with that judgment you judge, you shall be judged; and with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

May I not venture to appeal to the Catholic Press to urge the claims of the Preservation Society upon the Catholics of the United States? And may I not urge the readers of this statement to lend us their active support in our endeavors to perpetuate the Catholic Indian Schools?

# WILLIAM H. KETCHAM,

Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

#### DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Will you kindly publish the following explanation? In my printed statement of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian children for 1905 it is stated: "The Preservation Society received last year an allocation of \$3,863.56 from the Association of the Holy Childhood, which this year made no allocation." This expression was not intended as a criticism of the

Association of the Holy Childhood which is of course free to give or not to give to the Preservation Society, but was inserted to explain partially the very noticeable falling off in the receipts of the Preservation Society for 1905. As the statement in question had reference to the Preservation Society only, the expression quoted above is correct, and as in former years the donation of the Association of the Holy Childhood had been handed over to me to be recorded on the books of the Preservation Society, I was under the impression, not having received any notice of a donation for the year 1905, that none had been given. It transpires, however, that while the Association of the Holy Childhood has not sent in a donation to the Preservation Society for 1905, it has made a very liberal allocation in favor of the Indian Schools, and had I been aware of this fact I should have made mention of it in my Preservation Society statement. I hasten to call the attention of the public to the donation for 1905 of the Association of Holy Childhood for the benefit of the Indian Mission Schools, and to express my grateful appreciation of it. The subjoined letter from the Treasurer of the Bureau, V. Rev. E. R. Dyer, S. S., will explain how it happened that the generosity of the Association of the Holy Childhood escaped my notice.

WILLIAM H. KETCHAM,
Director Bureau C. I. M.

# ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, BALTIMORE, MD.

January 18th, 1906.

#### My Dear Father Ketcham:

I beg to say in relation to the letter of Rev. Father Willms which you communicate to me, that I received through the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York a check for four thousand dollars, (\$4,000,) which His Grace informed me had been handed to him by Father Willms as a contribution from the Association of the Holy Child-

hood in behalf of our Indian schools. No mention whatever was made in His Grace's letter of the Preservation Society, so that I deposited the amount to the credit of the Bureau, with a note as to its special purpose, as I do in all such cases, and of course without saying anything to you about it. No doubt had I happened to write to you at the time or had we happened to meet, it would have been spoken of. In my annual report which will be sent all the priests of the country before the first Sunday in Lent, the contribution of our Indian Schools, received from the Association of the Holy Childhood, will be duly acknowledged. It was impossible for you to acknowledge it as you knew nothing about it.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

E. R. DYER, Treasurer.

REV. WILLIAM H. KETCHAM,

Director Bureau Catholic Indian Missions,

Washington, D. C.



# Solitude.

O, happy soul whose worldly woes conspired,
To drive thee to a life fore'er retired!
O holy Solitude, inspire in me
A wholesome sense of reverence for thee!
To man's unhappy bed of death, thou 'dst give,
In gentlest tones, a ray of hope to live.

In manner mild, the hermit wends his way,
Fearless of hunger, cold, by night or day,
Within some bleak and lonely solitude,
Where Nature ne'er shall bloom, nor man intrude,
Alone, with his Almighty—lo, he stands,
And offers Him his life with outstretched hands!

Oh! blest is he, to thus from sin retire, And follow Christ, till meekly he expire, While Angels gather round his bed of stone, And with sweet chorus soften his last moan.

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.



#### SODALITIES.

This year, the Bulletin records election of officers for five Sodalities, whereas in previous years but four Sodalities existed in the College. The new Sodality is devoted to the honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Its formation is due to the recent rapid increase of students, over 120 registering in the Commercial Department alone.

The Grammar Department is enrolled as the Sodality of the Child Jesus. They are the Benjamines of the College; they endeavor to foster that early piety which throws a rich aroma along the path of life. Happy are they who preserve and enrich the fragrance of youthful devotion. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Fourth, Third and Second Academics form the Holy Angels' Sodality. Its members should practice loyalty to their guardians, recalling the words of our Lord: "Their angels always see the Face of my Father who is in Heaven." Spiritual, angelic lives lead men to the Vision which the Angels of Heaven enjoy and help us to attain.

The Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is composed of the students of the Commercial Department. Their honorable duty is to take a more than ordinary part in the fulfillment of the Blessed Virgin's prophecy, contained in those words of the *Magnificat*: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." All ages during well nigh 2,000 years have seen the truth

of the prophecy. But, as St. Augustine says: what we admire, we should not be too remiss to imitate.

The new Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament comprises the First Academic, Freshman and Sophomore classes. It is specially exhorted to bear in mind how Jesus fulfils in the Holy Eucharist those encouraging words: "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." The grandest of all graces, the Author of all, is in the Blessed Sacrament. The Junior and Senior classes are members of a Sodality which is favored by appropriating the name most characteristic of the Institution, the Holy Ghost Sodality. He is the Light of the mind, the Sanctifier of the soul. Devotion to the Divine Spirit is the outcome of the promise of the Redeemer: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever-the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him; but you shall know him because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

This year again, as token of their practical affiliation with the work of the Holy Childhood and Propagation of the Faith, they have generously contributed of their pocket-money a quite respectable donation.

Herewith are subjoined the respective lists of Sodality officials for the current year.

#### Sodality of the Holy Ghost.

Director, V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, P. Misklow; 1st Assistant, D. Murphy; 2nd Assistant, Joseph Keating; Secretary, James Cox; Treasurer, Frank Stack; Librarian, Edw. Jackson; Standard Bearer, George Quinn.

#### Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament.

Director, Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, F. J. Toohill; 1st Assistant, M. J. Brennan; 2nd Assistant, C. A. Duffy; Secretary, T. F. Ryan; Treasur-

er, B. G. McGuigan; Librarian, H. J. Lawlor; Standard Bearer, V. P. Vieslet.

#### Sodality of the Immaculate Heart.

Director, Rev. Joseph Callahan, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, S. A. Conway; 1st Assistant, R. J. Spengler; 2nd Assistant, A. J. Glock; Secretary, C. J. Enright; Treasurer, T. A. Burlaga; Librarian, J. E. McGovern.

#### Sodality of the Holy Angels.

Director, Rev. J. J. Laux, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Joseph J. Creighton; 1st Assistant, George Angel; 2nd Assistant, Eugene Ley; Secretary, T. M. Laux; Treasurer, J. Madden; Librarian, D. Fleinick; Standard Bearer, L. J. Schaill.

#### Sodality of the Child Jesus.

Director, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Thomas Callahan; 1st Assistant, James Dunn; 2nd Assistant, John Charlton; Secretary, Theodore Gillespie; Treasurer, William Carroll; Librarian, Lawrence Drake; Standard Bearer, Frank Miller.



## EXCHANGES.

The Jefferson College Record makes a solid argument for Caedmon as the Father of English Poetry as versus the claim made for Chaucer. It admits the superiority of the latter as a poet, but insists that as Caedmon holds a deathless place in English Literature and is the first chronologically of undying names in the list of English poetry, he deserves the title given to Chaucer.

We learn from the N. D. Scholastic that Notre Dame University put her flag at half-mast on the occasion of the demise of Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University. This recognition is noteworthy and corroborates

the wide reputation of the deceased. The Scholastic says he was rather a brilliant organizer of scholarship than an administrator of details—one who loved the lecture room more than his office: this is given as motive of Mr. Rockefeller's admiration for him and his princely donations to Chicago University. Like the BULLETIN, the Scholastic has a thoughtful article on the Martyr of Rouen, Joan d' Arc.

The St. Thomas Collegian may challenge any exchange to surpass it. It opens with the introduction of a textbook of Mediaeval and Modern History by Rev. J. A. Dewe. The Soliloquy is masterly. "She is far from the land" by Tom Moore, is put in elegant Latin verse.

The Georgetown College Journal has a poem, "To Georgetown," which merits special notice, though brief.

The Spectator has an able essay on Lafayette, showing that he liked neither the French Revolution nor Napoleon as both went to extremes, and yet loved France and America nobly and strongly. It refers to our criticism of previous charges about Papal arrogance and priestly ignorance: what do you expect? There is an intense love of Catholicity strolling around this world and there's a spark of it right here. By the way, you say Luther "pricked the papal bubble:" when a bubble is pricked, it ceases to exist. Did you ever hear of Pius X.? of Leo XIII., etc.? , The following of the Papacy is more numerous and devoted than that of all the hundreds of sects and even more than it ever was in the history of the Church. Since your notice ended by-"Auf Wiedersehen," you doubtless know German: well, read the latest and ablest work on our topic, entitled: Luther und Lutherthum. It is just creating a stir in the Fatherland. and has made a number of converts to Catholicity.

"Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there's really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather." Not Plato or Dante said this: just a girl in St. Xavier's Journal.

The humorist in the St. Ignatius Collegian is O. K. Asked about a young poet, who, all jokes aside, has muck merit, he outdoes hero-worship. His hero first gets jaundice by devouring yellow literature: then, "at the tender age of nineteen months," he thus courts the muses:

"I love to see the placid cow,
I love to hear the dog bow-wow."

Next, he styles his mush "a mess of pottage" and his milk "the nectar of the gods." At six years his tutor detects him concealing an Odyssey and his Ma complains that some nights he remains up as late as half-past seven reading *Tennyson's Princess*. Finally, water-colors of the youth with his Autograph are offered at 15c. Perhaps the richest morsel is his innocent comment that the above distich compares favorably with the early efforts of Vergil.

#### St. Joseph's Messenger, '06.

The Messenger of St. Joseph's House for homeless boys, Philadelphia, Pa., under the direction of Fathers Farrell and Gavin, members of the Holy Ghost Order and graduates of Pittsburg College, is a welcome and breezy visitor. It is the exponent of a noble work nobly carried on. The articles have good literary quality and their matter is formative of character and Christian spirit. Their perusal inevitably kindles a warm sympathy for the homeless boy. The illustrations portray large groups of neat, bright and happy boys, now in athletic attire, now in holiday garb, always with an appearance of refinement and comfort rarely associated with an orphanage.



# Obituary.

RICHARD J. POLLARD.

On January 10th, Richard John Pollard died at Colorado Springs, Colorado, after a long illness. The funeral services were held in the Sacred Heart Church, this city, and were attended by a long train of mourners. Of the past students, there were present in the Sanctuary Rev. J. McQuillan, Rev. J. McCarthy, Rev. J. Garrigan, and Rev. H. McDermott, who preached the funeral sermon and accompanied the remains to the family vault in Calvary Cemetery.

Born some three and twenty years ago, Richard Pollard learned with docility the salutary lessons taught him at his mother's knee. It was in virtue of his fidelity to these lessons and to the instructions received from his zealous pastor and the devoted Fathers of this College, that we may well apply to him the words of St. Paul: "He was not proud, nor overbearing, nor given to selfindulgence, nor greedy of filthy lucre, but he was hospitable and gentle, sober, just, holy, continent, embracing the faithful word which is according to doctrine." These words sum up briefly the characteristics of his life-characteristics that made him the most beloved of sons and the dearest of friends. To know him was to love him, and to love him enduringly. But, whilst he endeared himself to the ever-widening circle of his friends and won the respect and confidence of the business men with whom he came in contact, as Secretary and Treasurer of the Bonar Steel Co., he ever kept in mind the object for which he was created-not to amass wealth, to sate ambition, or drink the cup of forbidden pleasures—but to know God, to love and serve Him here on earth, so that, when the Angel of Death should beckon him away, he might be admitted to the happiness of Heaven. And thus we find him always living up to the teachings of Holy

Church and the dictates of his own conscience. His life, more than probably, was shortened by an accident which brought him to the verge of the grave when he was but twelve years old, and administered such a shock to his nervous system that he never recovered from its effects.

When, more than a year ago, the symptoms of failing health became pronounced, he went abroad in the hope that a sea voyage, change of air and climate, might bring back strength to his weakening frame. On his return, the most distinguished specialists were consulted, and the most heroic treatment was essayed. His malady baffled all medical skill. The West was recommended, and the West received him only to husband out life's flickering taper. And when, at length, that light was dying out, though he was far away from home, he was providentially surrounded by all that was dearest in that home. The influence of the Church, too, was there, preparing him for the passage through the gates of death, and soothing the sorrow of the loved ones he left behind. On his pain-worn face a look of peace and love, in his closing eyes a quick flash as they caught a first glimpse of their glorified Saviour, on his lips a smile that reflected the joy of Paradise—and then the golden thread of life was snapped. May he rest in peace!

#### ATHLETICS.

#### Hockey.

The College Hockey Team made its first appearance in the Inter-scholastic League, January 17. While the other four clubs were busy playing games every Wednesday at the Garden, people wondered what kind of a team the College would put on the ice. Some predicted a good one, while the majority probably were in the negative. These are the ones who were gently surprised when our team lined up against Shadyside, who are considered one of the best teams in the League.

During the first five minutes of the game, the playing was about equal, each side making long runs up the ice, but the College team showing a great lack of team work. Then Stolzenbach, a new man on Shadysides' right wing, opened up matters by landing a pretty one in the Preps' net. Captain Babst took the next, and McMorris caged one for the Preps before the half closed.

In the second half McFarland tied the score for the Preps. Both sides took up the game with determination to break the tie, and John Herron succeeded in doing so. Then McFarland took a nice run and shot, tieing the score again. This time the Preps evened things up again, when McMorris caged another. Before long Herron went the length of the ice through the whole field and scored by the prettiest piece of work of the game, the score standing 4 to 4. Neither side managed to score during the remainder of the half, or in the extra five minutes that were played. Line-up:

Heard	Goal	Daschbach
Lally	Point	Cain
	Cover Point	
Fleeger	Center	McFarland
Babst	Rover	McMorris
Stolzenbach	Right Wing	Rutledge
Patterson	Left Wing	Myers

Goals—McFarland, 2; McMorris, 2; Herron, 2; Babst, Stolzenbach. Referee—Overend. Goal judges—Bright and Thornburst.

The next Hockey game for the College team, will be February 7, with Pittsburg High School.

It was pleasing to see so many students attend the last game, and still more pleasing to hear them shout when our team tied up the score, thus saving a defeat. It is to be hoped that this will keep up, because there is nothing that will help the team along more than encouragement from the student body.

In Meyers and Rutledge, we have two of the finest wings in the League, though the former is somewhat handicapped on account of his weight. One of the most noticeable facts about our team was lack of team work. Often during the game, one of the forwards could be seen going up the ice ahead of the Shadysides' forward line, and would then have to pass the defense by himself. The result was that he lost the puck. If there had been even one other man with him to whom he could pass the puck, more scores would have been the result.

Each and every player has his faults, but with practice two or three times before the next game, these will probably be corrected.

At a meeting of the Athletic Committee, January 16, it was decided to hold two Euchres for the benefit of the baseball team next Spring. The first Euchre will be held Wednesday evening, Februaay 7, in the College hall. The date of the second Euchre has not been determined upon.

At the same meeting, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President of Athletic Association, J. B. Keating, '07; Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team, F. Stack, '07; Press Agents, Tice Ryan and F. Howe.

Chas. A. Duffy, Captain of the College Hockey Team, was chosen by the Management of the All-Scholastic Hockey Team, as a member to represent the College team.

CHAS. A. DUFFY, '08.



# Entertainments.

Though we had only two entertainments during the month of January, owing to the proximity of the second term examinations, they were hugely enjoyed, and were furnished by the students of the Commercial Department. On the 4th of February, the boys of the Grammar

Classes will give us some excellent renderings in instrumental and vocal music; some of them are already at work preparing recitations.

"Football," from the Wizard of Oz, and "Happy Heinie" were the most popular pieces played by the orchestra.

orchestra.

# January 15.

March, Happy Heinie, Lampe, Orchestra; Recitation, The Painter of Seville, George H. Born; Piano Solo, The Robin's Return, Ellsworth E. Locke; Recitation, The Bridge, Charles F. Swain; Vocal Solo, O Master, Take Us Through the Gates, Roy W. Truxell; Medleys of Stephen C. Foster, Orchestra; Recitation, Gualberto's Victory, Jacob M. Utzig; Duet, Violin and Piano, Cavitina, Ralf, Rev. Father Griffin and Brother Angelo; Buck and Wing Dance, Frederick J. Howe; Recitation, The Benediction, James F. Thornton; March, Coontown Patrol, Beach, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Strikes Are Beneficial to the Laboring Classes; Chairman, Eugene N. McGuigan; Affirmative, Percy A. Tull, George C. Quinn; Negative, Francis J. Stack, Francis X. Roehrig.

# January 21.

Overture, Two-Step March, Napoleon, Zamecnik, Orchestra; Recitation, Barbara Frietchie, John Monahan; Violin Solo, Love's Dreamland Waltz, Roeder, Clement J. Staud; Essay, Politeness, Nicholas Szabo; Vocal Solo, I Long To See the Dear Old Home Again, Patrick J. Dooley; Medley, Football, From the Wizard of Oz, Bryan and Zimmermann, Orchestra; Recitation, The King and the Child, George Parker; Piano Solo, Silver Heels, Neil Moret, John Egan; Essay, The Starry Heavens, J. H. McGraw; Trombone Solo, Ben Bolt, Charles J. McGuire; Recitation, Jet, Ralph Drake; Chorus, Auld Lang Syne, Juniors; Finale, Happy Heinie, Lampe, Orchestra.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1906.

No. 6.

# The Graduate.

I sit within my study, pond'ring deep,
Reflecting o'er now ended college days:
I now must take that most momentous leap
From here to search and tread unbeaten ways.
What doth this throbbing world hold out to me?
God give me light herein my way to see.

For years I've sat within these dear old walls,
Until the thought of leaving brings a pang.
Whilst here preserved from still undreaded falls,
Full many gleeful college songs I sang:
Few were the days that brought with them a care,
While joys were spread with bounteous hand and yare.

My classic studies were to me a source
Of pleasure deep—the which I ne'er can lose.
And more and more I've found throughout my course
Why they are wise who such companions chose.
Now that all ended I look back, as when,
I part from friends I ne'er may greet again.

My fellow-students through these many years
Have one and all chained my affection well;
Our lives were smooth, with seldom cause for tears;
Sincere our love—as Heaven's records tell.
Now must we part and each pursue the way
Wherein, as actors in a passing scene, we'll play.

Yes, now 'tis o'er—I say it with a sigh,
Who yesterday was just a reckless boy.
I'll then take up the work of life, yes, I,
And leave this home of unalloyed joy—
And still, with longing in my heart, I cry,
Farewell, my Alma Mater dear, good-bye.

FRANK J. NEILAN, '05.



# The Sistine Chapel.

The Sistine Chapel in the Vatican is a conspicuous example of the influence of the Papacy on the Fine Arts. It bears the name of Sixtus IV. (1471–1484) who, feeling the need of an appropriate place in which the Sovereign Pontiffs could hold semi-public ecclesiastical ceremonies, began its erection in 1473. It is of modest dimensions, measuring approximately 130x60 feet, although its construction occupied nearly eight years. The majestic simplicity of its architectural lines, the exquisite marble screen separating the Sanctuary from the space assigned to the laity, the splendid mosaic floor, and its glorious frescoes, seem destined to remain forever a luminous monument to the artistic activity of that celebrated Pope.

The left wall of the chapel contains scenes taken from the life of Moses, a promise or figure of the New Dispensation. The right wall shows the fulfillment of the ancient promises by depicting scenes from the life of our Saviour and St. Peter. There is thus an organic connection between the varioue wall frescoes which are clustered around the three personages—Moses, Christ and St. Peter. Twenty-eight single portraits of Popes by Botticelli, above the wall frescoes, complete the mural decorations.

The altar wall is covered by the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo, but as it is a work nearly thirty years later than the ceiling frescoes, it will not be considered in the following remarks:

The ceiling contains ten thousand square feet, and its curves, recesses and lunettes presented appalling difficulties to a decorator. On this vast surface Michelangelo produced, as if by magic, three hundred and forty-three figures, many of them of a size truly colossal, the Prophets and Sibyls being nearly eighteen feet high.

The side walls contain a dozen frescoes by some of the most illustrious artists of the Quattrocento; the ceiling is alive with the great creations of the consummate master of the Cinquecento. Botticelli, Rosselli, Pier di Cosimo, and Ghirlandaio; Perugino and Pintoricchio; surely this brilliant galaxy has a collection of names to conjure with. And what shall we say of Michelangelo?

Botticelli is represented by three frescoes: "Moses and the Daughters of Jethro," "The Destruction of the Children of Korah" and "The Temptation of Christ." While not his best achievements in the domain of art, he shows a mastery of lively expression, a vehemence and impetuously of movement, an undulating harmony of line, and a daintiness in the presentation of landscape and costume that render his works irresistible, despite his wretched anatomy, his lean, undeveloped figures, and the dull uniformity of his thin, oval faces.

Rosselli also gives us three frescoes: "The Preaching of Christ;" "Moses Receiving the Commandments" and "The Last Supper." The greater part of his compositions is made up of spectators, and although there is a certain undeniable dignity in his male figures, a number of pleasing female heads, and remarkable precision in the rendering of drapery, his works have but little interest.

In Ghirlandaio's fresco, "The Calling of Peter and Andrew," there is scarcely any quality that denotes a high order of genius. He did not excel in the delineation

of movement, and his monumental work breathes rather the air of tranquility and repose. The composition is overcrowded, the story is poorly told, the stiff groups of unsympathetic spectators stare out like statutes, and the intrusion of several different episodes has a distracting effect. In spite of this, the work is rich and attractive, and many of the portrait heads are full of life and characters.

Perugino offers but one work, "Christ Giving the Kevs to Peter," but it is, at least in one respect, the best of the twelve. It is the only one which conveys to us satisfactory impressions of the third dimension. Art critics are practically agreed that this is one of the best of the masters monumental works. The solemn grandeur of this great creation, so fully in accord with the dignity of the subject and of the place, cannot fail to strike every beholder. There is a wealth of coloring to his quiet figures, and a rhythm in the arrangement and symmetry of his groups. The subtle construction of the fresco, extending inwards with an impression of depth gives it a noble spaciousness that separates it, as if by an abyss, from the flat up and down striped compositions of most of his contemporaries.

Two of the frescoes, "The Journey of Moses" and "The Baptism of Christ" are by Pintoricchio, and they display a number of very excellent qualities. Like all the Umbrians, he possessed great skill as a space composer. To this rare endowment he adds splendid portraits of lovely women and children, a charming background, and a fairly well balanced grouping. It must be confessed, however, that he often descends to mere prettiness, and ignores the classic maxims of movement and repose.

"The Destruction of Pharoah," so long attributed to Cosimo Rosselli, is now assigned to his talented pupil, Pier di Cosimo. The whole spirit of Quattrocento art seems to be reflected in this fresco. The exodus of a nation is a subject rich in possibilities, and yet, as the sea swallows up the pursuing army, not a single Hebrew shows a trace of emotion! Indifference to essentials, a lack of co-ordination, the preponderance of details, the statuesque groups of spectators, the monotonous confusion of Pharoah's army—defects such as these thrust themselves upon us and threaten to extinguish our appreciation for the other admirable qualities which the artist exhibits, the clever sweep and arrangement of drapery, for instance, and the splendid array of portrait heads.

"The History of Moses" has until recent years passed as a work of Signorelli. The modern school of historical criticism now assigns it to an unknown artist, who, however, betrays strong and unmistakable evidences of Signorelli's influence, notably in the partly nude figures in the foreground. The influence of Pintoricchio is apparent also in the delightful prospect opening out to the rear, and in the charming portrait heads, particularly of women and children. The incoherence, confusion and complexity of the work, the artificiality of the drapery, and the uniform degree of emotion, or rather lack of it, make the composition as a whole, quite unsatisfactory.

The initial impression we obtain from the ceiling frescoes is their sculpturesque quality. Starting with the idea that man alone is worthy of representation, we find Michelangelo evolving a new type of the human body in which active power and latent energy are expressed in a manner that has never been surpassed. His strong and athletic male figures, his forceful and fully developed women, display, in their magnificently modelled forms, almost every variety of physical exertion. Had he been less than a genius, a feeling of turbulent unrest would have been the result, but the use of monochrome infuses an element of gravity and restraint into these mighty waves of life. Each single line is charged with purpose, whether it be sharp and bold, or flow calmly, with an even, rhythmic cadence,—not a bend of an arm, nor a turn of a limb, but is eloquent. He shows a marvelous

knowledge of anatomy by revealing the organic structure of the human frame, even beneath sweeping folds of drapery. He tells a story with a concentration, a decisiveness and a plastic richness scarcely paralleled in the history of art. Not a blade of grass is allowed to flutter, unless it be vigorously demanded for the integrity of the scene. These energetic, robust figures, with their refreshing vitality, their majestic, stately bearing, and their solemn grandeur, produce on us a tonic and ennobling effect like that which we derive from a Symphony of Beethoven.

T. F. COAKLEY, '03.



# Edmund Burke.

When considering the merits of Edmund Burke, we must not look at him from any particular point of view. We must cast aside all the prejudices of that most troublous age in which he lived and consider whether his actions as an English statesman were beneficial to the nation in general and not to any special party. By the Tories he has been lauded as the Savior of Europe, while the Whigs have always looked upon him as the destroyer of their party. By certain men he has been called the most profound and comprehensive of political philosophers the world has ever seen. Some uphold the idea that he was a resplendent and versatile rhetorician rather than a deep and subtile thinker while others class him as the greatest thinker, Bacon alone excepted, who ever undertook the practice of English politics. But there are few, nevertheless, at the present day who will not take the same view as Lord Macaulay, who, after making a study of the works of Burke, exclaimed: "How admirable! the greatest man since Milton!"

Although the date is uncertain, the most probable opinion is that Edmund Burke was born at Dublin,

January 12, 1729. His mother was a Roman Catholic but his father was not, and, though reared in the religious beliefs of the latter, still in after years Burke seemed to greatly admire the more ancient religion of his mother. In 1741, he was sent to school at Ballitore, a village some thirty miles from Dublin. In 1743, he became a student at Trinity College, and remained there until he took his degree, in 1748. In 1749, his name was enrolled at Middle Temple from which place, after taking his degree, he set out for England where he arrived in 1750. Like so many other great men who possessed natural genius and intelligence, Burke did not spend his time in strenuous application to his class books. This is not saying, however, that he did not study, as it was his most delightful pleasure to pass his time in a library, and it was while thus engaged that he acquired that widespread knowledge of colonial affairs which afterward served him thoroughly. "All my studies," wrote Burke in 1746, "have rather proceeded from sallies of passion than from the preference of sound reason; and like all other natural appetites, have been very violent for a season and very soon cooled, and quite absorbed in the succeeding."

Burke refused to follow the career mapped out for him by his father, and, as a result, his allowance was made so small that he could not live by it. Having a natural inclination to write, he resolved to cast his fortunes with literature in order to obtain a livelihood. A period of struggle then followed with which we are not very familiar. Being endowed with a certain inborn stateliness of nature, Burke was not fond of speaking of his early life in after years. His first appearance as an author was in 1756, when he published, "A Vindication of Natural Society," and the more important essay, a short time after, "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Idea on the Sublime and Beautiful," which secured him the acquaintance of many prominent literary men of the day.

When he was about thirty years of age and had

obtained a position in literature, he began to make the acquaintance of public men, and thus extend upon the threshold of the arena in which he was destined to become so great a figure. About this time, the chief agitation was the Irish question, and Burke became deeply interested in the affairs of the land of his birth. It has been said by an eminent historian that, had Burke remained in the land where Providence had placed him, the current of Irish history would have been changed.

In 1705, he became Private Secretary to Lord Rockingham, who had been appointed Prime Minister, and he well availed himself of the opportunities afforded by the newly formed friendship. The troubles with the American Colonies were rapidly maturing, and Burke became one of the most prominent figures in the agitation. His knowledge of every affair, even the smallest, of American interest astonished everyone and brought to light his keen foresight and indefatigable labors. In 1774, he delivered his, "Speech on American Taxation," in 1775, the "Speech on Conciliation with America," and, in 1777, the "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol." These speeches made him famous and whether they attained the desired end or not, they have since been regarded as classics.

Burke's career as a statesman was one of illustrious triumphs and masterful oratorical efforts. He was a man of widespread knowledge and nothing, however small, escaped his most vigilant eye. The affairs of far off lands were not remote to him for he viewed them with the same keen precision as he did the daily occurences in London. He knew every detail of the government of India, and it was his untiring efforts, his practical ability, and his unlimited knowledge of every act of Warren Hastings that brought about the famous trial of that illustrious governor. It is certain that the impeachment would never have been pressed upon Parliament had it not been for the untiring industry and powerfully persuasive character of Burke. In 1788, Burke opened the case in

the old historic hall of Westminster, charging Hastings with high crimes and misdemeanors. In his oration. Burke attained such a pitch of eloquence and passion that every listener, including the famous criminal, held his breath in an agony of horror, women fainted, the the speaker himself became incapable of uttering another word, the entire assemblage shuddered with fear that he would actually die in the exertion of his overwhelming powers. In 1795, Hastings was acquitted, and, in speaking of the event, Burke said: "If I were to call for a reward, it would be for the services in which for fourteen years, without intermission, I showed the most industry and had the least success. I mean the affairs of India; they are those on which I value myself the most; most for the importance, most for the labor, most for the judgment, most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit."

The last period of Burke's life embraces his connection with the French Revolution. In 1790, appeared his "Reflections on the Revolution in France." In this, as in all his other undertakings, he seems not to have been given the satisfaction of his own success. He was about to be elevated to a peerage when the sudden death of his son, Richard, cast a gloom upon his life. From this time on, it was plainly noticeable to his nearest and dearest friends that Burke's life was drawing to a close. Yet his interest in France and the French Revolution made his charity to the unfortunate French emigrants continue still diligent and unwearied to the end. Among other benefits, he established a school at Beaconsfield for sixty French boys. On the 9th of July, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, conscious to the very last moment, he calmly expired. It was the foremost proposal of his friend, Fox, that he should be entombed with the great dead in Westminster Abbey; but as Burke left strict instructions that his funeral should be private, he was laid to rest in the little churchyard at Beaconsfield.

Thus passed away one of the greatest among the statesmen and orators England has ever seen. His comprehensive knowledge and prodigious industry won for him an abiding place in the annals of history. "No man of sense," said Dr. Johnson, could meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Americans especially should regard Burke as one of their truest friends for his unstinted devotion to the American cause in the troublous times of the Colonial Revolution.

P. G. MISKGLOW, '0.



## The Character of Polonius.

In reading the works of a good author or poet, we can find nothing more interesting or of more benefit, than the study of the characters described therein. Shakespeare, especially, this study is of the highest import, if we wish to obtain an insight into the real beauty of his plays. His remarkable knowledge of the human feelings and graphic description of them have caused him to be considered the first of dramatists. We should, then, find these characteristics best expressed in the author's best production, and, in this respect, the drama of Hamlet is no exception. Every character seems to be perfectly delineated, and every sentence shows a wonderful depth of thought and meaning. Among the others, we are struck with the part Polonius takes, and it requires a very careful perusal of the whole play and deep study of certain parts, to obtain any understanding of him.

He seems to be Shakespeare's version, sharply individualized, of a politician somewhat past his faculties, shrewd, careful, conceited, meddlesome and pedantic. His whole life has been spent at court, and he has become an adept at flattery and intrigue.

His mind is richly stored with prudential and politic wisdom. In his farewell address to Laertes, at the latter's departure for Paris, we see the sum-total of his ideal of a virtuous man, and in the last few lines, he shows how much his worldly wisdom has perverted him.

"This above all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then, be false to any man."

Had he said, "Be true to thy God, to thy country or to thy neighbor, and it follows as the night the day, thou canst not then, be false to thyself," his words would have contained some real truth, but as it is, they are simply the expression of a mind that sees nothing, except from a political point of view.

In this speech, he shows his great knowledge of the world and of the wiles of men, yet he always misunderstands Hamlet, and, on the other hand, Hamlet greatly underrates him. Hamlet's suspicious mind does not take into consideration the fact, that Polonius, as a father, has his strict duties to perform. He seems rather to suspect that Polonius is doing all in his power, to embitter Ophelia's mind against him, from motives of personal animosity, and he takes delight in deceiving and deriding the pedantic old man.

The meddlesome disposition of Polonius, with a strong vein of conceit, attracts our attention throughout. He is unaware that his old age has deprived him of the former sharpness of his faculties, and he imagines that he is still the shrewd and deep intriguer that he was in his younger days. He now stands high in favor at the court, and as advisor to the king, all his actions are considered to be of great importance. He is flattered to such an extent by this, that he is blind to his failings, and he does not see that Hamlet reads him like a book, and is continually making him the butt of his ready wit and keen satire.

His behavior towards the king is in accordance with

all his other actions. Hamlet never spoke anything better applicable to him, than these words to Horatio, when speaking of the usual corruption, found at courts:—

"No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning."

His servile flattery in the face of the royal pair is as disgusting, as his delusion at the hands of Hamlet is amusing. He imagines he has obtained an inkling of the cause of Hamlet's madness, and he devises a scheme to confirm his suspicions. In eavesdropping, his inquisitive disposition is satisfied, and he is just in his element. If there is anything in which he takes a special delight, it is in spying and prying into the private affairs of others. He, twice, plays the spy on Hamlet, the second time, with disastrous results. Hamlet, during an interview with his mother, hears a cry behind the arras, and thinking it is that of the king, he runs his sword through, and the unlucky old schemer pays the penalty for his rashness.

FRANK J. NEILAN, '05.



# Shooting the Rapids of the Allegheny.

As we stood on the steps of the old boathouse, with the sun shining brightly upon us, and a gentle breeze coming in from the river, my companion and myself felt assured that at last we had a perfect day for our longprojected canoe trip through the rapids.

For a week we had been waiting for just such a day as this—the sun shone brightly, not a single black cloud obscured the mingled emerald and azure hue of the sky, and a gentle breeze came in from the river. Accordingly, we walked briskly down to the boathouse, and prepared the canoe for our all-day trip up the rapids. Making sure that everything pertaining to the day's pleasure was

in the boat—especially the lunch with which we had provided ourselves—we pushed off from the landing.

As we were both novices in the art of canoeing, we were somewhat timid at first; but after paddling up the river awhile, this feeling wore off, and gaining confidence, we soon began to enjoy ourselves immensely. The sloping banks of the stream seemed to glide past us like a beautiful mirage. Here and there, the heavy underbrush was relieved by weeping willows whose mourning branches bissed the water. Once we passed a group of branches hissed the water. Once we passed a group of

boys disporting themselves in the cooling stream.

After paddling for about three miles, we came to the clubhouse of the Oakmont Canoe Club, where we landed in order to see this pretty place, and to refresh ourselves with lunch. This clubhouse and its adjoining grounds, dotted with tennis courts and a golf links, is one of the prettiest and best equipped along the whole length of the river. The club has about two hundred canoes, fifty sailing boats, and about twenty-five gas and electric launches. We were agreeably impressed by the hospitality shown us. The colored attendant piloted us through the building and over the grounds. Having taken a good survey of all that was interesting, and being refreshed by the cool water of the spring in front of the clubhouse, we set out once more.

On rounding a bend in the river, we came to the place where our chief sport was to be obtained. Here an island nestles close up to the left bank of the stream, leaving a long narrow channel through which the waters flow at a great rate; and on account of the rough nature of the bed of the stream, numerous eddies and small whirlpools abound. At first, we did not notice any difference except that our progress was more slow, until we were well into the rapids—riffles they are commonly called. Then the swirling current seized the prow of the canoe and tried to whirl it round and round. It took us what seemed to be a whole day to get through them, for

they are about a mile in length. But get through we did, in about an hour and fifteen minutes.

We then landed and sat down to rest before eating our luncheon. This completed, we again embarked. And now the real sport was at hand-shooting the rapids! The swift current seized our light canoe and hurried it along, almost as fast as an express train. began to feel an exhilaration now; the swift stream, the murmur and gurgle of the water, the sun shimmering in the tops of the waves, -all tended to infuse an additional zest to the ride. It ended all too soon. After we were out of the swift water, we let the canoe drift down stream till we drew up at the old boathouse. We then cleaned and housed the canoe. Tired and well satisfied with our day's sport, we wended our way homeward, but not without the intention of repeating the day's performance at some near future date.

T. RYAN, '08.



#### HONESTY.

The progress and welfare of a country or nation and the order and peace of society rest upon certain virtues of the individual. Firstly, all society and all government rest upon virtue in general, and next upon particular virtues, especially upon those of fidelity, justice and charity. Besides these, however, society and government also rest, in very great measure, upon the virtue of honesty.

Honesty is a natural virtue, and one of the foremost, if indeed it is not itself the foremost, of social virtues. Honesty has ever been admired and praised as an eminent virtue and a quality of the highest order. In our day, the expression, "an honest man," is one of the commonest and one of the most pleasant to the ears of him to whom it is applied. The ancient Hebrews loved

a "just" man, the Greeks a "wise" man and the Romans a "brave" man, but it remained for us, moderns, to extol and dignify the "honest" man.

In the popular epithets quoted above, the national character and thought of the people themselves are revealed to us in striking manner. The "just" man of the Hebrews reveals to us at once the serious and religious nature of the Jew; all the intellectuality, all the keen philosophy and deep thoughtfulness of the Greek is unfolded to us in the simple expression "a wise man;" in the "brave" man of the Roman, is summed up all the fire and daring, all the ardent and warlike sentiments of the soldier.

Whatever other virtues we of our day admire and esteem, we all insist emphatically upon the virtue of honesty. From this fact, then, as in the cases before mentioned, we may gain an insight into the American national character.

The American love of honesty, and the popularity of the term itself, are well illustrated in the case of one of our ablest and best chief executives, on whom was conferred for his sincerity and good sense the nickname "Honest Abe," a name of which no doubt he was proud. The honesty of our people, however, is shown in many other ways.

The typical American of to-day is many-sided, a man of various traits and characteristics; he is primarily a man of energy and business, quick in thought and action, progressive, intelligent and earnest. But, if he add not honesty, the public will not long sustain or even suffer his leadership.

John A. Carlos, '08.



#### How the Brain Works.

This is one of the most wonderful things in all the human organism, and when one considers it even briefly he marvels how our unfortunate brains can bear all that we put upon them during our short lives. To speak truly, the brain is a domain still very mysterious; it is easily seen that it is difficult to seize while they are passing the phenomena going on in that delicate organ, but nevertheless several interesting facts have been eluci-For instance, it is known for a certainty that the nerve cells of the brain, cells which are essential to it, actually lose part of their substance when they act. when a brain, the cells of which are thus spent, rests, when its owner has slept for a time, the blood brings new materials to supply the lack in the cells, and they become "as good as new," precisely as they were before the work was done. And this is why sleep is absolutely indispensable to life. Our brain works during our waking hours: during slumber a mysterious power repairs the mischief done. The brain of a victim of insomnia is like a locomotive which runs on without ever putting into shop for repairs; it is courting accident.

However, all the brain cells do not weary, or wear at the same time; they are laborers, each one with his trade. And this is why change of occupation, turning to manual labor after long, intellectual strain, is good: it allows one set of cells to rest while another takes up the burden.

Yet there comes a time when all the cells are tired together, and then the best medicine, the most powerful stimulant, is rest. If you do not sleep then, you injure your brain, and you will never again be able to repair the wrong you have done.— Benzinger's Magazine.



## Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

A. G. JOHNS, '07.

ASSISTANT EDITOR, EXCHANGES, . . H. J. LAWLER, '09. M. J. BRENNAN, '08.

LOCALS, . ATHLETICS,

J. B. KEATING, '07. C. A. DUFFY, '09.

ALUMNI, . SOCIETIES, CONCERTS.

. F. J. TOOHILL, '08. J. H. McGraw, '10.

E. M. MORALES, '07.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. JACKSON, '07.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07.

J. L. McGovern, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 6.

### EDITORIAL.

#### The Catholic Encyclopedia.

"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." We are, generally speaking, far behind the worldling in the sagacious employment of resources, in organization, in aims, plans, preparation for emergency, in attack or defense, in press work, lecture bureaus, political wisdom: we leave too much to Providence, which is not humility, but presumption. But a Catholic Encyclopedia in English, worthy of the name, is like a star in the firmament, an inspiration and a guide. Immeasurably above its value as a radiator of truth is its priceless worth as a sign of the times.

Catholic Federation, Truth Societies, the Encyclopedia and other such works indicate enterprise and an appreciation of circumstances that will soon have far more influence as the forces of religion and irreligion begin to shape themselves more definitely and concentrate more fully in this dear land of ours.

The advance sheets show the two essential qualities of the undertaking—general and accurate scholarship hand in hand with business ability and method. The completion of the plan of this labor of love for Holy Church will be a pleasure to all Catholics and a mine of interest to the entire population of English-speaking lands. We are confident it will compare favorably with similar productions in Spain, France and Germany.



## Relgium and Congo Free State.

Belgium is the most prosperous land on earth. It also has the best laws relative to the modern problems of government. It has the most Catholics of all governments. Its steel and commercial interests are amazing for so small a land and so new a government. wonder then that English sources have started a campaign of lies against Belgium? Do we not know any history? What has England always done in such cases? She saw that the other Netherland race-the Dutch, had commercial genius and she stole Holland's commerce. Who did she get New Amsterdam from after a fine fur trade had been started with the Indians? Who stole the opium trade with China and Japan-first inaugurated by the Dutch? Who stole the gold-fields from the Dutch along the Orange river, and when they opened diamond fields in the Transvaal, who disgraced herself in a war of oppression and robbery against a small, honest and thrifty people? The same people who stole the land of the Acadians, as Longfellow recalls, and who stole the land of the Irish. Now they are howling about atrocities in the Congo Free State. But the howling is that of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Who said the only good Indian is a dead one? Your Anglo-Saxon benevolent expansionist. Who strove to starve Ireland to death? Who destroyed her commerce, which would naturally be so rich? Who has made her poor? The lies against the Transvaal, against Ireland, have been refuted thousands of times. Those against Belgium have been refuted clearly and authentically, but we will meet them again.



## Massacre of Missionaries.

The first editorial of the first edition of the Sun (this city) said we should not have such sympathy with the Christian missionaries massacred by the Chinese. pictured then as forcing religion on the people and being commercial and social tricksters. Such assertions should never be made without complete proof: the proof is not The circumstances are anywhere in the United States. unknown and the presumption is in favor of the Christian missionaries. Certain sects have ministers in the employ of the governments which utilize them for colonizing and commercial purposes, but it is not the rule and above all it is untrue of Catholic missionaries. Several of those slaughtered were such. The Chinese have always been more antagonistic to all foreigners than any race on the globe; it is a mistake for any journalist to forget this.



St. Louis is building a \$2,000,000 Catholic Cathedral and has more seminarians than any other diocese in the country. As 227 priests died in the United States, last year, large seminaries are encouraging.



#### Second Term Examinations.

The results of the Second Term Examinations were very satisfactory as they evidenced serious application to studies during the previous quarter. One hundred and twenty-three honor cards were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) J. A. Dekowski, A. G. Johns, J. F. Carroll, H. J. Lawlor; (Commercial Department) S. A. Conway, J. F. Thornton, C. F. Swain, G. Parker, D. Brown; (Academic Department) T. J. Szulc, C. E. Clair, T. A. Feeney, J. V. O'Connor, B. J. Swint; (Grammar Department) T. S. Gillespie, H. B. Horstkamp.

The Third Term Examinations will begin on April 2nd.



#### Alumni Notes.

The news of the death of William P. McCullough came to us as a sad surprise. He was the only surviving son of Mrs. Isabel Ross, Henry, another past student, having preceded him twelve years. His grandfather, Colonel McCullough, was one of Pittsburg's first residents. After a successful course in the college, which he entered in '87, he studied in Georgetown University and the Pittsburg Law School. He died suddenly on February 26, in the Hotel Normandie, Washington, D. C., and was buried from the Sacred Heart Church, this city. His surviving relatives have our sincere sympathy.

Michael Madden departed this life on February 15. He held an important and lucrative position in the J. M. Greek Coal and Coke Co., 310 Park Building. We deeply regret his death; he had endeared himself to the Faculty and students by his quiet, unassuming demeanor and gentlemanly conduct.

A gas explosion in the O'Hara Public School, of which he is Superintendent, nearly brought the life of John R. McKavney to a premature close. We are glad to state that the patient is doing well—slowly but surely recovering from severe burns in the head and body.

Edward W. Mihm is making a good record as Travelling Freight Agent for the Queen and Crescent Railway Co. His territory lies between Buffalo and Chicago, and extents to the southern limits of West Virginia.

Charles McBride is Purchasing Agent for the Safe Deposit and Trust Co., with offices in the Arrott Building.

Thomas Norton holds a similar position in the Bindley Hardware Co.

William Fay, until recently a student of the Freshman and Drawing Classes and well known as a twirler on the college diamond for several years, carried off first place in his department in the Pittsburg School of Design.

Charles Bradley is making progress as a draughtsman in Heyl and Patterson's Machine Co., Water Street.

John Dauer's experience and reliability have secured for him the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Metropolitan Trust Co.

Arthur Merz is employed as chemist in the Park Steel Co.



### ATHLETICS.

On February 7, our Hockey Team suffered its firs' defeat of the present season at the hands of Pittsburg

High School by a score of 5 to 0. High School had defeated every team in the league by large scores, but, on account of our fine game against Shadyside the previous Wednesday, some expected that if we would not defeat them, we would give them a good "run." To defeat them would have been something phenominal, because the entire forward line of High School have been playing together for the past three years, and they have team work down to perfection. As we have been playing together only this year, team work has not yet been developed.

During the first five minutes of the game, the playing was about equal, with the puck around the High School net; then Robinson broke away from the crowd with the puck and skated to the Preps' net, but his shot went wide of the mark. Cain in attempting to lift the puck from behind the net, lifted it directly in front of our goal, where Bright shot it in for High School's first goal. On the next face-off, McMorris took it to the High School goal, but Conrad stopped his shot, and for two minutes the 'Preps' forward line rained shots at the High School net, but luck was against them and none got past Conrad. Then the High School forward line went up the ice, by a fine display of team work, past the 'Preps' defense, and Van Gordor shot goal. Immediately after the next faceoff, Bright took it up the ice and after a lively scrimmage around the 'Preps' net, Bright finally got it past Daschbach for the third goal.

In the second half, play was desperate, and it was only after the hardest kind of work that Bright managed to score another goal. Play was around the High School net again when McKee took the puck up the ice and passed to Robinson, who shot the last goal of the game, making the score 5 to 0. Line-up:

P. C.		High School
Daschbach	Goal	Conrad
Cain	Point	Marshall
Duffy		Haggerty

McMorris	Forward	McKee
McFarland	Center	Van Gordor
Rutledge	R. Wing	Bright
	L. Wing	

Goals, Bright (3), Robinson, Van Gordor. Referee, Overend. Goal judges, Thornhurst and Hammer.

The Pittsburg College Preps. won their first game in the Inter-scholastic Hockey League at Duquesne Garden by beating the light Wilkinsburg High School, 1 to 0. McMorris shot the only goal in the first half. McFarland passed out the rubber from behind the net after Capt. Duffy had taken it up the field.

The Bluffites had much the advantage in the second half, but were unable to shoot. The Wilkinsburg forwards did but little checking and as a consequence the Preps. skated through them.

The fine work of Capt. Dun. Ross at goal kept down the score. Ross made numerous difficult stops. Marshall, at point, did well. Jay Bein and Orton, in the line, did most of the work among the forwards. They were the only Wilkinsburg players who advanced the puck to any extent.

Orton came near tieing up the game in the last minute of play by driving the rubber into the cage, but Daschbach intercepted it in time.

Duffy and Meyers of the Preps. and Orton of Wilkinsburg were each benched for one minute for tripping. McMorris was sent head on into the benches in the second half and the game was delayed while he was recovering. The line-up:

P. C. P.—1.		Wilkinsburg-0
Daschbach	Goal	Ross
Cain	Point	Marshal
Duffy	C. Point	Wymard
McMorris	Forward	Orton
McFarland	Center	Low
Rutledge	R. Wing	Bein
Myers	L. Wing	McCormick

Goal, McMorris. Referee, Abel. Goal judges, Drake, Herd and Bob Patterson. Timers, Fleeger and McAllister.

A great deal of credit is due to the college hockey team this year, on account of the fine showing it is making in the race for the championship. It has now played three games, winning one, losing one and tieing the other—a fine record considering that this is the first year in the league. It is the first year that these same players played together. Noteworthy too, is the handicap they were put under by the make-up of the schedule. All the other teams were playing and getting into form before we had a chance to get on the ice. Again, our team was pitted against the hardest teams first. In spite of all these handicaps, we have a fine chance to land in second place. A glance at the games to be played will show this. High School is sure of first place. Shadyside has won two and lost two and has two more games to play, one with High School and one with College. As we have won one and lost one, we need only to defeat Shadyside in our next game to assure us second place. Wilkinsburg High School and East Liberty Academy are now practically out of the running. The League standing at present is as follows:

*	Won	Lost	Tied	Ave.
Pittsburg High School	. 5	0	0	1,000
Shadyside Academy		2	1	.509
Pittsburg College Preps		1	1	.500
Wilkinsburg H. S	. 1	3	0	.250
East Liberty Academy	. 0	3	0	.000

### NOTES.

The bright star of the hockey team is 'Jimmy' McMorris, whose work in the three games played has marked him as the best forward in the Inter-scholastic League. 'Jimmy' is also some 'pumpkins' of a base ball player.

It has been noticed that there is a certain crowd at the garden rooting for our team, but in particular for Dasbach. By a little detective work, it has been discovered that these are Daschbach's friends from East Liberty Academy. Daschbach attended East Liberty Academy last year and caught a fine game for their base ball team in the Spring. He will try for that position on the college nine this Spring.

There is also a crowd of delegates from Soho out at every game. We all know who they root for. They raise Cain.

Few in the college know the abilities of McFarland as a skater. Last Winter, at the Garden, he captured the mile and half-mile championships of Western Pennsylvania for boys under the age of sixteen. A few weeks ago, he entered the five-mile race at Friendship Park against Bright and many other speed skaters. At the finish, he was but a few feet behind Bright when he tripped and fell, thus loosing all chance of winning.

A new player was discovered, last game, in Paul Gorman. Though he played but a few minutes, he showed that he knows the game, and with a little more practice, is sure to make a star.

The next Hockey Game will be March 14, between College and Shadyside. This one is sure to be a fast one, as it will be to decide second place.

People at the Garden wondered who the 'big fellow' was on the ice previous to the game between College and Wilkinsburg. Some thought he was one of the racers then in Pittsburg, but it soon leaked out that it was Quinn, the giant guard of last year's Pittsburg College Sophomore foot ball team.



## Base Ball.

As the frost is gradually creeping out of the earth and as a little Spring air is perceived now and then, the

students are beginning to wonder what kind of a team the college will have this Spring. Of last year's team, Captain Keating, Kummer, Engel, Harrel, Neilan and Duffy are back—also Relihan of '04. With these and a host of new candidates to choose from, Captain Keating thinks this year's team will be superior to last year's great team. Manager Duffy is arranging a hard schedule, games having been arranged with Indiada, California, and Slippery Rock Normal Schools; Waynesburg, Allegheny, Bethany, and Westminster Colleges; W. U. P. Medics and many other amateur and independent teams, as East Liverpool, Steubenville and Braddock.



## Euchre Parties.

Owing to the very large attendance at last year's Euchre Party, the Athletic Committee thought it advisable to hold two Euchres this year, one on February 7, and the other on February 26. The Classical and Commercial Departments divided the work of disposing of tickets. Both affairs were well attended and successful in every respect. Seventy-five tables were in use on each occasion, and good-cheer prevailed on all sides. Refreshments were abundant and admirably served by the Misses Ella Duffy, Josephine Lawlor, Stella McCaffrey, Kathryn McGarvey, Kathryn Scanlon and Mayme Scanlon, under the direction of Miss Nellie Scanlon. The first Euchre was in charge of Mr. B. McGuigan, and the second of Mr. M. J. Relihan. The prizes were numerous and costly on both occasions. The Athletic Committee desires to convey its grateful appreciation of services so cheerfully rendered by the ushers and others. Their names are too numerous to mention.

Following are lists of the prizes, donors and winners:

FEBRUARY 7.

Dress-Suit Case, . M. M. W., . . James Keating Shakespeare Complete, . Rev. E. Galway, . Miss O. Kern

Hand-painted China Fruit Dish, Mr. P. J. Fahey, Mrs. M. Spath 5 lb. Box of Candy, Reymer & Bros., Lawrence Drake Battenberg Scarf, Kaufmann Bros., P. J. Fahey Jewel Case, Miss McAleese, Alderman J. A Martin Bronze Clock, Miss McAleese, H. H. Malone Desk Set, Martin Bronze Clock, Fr. X. Klein, S. J. Laux Ornamental Vase, Fr. X. Klein, M. J. Brennan Lady's Umbrella, J. G. Bennett & Co., James Connolly Box of Cigars, L. M. Heyl, Michael Learnehan Porcelain Clock, Grafner Bros., George Parker Ink-Stand, Pittsburg News Co., John Monahan Pocket Book, Pittsburg News Co., Mrs. J. Schneider

#### FEBRUARY 26.

Dress-Suit Case, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.,

E. Flannagan Electro-Plated Stein, . Mr. W. McNulty, . Miss Derry Meerschaum Pipe, . . Mr. C. Moye, . . T. G. Bishop Order for a Dozen Cabinet Photos, Mr. D. Rosser, H. H. Malone Lady's Umbrella, . Mr. R. Pollard, . Miss McAuley Two Tickets for Nixon Theatre, Mr. W. Totten, Two Tickets for Nixon Theatre, Mr. W. Totten, Mrs. G. Huhn Rocking Chair, . Messrs Murphy Bros., . Miss Christian Kid Gloves, . . Mr. F. Mansmann, . . E. J. Magee Box of Cigars, . . Reymer & Bros., . . H. Carr Sweater, . . Messrs Eisner & Phillips, . . P. Bolger "Glenanaar," by Father Sheehan, Mrs. F. M. Kirner, M. J. Breen Violet Toilet Water, Messrs J. Fleming & Son, Caprice Toilet Water, Messrs J. Fleming & Son, Bonheur Toilet Water, Messrs Me



## Sunday Evening Entertainments.

Interest in the Sunday Evening Entertainments continues unabated. The concerts prove a decided attraction to the students and their friends. The various numbers

of the programme show careful preparation, and are received with generous applause by the audience.

The programmes:

#### FEBRUARY 4.

March, Feather Quim, Mabel McKinley, Orchestra; Recitation, Three Fishes, Edwin Bannon; Vocal Solo, Leader of the Band, Mr. M. J. Relihan; Essay, An Incident in the Life of George Washington, William J. Carroll; Chorus, Old Folks at Home, Juniors; Waltz, Golden Sunset, Hall, Orchestra; Recitation, Do It Now, Franklin Maroney; Vocal Solo, The Harp That Once, Mr. J. F. Malloy; Essay, The Piper of Hamelin, J. Leroy Gutwald; Recitation, School Trials, George M. Heinermann; March, Sympathy, Schwartz, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Football, as Played at Present in Colleges, Should Be Abolished; Chairman, J. N. Whalen; Affirmative, J. J. Cain and T. J. Dunn; Negative, J. J. Stattler and C. A Duffy.

#### FEBRUARY 11.

Overture, Happy Heinie, Lampe, Orchestra; Recitation, Selected, H. H. Malone; Vocal Solo, P. J. Dooley; Suite C, Daisies, Bendix, Orchestra; Recitation, Mark Anthony's Address, E. F. Jackson; Mandolin Solo, E. F. Jackson; Waltz, Hello! All Right! Good-Bye, Hare, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That High Tariff Is Beneficial to the United States; Chairman, T. A. Calnan; Affirmative, J. R. Cox and L. J. Zindler; Negative, J. L. Buerkle and A. F. Wingendorf.

#### FEBRUARY 18.

Serenade, Moonlight, Orchestra; Recitation, a Noble Reply, J. A. Carlos; Violin Solo, Blue Bell March, Frank Tucker; Vocal Solo, The Dream of Sleep, J. F. Corcoran; Cello Solo, Ben Bolt, Roman Telerski; Waltz, Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May, Ball, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Music Is Preferable to Mathematics; Chairman, T. J. Ryan; Affirmative,

PITTSBURG COLLEGE AND CAMPUS



EUGENE J. MACK.

President.

JAMES E. CLANCY. Treasurer. MATTHEW MURPHY, Secretary.

Mack. Miller Candle Co. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, Manufacturers of Fine Candles.

Wax Goods, Tapers, Crayons, &c. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Serges, Diagonals, Shawl Cloth, Habit Cloth, Drap d'Ete, Dimity, Spreads, Towels. Toweling.

Veilings. Merinos. Cashmeres. Linens, Fiannels. Blankets. Hosiery, Handkerchiefs. Napkins.

Crosses, Silks and Galloons for Vestments, Lace Albs and Surplices.

## O'NEILL & CO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Black and White Serges, Worsted, Nuns' Veilings, Linens, &c. for Religious Communities.

112 to 118 N. Charles St. Baltimore, Md

We have made and keep in stock every class of goods required by religious communities

Are you looking for something good? When you see the Diamond

Trade Mark you have found it.

LUTZ & SCHRAMM CO. \* \* ALLEGHENY. PA. PICKLES AND FOOD PRODUCTS.

OHN BURNS

JOHN J. GILTINAN

## BURNS & CILTINAN,

CENTRAL LIVERY BOARDING STABLES

Phones, 268 P. & A. Main and 268 Bell Grant

547, 549, 551 GRANT STREET,

PITTSBURG



## FINE RAZORS



We have a Well Selected Stock of

Shears and Scissors. Pocket Knives, Key Rings, "Star" Safety Razors, Razor Straps, Carving, Cook and Kitchen Knives, Cork Screws. Tweesers. Razors and Scissors Ground.

OTTO HELMOLD, 612 Smithfield St.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

INCORPORATED 1903.

# AMFRICAN SPIRAL SPRING & MFG CO.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Manufacture Spiral Springs for Coach, Freight and Street Cars. Agricultural Implements, Covernors, Machinery and Special Flat Springs of all kinds.

We carry a stock of all sizes of Flat Steel, Brass, Steel, Music and Iron Wire.

Tempered in Oil. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

## John T. Comes.

Architect. Wasbington Pational Bank Bldg. Pittsburab. Da.

Tel. Grant 2858=TOL.

## F. MARTY & CO.

Bleachers and Refiners of

Manufacturers of

eeswax. 🕂



SYRACUSE. N. Y.

## IN THE ONE SPOT 38 YEARS.

# Daniel McCaffrey's Sons Co.

LEADING HAY AND GRAIN DEALERS.

716-718 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.



# OUR BRAND Century Prepared Paint.

The best that can be made, carries with it a guarantee of security, equal to that of any other make. It shows progress.

Write for Sample Card.

# C. A. MICHEL & CO. PAINTERS' SUPPLIES 620 Smithfield St. PITTSBURG, PA.

Bell Phone 1494 Cedar.

P. & A. Phone 406 North.

JAMES F. MORRISON,
PRACTICAL BOILER MAKER.

Steamboat Work and Repairs Attended to Promptly.

South and Grant Avenues, Allegheny.

BUY HAINES' TRUNKS

## GEO. S. HAINES CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURER,

No. 537 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURG.

COMPLETE LINE OF

Black Satchels and Valises.

Positively no Agents or Branch Stores in either

J. A. Carlos and H. N. Gaspard; Negative, J. A. Rossenbach and J. F. Carroll.

FEBRUARY 25.

March, Karama, Grey, Orchestra; Recitation, Meagher's Defense, John J. Cain; Violin Solo, Chimes of Normandy, Planquett, George J. Bullion; Vocal Solo, Boys, Dip, Dip Your Oars, Raymond Leahy; Waltz, Rose Dreams, Albert, Orchestra; Recitation, The Dying Alchemist, Joseph L. Jaworski; Mandolin Duet, Over the Waves, Maxcy, C. E. Haley, B. J. Swint; Accompanist, C. J. McGuire; Vocal Solo, In Old Madrid, Raymond V. Conway; March, Sympathy, Schwartz, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the Public of Pittsburg Receive a Fair Return for the Money They Spend for the Maintenance of the Public Library; Chairman, Amos G. Johns; Affirmative, C. B. Hannigan, E. F. Jackson; Negative, P. J. Dooley, C. F. Febrenbach.



#### LOCALS.

Pluggin' again!

Millard still loves New Castle.

Exam. Quest.—"Where are the forests in this country located?

Answer: -- "Chiefly in the woods."

Vislet is the "Patriarch" by a good lead.

A combination of circumstances will cause February 19, '06, to linger long in Keating's memory. Ask him.

Murray is compiling a book containing the "pro" and "con" arguments on the question "Whether 'tis better to learn a thousand lines or to tire one's fingers writing them." Tom says "experience teaches."

The Drakes are as nimble as ever in the gymnastic line.

Pugher delights in Indian-club exercises.

"Barney" McGuigan has decided to use a padlock on his pipe-case; for you know it's the same old pipe," and it wanders occasionally.

"Josh" McCarron says Youngstown "is a real live metropolis."

Duffy declares that Hockey is a very striking sport. "Charlie knows.

Malone is the "Cicero" of St. John's Hall.

The "sounds of sweet music" which emanate occasionally from Stack's room, float through the corridors of old St. John's "like the minor strains from some cathedral organ."

Gleeson is already planning his summer vacation. "Vince" is Past Grand Janitor of the Hall.

McKenna is the sage of the Junior's table, and the boys all swear by "Pap."

"Eddie Dignan declares that the most irksome of his duties consists in keeping "tab" on Jim, who still seems to be the Rockefeller of the Juniors.

As usual, Youngstown is well represented among the boarders—Sackville, McCarron, Murray, and Ed and Jimmie Dignan forming the quota from the Ohio town.

Herron is Class-President of the Third Academic B. "Tom" is popular with his classmates and among the boarders, and missed getting first place in the last examinations only by a few points.

Howe is looking forward eagerly to the baseball season. We expect a good account of Fred, for advance-notices have been of a high order.

Haley handles the drums for Prof. Weis like a veteran. Charlie is also quite proficient on the mandolin.

Swint comes from West Virginia, and says he's proud of the fact. Ben advanced a class in January, which speaks well for him.

A feature of the Sunday evening Concerts, is Prof. Frank Neilan's cornet solos. Mr. Neilan is one of Prof. Weis' mainstays.

Brown, Brentzel, and Nicholas form the delegation from Massilon. Brown and Nicholas favor the Classics; Brentzel is working hard in the Commercial Course.

-EX-OLD TIMER.



## EXCHANGES.

Marquette College Journal, Milwaukee, has two poems—Morning and Aurora—entirely different in style and sentiment, though on almost an identical subject, but both of highly poetical quality.

The Fordham Monthly finely eulogizes Dr. Douglas Hyde: it justly remarks, however, that his assertion that the Irish language is neither Catholic nor Protestant jars on the ears of his audience. It recall that the far-famed Gaelic scholar, Kuno Meyer, in a recent lecture at Liverpool, stated that no language in Europe has so thoroughly absorbed Christian thought as Irish Gaelic and that Christianity in Gaelic means Catholicity. Pre-Christian or pagan Ireland is not the glorious, golden Erin that has held the love of the Gael for over a thousand years, and the steady appeal to it made by even Mr. Yeat's genius ends in quixotic failure to interpret the true soul of the race.

The Victorian has always been very different from every other college monthly: it treats largely of nature's resources and phenomena, of animals, birds and fishes—though it regularly opens with an able literary essay and is interesting to the end.

In the Rayen Record is a plea, apparently considered valuable, since it is reprinted from a previous issue, a plea for Shylock as treated illegally and spitefully in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. The writer thinks it makes the judicious grieve, while wisely admitting that distinguished advocates have approved of the play. Shakespeare may not have been punctilious over some technicalities of law, but in the case of a Jewish usurer plotting to legally cut the heart out of a noble young Christian, Shakespeare shows his knowledge of humanity, in as much as it is ready to cast off some legal red tape when confronted by such a low form of blood-thirsty horror. And when humanity does such a thing, even the judicious do not cry their eyes out.

The St. Vincent College Journal has a good sketch of Andrew Jackson: it vividly presents him as students of his epoch and country know him—fierce in energy, bluntly honest and absolutely fearless.



## PRINCIPLES OF PHONETIC SHORTHAND,

with Full-page engraved Illustrations.

25 cents, postpaid.

W. W. OSGOODY, Publisher,

Rochester, N. Y.

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1906.

No. 7.

## St. Zoseph.

T.

Not thine to thunder forth the words of God,
To tread the way Isaias, Moses trod,
To sound the harp like Israel's Prophet-King,
Jehovah's wrath like Jeremy to sing:
Not thine to go before Messiah's face
To usher in the kingdom of His grace,
Nor o'er the world with voice that echoes still,
Proclaim thy God from Athen's crownèd hill.

II.

But far removed from tumult and from strife
In lowliness to lead a hidden life,
Unseen by men to heed each duty's call,
Best known thy worth to Him who knoweth all.
As some fair stream rolls through the sloping plain
Nor heeds what crowds its banks but seeks the main,
So thou from things of earth in spirit free
Sped quietly on towards eternity.

III.

Oh, not alone amid the lightning's flash
And rolling thunder's far-resounding crash,
Nor heaving Ocean's rending, hollow roar—
As tempest-tossed it strikes the trembling shore—
Is God Almighty found; but in the sweep

Of ordered worlds that through th' unmeasured deep Of heaven soundless roll, more clearly still Does He reveal Himself, His boundless will.

IV.

O holy Joseph! silent yet sublime,
Forever teachest thou the child of time
How vain the path of fame, the heights of pride
That millions treading die unsatisfied.
How noble is that life that ever feeds
On God's sole will, though lowly be its deeds—
Whose every act and word and thought like thine
By flaming love is wrought in praise divine.

A. G. JOHNS, '07.



## The Sistine Chapel.

II.

We are not concerned, however, with individuals, but with the great outlines and tendencies and results of the Early Renaissance, commonly known as the Quattrocento, as contrasted with its later development, the Cinquecento. Quattrocento is the term employed to indicate the fifteenth century: the sixteenth century is technically expressed by the Italian word Cinquecento. To compare in fullness and in detail, the Quattrocento with the Cinquecento, and to catalogue the peculiar traits by which each is distinguished, we must have recourse to the rich public and private collections of almost every country in Europe. In no other place in Rome, however, are the characteristics of these two great artistic epochs set forth so abundantly and with such clearness and connection as in the Sistine Chapel. wall frescoes were finished in 1482: the ceiling was unveiled in 1512. Scarcely thirty years separate them, and yet how amazing the contrast!

A careful study of the mural decorations shows that the Quattrocento painters delight in confusion and complexity. Their lengthy descriptions and intricately involved narratives make heavy demands upon our patience and our eyes. They exhaust all their resources upon unnecessary details, so that at times the kernel of the story threatens to entirely disappear.

Infinite care is lavished on the reflection of silver, the sheen of highly polished armor, favorite domestic animals, and the fantastic pattern of a dainty gown. impression of splendor and magnificence is to be made, and a multitude of beautiful objects is supposed to heighten the effect. Movement is rapid and labored, with the appearance of high tension and excessive straining. The figures do not stand firmly on their feet, and when they walk it is with short, stiff and hasty steps. The fifteenth century loves spare and undeveloped female forms, with delicate limbs, thin arms, small mouths and lofty polished foreheads. A variety of brilliant tints is offered as a pleasing diversion, and untold delight is taken in blue skies, glowing flesh colors, and the flutter of flowers and foliage. Gauzy drapery and exquisite folds seem to be an end in themselves. Beautiful continuous lines are rare, and the junction of the torso and the members is usually harsh, indefinite and uncertain. With but few exceptions the crowds that fill Quattrocento pictures give them a narrow, cramped effect. As a rule the fifteenth century artists do not know how to produce depth, and place their principal figures in the foreground on the same plane. The compositions lack unity and cohesion. Landscape is inserted as a thing lovely in itself, without regard to its fitness in a scheme of co-ordination of part within the whole. Everything is bright, joyous, lively and cheerful, with an unconscious simplicity and charm. The Quattrocento is a fairyland of graceful slender forms, with smiling faces, wind blown veils and gorgeous robes; of azure skies, sunlit meadows and happy children.

When, however, we turn to study the ceiling frescoes, we soon see that the Cinquecento is far other-The gayety and freshness of youth give way to the maturity of manhood. Frivolity and the commonplace disappear, and in their stead we have solemn, serious motives. The frail and angular forms which characterise the early Renaissance are succeeded by mighty and dignified figures, with grave and sober countenances, low foreheads, thick, powerful necks, broad shoulders, and massive limbs. The essence of the story at once attracts the eye, and unnecessary incidents are vigorously excluded. Details of costume and landscape, however beautiful and enchanting in themselves, are banished unless their presence gives emphasis to the chief motive and adds effectiveness to the work. By simplifying the narrative there is a notable gain in clarity and distinctness, and consequently a greater facility in understanding the composition as a whole. Instead of strained postures, ungainly strides, and an awkard bearing, we find imposing attitudes, an aristocratic poise, and an easy naturalness of manner. The instability and lightness of touch of Quattrocento figures are notorious, but how firm and manly is the tread of the great creations of the High Art, and how strong and virile is their grasp! Flutter and excitement settle down to a still and stately Instead of light and gauzy raiment, the demeanour. fashion leans to full and heavy stuffs, whose rustling folds produce a weighty and solemn effect. The disease of thought seems to be upon men, and deliberation presides over every action. The previous hasty and impulsive movement becomes slow and majestic, and quick, impetuous gestures give place to tranquility and restraint.

Architecture assumes an important function by being introduced as a background to give the setting an air of nobility and grandeur. Nevertheless, these architectural effects, with their picturesque, shadowy recesses, are strictly subordinated to the human figure, with which they harmonize, and which they serve to

emphasize, for man himself forms the chief interest for the masters of the sixteenth century. A quiet and subdued color scheme succeeds the brilliant hues of the former age, and for the first time artists fully appreciate the deep sonorous results to be achieved by the skillful gradations of light and shade. Great masses of rich, luminous, vibrating shadow are employed as a means of accentuation, producing a quiet and restful impression.

Drawing is calm and even, and flows on steadily like a sweet melody, instead of being jerky, broken and restless. Drapery is not an end in itself; it does not attract undue attention, nor conceal the tectonic structure of the body. Its great continuous lines serve rather to conduct the eye along well defined paths in comprehending the function of the various members of the human frame. The clarity and precision with which the joints are expressed is one of the remarkable achievements of the Cinquecento.

By the mastery of the third dimension, the figures acquire an invigorating tactile value, the appearance of depth producing a convincing reality to which the old art was an utter stranger. As a consequence of the suppression of needless details, the size of the figures becomes enlarged, presenting broad and compact surfaces. By a system of contrasts and a studied combination of antithetical motives a striking and emphatic result is attained. The simple stands beside the complex; shadows give. emphasis to high lights; the upper and lower parts of the body differ in direction; the strongly agitated is opposed to the tranquil; a pure vertical line is put in juxtaposition to the oblique; and movement gains in intensity when seen side by side with objects in repose. As the figures increase in size, the pictures are given more space, and instead of a narrow, contracted feeling, we enjoy an impression of breadth and freedom. A rigid plan of co-ordination is found in place of the former incoherence; each figure is but a unit in an elaborate scheme of harmony, and nothing can be altered or

substituted without destroying the unity and symmetry of the whole.

Circumstances make it necessary to omit a further development of the story written large and clear on the walls and ceiling of the private chapel of the Head of Christendom. It is hoped, however, that enough has been said to indicate the important place which this famous sanctuary holds in the history of Italian Renaissance Art.

T. F. COARLEY, '03.



## The Conciliation Speech.

Burke, by the "Speech on Conciliation with America," wished, as he said, to give peace, if not to his country, at least to his conscience. Feeling that no good could result from Parliament's selfish attitude towards the colonies, he proposed certain measures with the hope of establishing a friendly and lasting intercourse. His endeavors were not to free the colonists from taxation, but to have them admitted as adherents and preservers of a constitution which should serve the best interests of all.

On account of the inconvenience of travel and communication, he did not consider it advisable that they should have representatives in Parliament, but that at home each colony should have an assembly chosen by the free citizens, and that this body should be invested with the power to raise, levy and assess, according to the usage of the colonies, duties and taxes for defraying all public services. He foresaw a great future for America and wished to persuade the members of Parliament that England could hope for no part in this promising issue, unless they should grant the colonies better legislation.

The corruption in English politics at the time proved a great disadvantage to his cause. Five years before, he had labored in vain for a reform and now he must here deal with the unreformed. In speaking of his influence, he says: "I have indeed tried you by a long discourse, but this is the misfortune of those to whose influence nothing will be conceded, and who must win every inch of their ground by argument." With difficulties of this kind to surmount, he entered upon a task which he says would ennoble the flights of the highest genius, and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding.

By a study of the general policy of the empire, and through a former member of the American Committee, he obtained a fair knowledge of the situation. He saw the great need of some untried experiment, but before laying down any proposition he wished to show what care and attention the question demanded. "Surely," he said, "it is an awful subject, or there is none such on this side of the grave." As was his way, he wished to influence men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things. There were indeed others, who through love of justice and humanly favored a more liberal policy, but none showed that disinterested spirit which made Burke's efforts so noble.

He proposed peace which, he said, was not to be obtained through the medium of war; nor to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. He proposed a simple peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific." He said: "I propose, by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country, to give permanent satisfaction to your people, and far from a scheme of ruling by discord, to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government."

He continues with an explanation of all this. simplicity of my plan, he said, may disappoint some when they hear it, since it is formed upon the most simple Throughout his discourse, he seems to dwell upon the fact that one can never be a judge of his own cause, and that it was wrong, if not impossible, to destroy that desire of freedom which was manifest in America. He saw no doubt, the impending danger of a conflict for American independence, and felt that it would at least be delayed by a conciliation. By many comparisons he strove to present the true state of affairs, and by original thought and borrowed maxims the subject was so skillfully treated that there was left little room for criticism. But with all he was unsuccessful. His hearers, influenced by narrow, personal interests, gave little attention to what concerned the public welfare: had not such been the case, the speech would certainly have had its desired effect. Near the close of his oration he says: "You have heard me with goodness. May you decide with wisdom! For my part, I feel my mind greatly disburthened by what I have done to-day."

G. C. QUINN, '07.



## Need of True Phychology.

Philosophy, etymologically, means love of wisdom, but as it generally signifies the possession of wisdom or highest knowledge, it is more rightly defined as "the science of things in their last causes," or "the science which investigates the ultimate principles of things." In looking over its different parts, we men, should find none more interesting than that part of "Special Metaphysics" which investigates the ultimate principles of man, and of his life.

Phychology is the branch of philosophy which treats of this subject. It is a metaphysical science, "seeking to learn what may be gathered by the light of reason regard-

203

ing the nature, origin, and destiny of the human soul."

Truly, there is no science which should interest us more than this, for it is a most noble study, treating, as it does, of the soul, a simple, spiritual, and immortal substance, the principle of life, immensely above all material things. Moreover, although very difficult, it is an especially necessary study, as it examines the powers and faculties of the soul, by which we are able to direct ourselves.

How often have we heard the questions: "How do we come into existence?" "What are we?" or "What becomes of us?" It is these questions which phychology inquires into, and hence, we can easily see the vital importance and need of this science.

It is not my purpose, however, to explain or treat of the science itself of psychology, a work on which the world's greatest minds have labored. But knowing the great importance of this study, it is only natural for us to see the correspondingly great importance of having a true science and having it widely known. Some, no doubt, may infer from the title of my essay, that there is no true psychology and that this is a plea for a new system. This is not the idea, for there is true psychology taught, of which I shall presently speak. But, alas! there are a very great number of untrue systems taught to-day, and this is a reason for the present article. Before writing anything further on the untrue systems, let us briefly see some of the principles of the true system.

True psychology teaches that man has a substantial, simple, spiritual, and immortal soul, endowed with reason and free will, which distinguishes him from other creatures on earth. It furthermore holds that the soul is created by God who is its ultimate end. This true system composed mostly from the works of Aristotle, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas, is the one taught by Catholic or scholastic philosophers, and it stands alone, far in the lead of the other systems, which, as I have said, are very numerous, and which conflict with and contradict one another on almost every subject touched. To treat fully of even a part of these would be a work far too extensive for the present. As materialism is one of the commonest of them, and as so many of the other so-called systems really lead to it, let us judge from it some reasons why we need true psychology.

Materialism is especially common to-day. Many, who attempt to invent new systems of psychology, even with good intentions, unknowingly fall into errors of Materialism, which, though slight, lead on to greater ones, so that gradually the work becomes wholly materialistic. This is an experience of the day. It is of very common occurrence to meet materialistic essays in the newspapers and magazines, accompanied by words of praise from the editor or other critic, who seemingly and undoubtedly knows very little about any kind of philosophy.

Another reason why Materialism is common to-day is that it is taught by some of the public schools and colleges. These schools, that they may live up to the laws, profess to be entirely impartial to all denominations or creeds; but wishing to imprint what they call philosophy on the minds of the students they usually teach materialistic systems. With great pride they quote such men as Darwin and Huxley, whose sole object seemed to be to lower rational man to the level of the beasts. The result of this teaching is that, as the students have no knowledge of true philosophy (unless they can naturally, by themselves, reason out the truth), materialists are being graduated from our public schools. Knowing how prevalent this system is, let us now inquire into some of its principles which concern psychology.

Materialism, as the name would imply, holds that all things are from matter, and that we can know nothing but matter. It says, indeed, that the human mind is the soul of man, but that for the materialist, "is no more than a function or phase of an organized material substance."

Assuredly, if such a system were practically held, immorality and evil would reign supreme in the world. For, as the materialist can recognize no immaterial and immortal soul, man would have no hereafter to await, and hence he would naturally strive to satisfy all worldly desires whether good or bad. Although such is not the case, yet we can easily see how an untrue system of psychology, like that of materialism, could affect the people.

By far the most forcible reasons for a need of knowing true psychology, I think, can be drawn from the immorality existing at the present time. One of the leading subjects, treated by the papers and magazines to-day, concerning immorality, is that of rare suicide. And along with it, though not so openly referred to, are the grave crimes of infanticide and foeticide. These crimes, too horrible almost to refer to, are striking examples of the immorality which may exist as a result of ignorance of true psychology.

According to the true system, the immortal soul is infused into the body at conception. Knowing this, how many people could commit these terrible crimes? Most certainly, did the perpetrators know that they were committing murder, as they do, according to true psychology, there would be very little of such immorality.

Excellent proof of this can be easily seen by comparing the statistics on these crimes in Catholic and non-Catholic countries. They show that there are very few such crimes in the former, while the number in the latter is appalling. For these statistics, I need only refer to Father Young's book, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared."

As I have already said, the Church teaches true psychology, and her doctrines and teachings, which always accord with this science, explain the great difference between her people and those outside. These

instances show that crime in general would be lessened, if true psychology were known by the people. For, not only does it show that man has an immortal soul, created by God, but it shows further that, as God is most just, He will reward or punish the soul according to its good or bad deeds in this life; and the fear of this punishment has kept men in all times from much evil. Consequently, the better educated people are in true psychology, the better will they act.

The need of true psychology, therefore, should be evident to all who know that there are untrue doctrines taught and believed by our fellowmen, and who know the great importance of this science. For the interest of ourselves as well as of others, for the advancement of civilization, religion, and education, it is the duty of everyone, blest with a knowledge of the truth, to aid in uplifting the less fortunate, and in bringing them out of the darkness of ignorance to the light of truth, and to God.

J. F. STACK, '07.



## St. Catherine's Duae Coronae.

O virgin, why spurn you this garland of roses and lilies so fair?

O virgin, why flee from a fragrance Perfuming so sweetly the air?

Why willingly have you accepted
A crown of thorns rigid as steel?
Why on your fair brow 'tis now resting,
O virgin, the secret reveal.

Know well the bright rose is an emblem Of love-flowing warm from the heart; And lilies, the spotless reflection Of purity, sweetness impart. The briar crown tells us of sorrow;

Each thorn is a token of pain.

Ere long on your fair brow 'tis pressing,

Your innocent beauty will wane.

"You err," replied Catherine, "not beauties, But brambles and thistles I see, In roses and lilies you offer: Their virtues are hidden to me."

"The crown you detest is a garland, To me, of sweet flowers that grow In Heaven; by angels 'twas woven, And carried to me here below."

"While gazing upon it, reflecting, I think of the sorrow and pain My Lord in His passion endured, Redemption for mortals to gain."

PHIL G. MISKLOW, '07.



# The Character of Moses.

The study of history is doubtless the most interesting and at the same time the most useful of subjects in literature. Some call it a mirror in which are reflected the deeds of yore, enabling succeeding generations to draw materials of future wisdom from the past errors and infirmities of mankind. Others give it the name of "world's biography," because it records the names and deeds of celebrated heroes of all ages, nations, and paths of life. What is true of profane, is no less true of sacred history, especially, the most ancient of all written histories—the Holy Bible. In it we find, not only the records of individual nations, but also the events which transpired during four thousand years of the then known world.

Next in importance to the study of historical facts, are the characters introduced. In fact, we might say that the former depend upon the latter, for great men alone are capable of performing great deeds. Here again the Bible takes precedence over profane history, in as much as its heroes are models of both religious and profane greatness. The first of these in time and distinction is the legislator of the Jewish people, and in a certain sense, the founder of the religion of the Old Law.

The birth of Moses, is not as poetically delineated in the Exodus as tradition hands it down, yet there is no reason to doubt the truthfulness of an account which shows him to us like many other sons of mankind, struggling against apparently adverse fate, nay for very life, from the instant of his birth. In passing, it will suffice to say that in spite of the cruel law which doomed all the new-born Israelites, Moses spent his childhood days at the side of his mother, from whom he imbibed the true spirit of his countrymen. After his twelfth year, when his mother had given him over to the princess, the scriptural narration ceases to give us any more details of his life, except that "he was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Some years afterwards, when already in the bloom of his youth, we hear of him again, as having reclaimed his nationality, not with mere words, but by an act which occasioned his departure from his native land. Justice, the first virtue of every upright heart, was also the first to manifest itself in Moses. Walking one day under the shadow of leafy palm trees, he saw a poor Israelite ill-treated by an Egyptian overseer. His sense of equity, prompted by the fire of true patriotic zeal, burst upon him. He slew the aggressor and buried his body in the sand, becoming, thereby, an avenger of a slave, whilst as yet he lived in the master's house.

What must have been his feelings, when, on the morrow, he saw himself in danger of death, or at least of perpetual servitude, occasioned by an act of charity

toward his countryman, for which another threatened to expose him to the authorities? His choice is made. He leaves all the comforts of the royal palace, his friends, and a prosperous future which was in store for him—had he proved himself a faithful Egyptian, for the wild and unknown desert. Weary with the many days' journey made in the scorching rays of an Eastern sun, exhausted from want of food and drink, consoled alone by the thought of safety, he came upon a sparkling spring to which the skyherds of the neighboring countries brought their sheep to water.

Refreshed by the limpid flood, he sat watching the flocks gathering around. Here again his predominant virtue was given an opportunity to show itself. Seeing the flock of the daughters of Jethro, a Median priest, driven away by the rude Arabian shepherds, he boiled with indignation, taking the part of the helpless maidens. His service was rewarded. The maidens' father received him kindly into his house, and made him the keeper of his flock. This most sudden transition from the brilliant and refined life of an Egyptian court of which he had been brought up a prince, to the state of a poor, proscribed, and exiled shepherd, together with the influences of the vast desert around him, must in his mind have produced a singular revolution, and one which only his stout heart could withstand. Here the fate of his oppressed brethren dawned upon him more forcibly than when he was near them. Still all this period of Moses' life is, as it were, only a prelude to the predestined career upon which he is about to enter, and from which the true appreciation of his preëminent character may be drawn.

Thus far his sense of justice, as also compassion for the oppressed, has been especially noticed. Now, his other qualities, in turn, as he grows in importance in the sight of God and men, shall be considered. Whilst pursuing his humble occupation in the service of Jithro, he is divinely appointed to be a deliverer, no longer of a few ndividuals who excited his compassion, but of an entire

nation kept in bondage by tyrranical rulers. The positive command which Moses received from God to go and demand of Pharao the release of all the Israelites in his domain, reveals to us the entire disinterestedness which characterizes him throughout the residue of his life. "Lord I am slow of speech and slow of tongue," and therefore let another accomplish Thy Will, was his answer. But God, Who chooses the weak to confound the strong, took his inability into consideration by giving him his more eloquent brother, Aaron, as a co-operator. Moses, however, is ever looked upon as the leader and prophet, and on him rested the entire responsability of the "Chosen People." Soon he has an occasion to prove that he was not only the God-inspired liberator of his people, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment had braved the king and his disciplined armies, but that he possessed all those rarer qualities which alone could enable him to attain to the greatness universally conceded to him.

As a leader, his career may be divided into two The first, from the departure out of Egypt until the arrival at Mount Sinai; and the second, from the encampment at Mount Sinai until the conquest of the kingdoms beyond the Jordan. During the first period he had to encounter almost insurmountable obstacles. There was, on the one hand, the reluctance of the Jews to submit to his guidance, and on the other, the impracticableness of the country which they had to traverse. Moreover, to effect a covenant with God, Moses was first obliged in a certain sense, to convert the people from their pagan ways, into which they no doubt had fallen. The arduous task, too, of supplying his subjects with the necessaries of life was laid upon him. True it is that God provided all things, yet Moses was the medium through which the Lord worked His prodigies. During the second period, it is worthy of note that the time was at hand when the half-brutalized horde of slaves had to be moulded into a great nation. So that, the character

of a statesman, a general, and a conquerer was added to that of a leader; and this fourfold office was exercised by Moses with unparalleled prudence and skill. His calmness, patience, perseverance, meekness, rapidity of action, unfailing courage, "wisdom in council and boldness in war," constituted the immense power which he held over his people who knew no law in their newly-acquired liberty and who were ready to murmur on any or no provocation.

His character as a prophet stands out still more preëminently. His accomplished qualities as a leader are overshadowed by the gifts of miracles and prophecies as well as by his power over the elements of nature. With him, moreover, the Divine revelations were made "month to month." The Lord spoke to Moses face to face, as a friend is wont to speak to his friend, says Holy Writ. On two occasions, he went up into a mountain whose summit was ingulfed by a dark cloud, and there remained for forty days, during which time the Lord's Will was made manifest to him. When he returned, his countenance, full of the majesty of God, shone forth with radiant splendor, so that he had to put a veil over it when speaking to the people. It is here that the grandeur of Moses' personality breaks upon our intellect. This it was that inspired the genius of Modern Art to produce his famous statue, the master-piece of sculpture. Moreover, it is here we are spell-bound beholding a man truly living in the world, but not of the world, historically famousyet history fails to do him justice; a man whose qualities we can better contemplate with reverential awe than describe.

After one hundred and twenty years of strenuous life, Moses died in the desert, and the Lord buried him by the ministry of angels. Such in short was the career and character of the founder of the Jewish nation as well as of their religion. As a man, he was humble in the extreme, disinterested and gentle, yet eager to see justice, done to all. As a leader, he displayed great tact and

undaunted courage, when circumstances required it. As a prophet, he was the first as also the greatest of all the prophets in the Old Law. His zeal in God's service was without limit. Deuteronomy, the last of his great books, remains as a compendium of all that his heart yearned for, namely the greater glory of God. The entire span of human history fails to show another such as Moses, in whom were united all the qualities of an ideal great man, and at the same time all the virtues characteristic of an eminent saint.

J. L. JAWORSKI, '06.



# The Literary Career in the United States.

In consequence of the great intellectual and industrial advancement in our country, during the last forty years, many new occupations and methods of advancement financially, and hence socially and politically, have been created. Among the foremost of these is literature. The literary profession to-day is very common; many earn their daily sustenance by means of the pen, and many others turn to it for mere pleasure, or for recreation.

Newspaper writing especially, has become such a fine art, that it requires not only a good amount of natural ability, but also considerable training, to attain proficiency in the work. The writer must have a facile pen, with a smooth flow of good English, and an aptitude for putting any article before the public eye, in a pleasing and correct manner. Speed is a most important factor, as we value our newspapers, inasmuch as they are able, to give us an accurate account of the latest items of interest. It is, indeed, mainly the newspaper, which has made the literary career so profitable in this country, not only to the proverbially "hustling" reporters, but also to the writers of good short stories, of serials, of scientific articles, and of reviews and politics.

Our present high state of education renders it necessary, that every class shall have its own literature, and hence enterprising men are producing magazines of every description; scientific reviews, periodicals for business men, for educators, for players and playwrights, for artists, and in short, for men and women of almost every occupation. It can be easily seen, how much research is required in editing these, and how many writers must be employed producing stories and novels, and the many different articles for them.

There is a constant demand for proficient writers all over the country, but one must come up to a high standard to secure a lucrative position; he must be able to earn his wages. There are many, however, who are drawn to this profession, as is the case in many others, on account of its apparent attractiveness, without really being able to achieve success in it. To succeed in any occupation, one must take pleasure in his work, but those who choose newspaper work for its seeming leisure, are apt to be but poorly satisfied.

Novel reading is most common nowadays, and the supply more than keeps pace with the demand. great quantity of light, sentimental, and absolutely worthless reading matter, published every day, floods the market, and exerts a very baneful influence on our language, and in many cases, even upon the general morality of the public. Many have been long crying out against this, as a great evil, but it only seems to increase year by year, both in bulk and in worthlessness. demand for light reading causes many writers, good, bad and indifferent, to throw out volume after volume of hastily written matter to the greedy populace. The real genius, induced by the desire of securing a speedy reward for his labors, is not as careful as he would otherwise be; and the one who is not qualified either by talent, or by education, seeing the success of a more fortunate literateur, reels off a steady flow of stuff, that is not only not good,

but is really very harmful, especially when it can influence the young and untrained mind.

Thousands of people of both sexes make a comfortable living, and many have grown wealthy in the literary profession; not merely in newspaper work, but quite as often in periodical, review and book writing. Many indeed excel in all these branches. On the other hand, nothing is more miserable, than the poor mortal, who cannot and will not see that he is unfitted for literary work, and who after working for years, still holds a poor position, without prospects of securing anything better: his name is legion.

FRANK J. NEILAN, '05.

# Obituary.

FRANCIS B. BARR

Died March 5, 1906.

Those who have not had an opportunity of consulting the newspapers will be painfully shocked to hear of the unexpected death of Frank B. Barr. During the last twelve months of his life he suffered much from nervous prostration and insomnia. He sought relief, apparently in vain, at the sea-side, in Mt. Clemens, Colorado and California. Though his condition was not such as to excite alarm, it gave his relatives occasion for anxiety. Towards the end of February, he tired of travel, and, longing for home, set out from the Pacific slope, intending to reach Pittsburg after intervals of rest in the western cities. He had reached his uncle's in Kansas City, when death came upon him with stealthy step, and laid his icy hand ever so gently upon our esteemed Alumnus's warm heart. The funeral services were held in the Sacred Heart Church in the presence of an unusually large train of mourners. Father McDermott was deacon, and preached the sermon over the remains, the invitation being extended to him owing to the sincere friendship that existed between them during a period of sixteen years, a friendship that had been cemented on the college diamond and gridiron when they had played together and won laurels for their Alma Mater. Father McGarey and Father Wernert, O. SS. R., were also present, to render the dear departed a last tribute of affectionate respect.

Born thirty-five years ago of parents eminent for sound Christian character and piety, Frank Barr grew up to be an honor to them, to the community of which he was at once an ornament and a useful member, and to the Church, of which he was ever a devoted son. After his elementary studies, he entered Pittsburg College, to fit himself for the position he was to occupy in life. College days were no idle days for him; each succeeding day found him better equipped for the battle of life. A lively disposition led him to share, and quickly shine, in all the innocent sports of the college lad, and his genial manners endeared him to an ever-increasing host of friends. Even at this day, his former teachers, as well as his fellowstudents, speak in glowing terms of his winning ways, his manliness and his integrity, and they testify that, when he graduated, he left behind him an untarnished, an enviable record. What he was at college, he remained during the rest of his too-short life. His business standing was unassailable. No one can say that Frank Barr ever did him an injustice, although he was engaged in a career that easily lends itself to double dealing and questionable methods. When his prospects were growing brighter with each advancing year, he was suddenly warned by death's messenger--sickness-that man is not created for this world. Like the true follower of Christ that he was, he heeded the warning, and determined that, when the Master of life should come, he should not be found unprepared. Fervent prayer, weekly Confession and Communion enabled him, when the Bridegroom announced, "Behold, I come quickly," to answer confidently, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

His bereaved wife, his sorrowing mother, sisters and brothers have our sincere sympathy.

R. I. P.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES, . .
LOCALS, . . .
ATHLETICS, . .

H. J. LAWLER, '09.M. J. BRENNAN, '08.J. B. KEATING, '07.C. A. DUFFY, '09.

A. G. JOHNS, '07.

F. J. TOOHILL, '08.
J. H. McGraw, '10.
E. M. Morales, '07.
F. F. LAGESON, '07.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. JACKSON, '07.

A. F. WINGENDORF, '07.

J. L. McGOVERN, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1906.

No. 7.

# EDITORIAL.

## Dr. Walsh's Lecture.

The interest aroused in the coming of Dr. Walsh before his arrival was not without cause nor did it fail of satisfaction. "The Thirteenth the Greatest of the Centuries," might appear a slightly hazardous proposition to anyone not very closely in touch and in sympathy with ante-Reformation history. The eminent scholar sustained his thesis creditably to himself and to the Catholic Truth Society, although, unfortunately, time did not permit him to dwell upon the literary elements of his topic, the Cid of Spain, the Niebelungenlied of Germany, the Arthur Legends of England and others such. The beauty and power of his contention lies not only in the

fact that it elucidates an epoch of History, but that it smashes into the proverbial smithereens the swaggering and insolent assurance of mud-slingers who talk pathetically about the Dark Ages (pronounced by them, Dawk Egis) and point in raptures to Luther, Henry VIII, and their satellites or successors as emerging from the gloom in the guise of a silver lining. Here, however, comes a suggestion: it is all very nice for a few priests and scholars who know the truth beforehand, and for a hundred or two more who are in full sympathy with such a theme immediately that it is unfolded, to attend such a lecture, but a city like ours should furnish for an occasion of this kind a audience too large for any of our halls. Above all, Catholics should bring their Protestant friends: these are they who need the like-aud we would profit by the supply of that need, as we lose just so long as they are not supplied.



## The Home Missions.

The Report for 1906 of the Mission Work among Indians and Negroes is now published. It is very orderly and with the most interesting schedules or statistics in clear and methodical order. The most notable item is the fewness of negro Catholics among 10,000,000: the diocese of Natchez has 1,000,000, with only 2,251 Catholics, one priest and no sisters; Savannah diocese has 850,000 and only 2,000 Catholics with one priest; Charleston has 800,000 with only 1,000 Catholics. Another remarkable matter is the financial support given to the missions by Mother Katherine Drexel. Santa Fe has 15,000 Indians, all Catholic; but, the Report adds, "The Indian Missions of Santa Fe are fighting bravely against heavy odds. All the schools are under governmental direction, and their religious influence is nil or adverse."

# ALUMNI.

We are glad to have notes from Thomas Coakley, '03, now very successfully pursuing his studies in Rome. He has a facile pen and thoughtful matter. Don't fail to read his archeological dissertation in the next number. Archeology is a very modern science: Rome is the best field for it, and the best work in it is done there too.

It is agreeable to learn that our old foot-ball guard, Sullivan, is acquiring an enviable reputation in surgical skill.

William Mitchel is now associated to the Afternoon News Bureau. His brother, Lawrence, an expert at the violin, is becoming quite prominent as a harpist.

- C. L. McCambridge writes from Los Angeles that he is fast improving in health: he says Davin has a fine position there in the County Court House.
- W. C. Ziegler, '05, is mechanical engineer in the Westinghouse Airbrake Co., Wilmerding, Pa.

Wandrisco, '05, is in the office of the General Chemical Co., of Penna., in the Farmers' Bank Building.

Downy is the pillar of the new parish at Ambridge, and a zealous total abstinence worker.

# The Coming Alumni Banquet.

Two meetings were held on March 27 and 29, to make arrangements for the annual Alumni Banquet. In addition to the officers of the Association—E. S. Reilly, President; F. T. Lauinger, Vice-President; L. M. Heyl, Treasurer; and Rev. H. J. McDermott, Secretary—there were also present J. Cawley, J. V. Dunlevy, J. E. Kane, E. L. Kearns, J. P. Kelly, A. J. Loeffler, F. McKenna, Dr. F. Murto, A. X. Phelan, J. L. Walsh and Dr. E. A.

Weisser. The Annex Hotel was selected, and the date chosen April 18. The President appointed the following Committees:

Hotel and Menu—J. E. Kane, F. T. Lauinger, A. J. Loeffler, F. A. Keating and A. X. Phelan;

Decorations, Music, Singing and Printing—W. R. Broger, J. P. Dunlevy, L. M. Heyl, J. P. Kelly, Dr. F. Murto, E. G. O'Connor, J. P. Wall and Dr. E. A. Weisser;

Speakers—J. V. Dunlevy, E. L. Kearns, F. H. McCarthy, P. B. Reilly, J. L. Walsh;

Press-J. L. Benitz and Rev. H. J. McDermott.

With these Committees working energetically and in harmony a most enjoyable evening may reasonably be expected.



# ATHLETICS.

## BASE-BALL-The Outlook.

If we can put faith in the predictions of the "wise ones," the coming season promises to eclipse all previous ones in the base-ball history of the College. There is certainly no lack of material for a good team. When the annual call for candidates was made in the early part of March, twenty aspirants for honors on the diamond responded.

Even the very slightest hints of Spring weather brought a host of ball players on the campus. Many "old familiar faces" could be seen—a most encouraging sight for the management. Keating, Duffy, Harrell, Neilan, Kummer and Engel are practicing at their old positions again, and all are in splendid condition. McKeown and McKnight have been added to the pitching staff. Both are left-handers, and should form a

valuable and needed addition to the team of 1905. White and Daschbach are experienced catchers, and will make up for the loss of Murray. Howe shows such splendid form in middle field that Dougherty will not be missed. Second and third base will be harder to fill. Not many can cover third as Hayes did last year, but Carroll, Cain and McMorris are fast men and one of them ought to make good. Schmoldt and Rutledge are trying for second, and it will be no easy matter to choose between them.

#### The Schedule.

Manager Duffy has arranged a hard schedule. Every team to be played is a team with a reputation, and will make our boys play ball to win.

April 17, Open; April 21, New Castle (P. and O. League) at New Castle; April 24, Open; April 26, W. U. P. College Campus; April 28, Steubenville (P. and O. League) at Steubenville; May 1, Open; May 3, Indiana Normal at Indiana, Pa.; May 5, Vandergrift at Vandergrift, Pa.; May 8, Open; May 10, Open; May 12, California Normal at California, Pa.; May 15, Braddock at Braddock, Pa.; May 17, Indiana Normal at Pittsburg; May 19, Waynesburg at Pittsburg; May 21, Grove City at Pittsburg; May 22, Westminster at Pittsburg; May 24, Bethany College at Bethany, W. Va.; May 28, California Normal at Pittsburg; May 30, Beaver Falls at Beaver Falls (2 games); June 2, Bethany College at Pittsburg; June 4, Slippery Rock Normal at Slippery Rock, Pa.; June 7, Open; June 9, Westminster at Westerminster; June 14, Open; June 16, Slippery Rock at Pittsburg; June 19, Open.

#### The Reserves.

Manager Brown is arranging a neat schedule for the Reserves, who will be quite a fast aggregation this season. The candidates are many and some of them have had experience on good teams before. They following have already signified their intention to try for positions: Brown, Bishop, Lappan, McGrath, Stattler, Haley, O'Donnell, Dowling, King. Those who fail to make the first team, will naturally try for places on the Reserves.

## Inter-class League.

Teams have been organized in several of the classes,

which will be organized into a league, with a regular schedule of games. A meeting will be held soon to adopt ways and means to make the little league a success. The teams thus far organized are: The Kiboshes, under the management of Mr. M. J. Relihan; the Commercials, under Mr. W. J. Fandraj; The Junior Scholastics, under Mr. E. McGuigan.

#### Tennis Club.

Tennis will be introduced amongst the students this year. A club with a limited membership has already been organized. Officers will be elected in the near future. There is room in the northwest corner of the campus for two tennis courts. We are confident the game will be well patronized.

The Minims, who last season made the most remarkable record ever attained by any team of their size in Pittsburg and vicinity, were the first, barring, of course, the 'Varsity nine, to organize for the coming season of base ball.

Many of the "old" stars will again appear in lineup, while the abundant supply of new material will so strengthen the team that it may even now be conceded that this year's nine will outclass last year's. Monahan, O'Neil and E. Degnan have given unmistakable signs of their fitness to become useful members of the mighty Minim team.

All are now anxiously looking forward to the day when the weather will permit them to don their new Red and Blue uniforms.

At a meeting of the candidates, Monday, March 12th, Theodore Gillespie, the famous center-rush of the Minim foot ball team, was unanimously chosen Captain for 1906.

The team will probably line up as follows:—
J. Strako, pitcher; G. Parker, catcher; T. Gillespie, short-stop; J. Monahan, first-base; L. O'Neil, second; E. Degnan, third; W. Carroll, right-field; J. Gillespie, middle-field; L. Drake, left-field.

Substitutes:—J. Dunn, G. Darby, J. Smisk o J. Rucki, J. Dignan, E. Locke, T. Lawlor, J. McGrath J. Rattigan.



# Entertainments.

Through the generosity of his friends, Father Griffin has been able to purchase for our Concert Hall a magnificent Chickering Concert Grand Piano. At the first entertainment after its arrival, he gave us an idea of its capabilities and value by playing several selections with warmth of feeling and delicacy of execution. All present concurred in pronouncing it, from a musical standpoint, the greatest acquisition since the instalment of our noble organ in the college chapel.

One of the most enjoyable affairs we have had for a long time was the St. Patrick's Day celebration. It was successfully arranged by "Barney" McGuigan. All the numbers of the programme were redolent of the "old sod." "Barney" himself gave us an excellent rendering of "Shemus O'Brien; his impersonation of the youth's broken-hearted mother was most realistic. Gilbert L. King's singing was a most delightful surprise; we congratulate him on the possession of an unusually fine voice.

John F. Corcoran was the particularly bright star in the firmament at the A. O. H. celebration in Carnegie Hall, Braddock.

## MARCH 4.

Medley March, Cheyenne, Dan Alstyne and Gumble, Orchestra; Piano Solo, Sonatine, Paul R. Schaub; Recitation, A Ship Sinking, Edward J. McKnight; Violin Solo, Flower Song, Edward A. Mertz, Accompanist, Clement J. Staud; Selection, The Vanderbilt Cup, Bowers, Orchestra; Recitation, Cripple Tim, John J.

Cain; Selection for Mandolins and Piano, Dixie Girl, C. J. Haley, E. J. McKnight, B. J. Swint, C. J. McGuire; Vocal Solo, Starlight, G. L. King; Waltz, The Spirit of Love, Hall, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the Money Spent by the U. S. for Naval Purposes Would Be Better Expended for Irrigating the West; Chairman—R. J. Schmoldt; Affirmative—R. V. Conway, H. J. Lawler; Negative—G. J. Bullion, O. A. Mayer.

### MARCH 11.

Two-Step, Silver Heels, Moret, Orchestra; Recitation Driving Home the Cows, Charles J. Clair; Vocal Solo, Old Kentucky Home, W. T. Brentzel; A Novelette, Dainty Dames, Blake, Orchestra; Recitation, Spartacus to the Roman Envoys, Eugene Ley; Vocal Solo, Shandon Bells, J. J. Millard; Buck and Wing Dance, F. J. Howe; Recitation, Those Evening Bells, V. L. Puhger; March, Jose Blum, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the Study of Shakespeare in Our Junior Course Is More Beneficial Than the Study of Burke; Chairman—J. B. Keating; Affirmative—H. H. Malone, P. G. Misklow; Negative—A. J. Neeson, D. P. Murphy.

# St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

Overture, My Irish Molly O, Orchestra; Recitation, Erin's Flag, H. J. Lawler; Trombone Solo, Cruiskeen Lan, Paul Darby; Vocal Solo, Paddy's Day, P. J. Dooley; Cornet Solo, Pretty Maid Milking the Cow, F. J. Neilan; Vocal Solo, The Minstrel Boy, J. F. Malloy; Piano Solo, Selection of Irish Airs, Rev. J. Griffin; Recitation, Shamus O'Brien, B. G. McGuigan; Waltz, Sounds from Erin, Orchestra; Recitation, Finnegan and Flannigan, H. H. Malone; Vocal Solo, The Harp of Tara, J. J. Millard; Piano Solo, Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms, Gregory I. Zsathovich; Vocal Solo, You Can Row in My Boat, Olcott, Gilbert L. King; Finale, Kate Kearney, Orchestra.

MARCH 25.

March, And the World Goes On, Recker, Orchestra; Recitation, The Seminole's Reply, T. A. Feeney; Piano Solo, Oh! Why Is My Cross So Heavy, E. E. Locke; Vocal Solo, Lead, Kindly Light, G. Parker; Gavotte, Dainty Dames, Blake, Orchestra; Recitation, The Legend of Bregenz, G. H. Born; Piano Solo, Stars and Stripes Forever, C. J. Staudt; Finale, The Plain Little Soldier Man, Orchestra; Debate—Resolved, That Town Life Is Preferable to Country Life; Chairman—S. J. Laux; Affirmative—J. F. Thornton, T. A. Noonan; Negative—S. A. Conway, C. F. Swain.



# EXCHANGES.

The Exchanges seem to be realizing the ideal for which they have been established—the formation of literary quality in the educational establishments. The adage: Fabricando fit faber, is practically demonstrated here. Certainly, the majority of men could not become high-class writers, or speakers especially; but, just as certainly, the majority of such as can would not without elaborate practice. The Exchanges are far better than they formerly were in matter or style: we find only—as the French say—la difficulté du choix. Here are some of the commendable items—and there are more:

The Spirit of Chivalry in the Jefferson College Record, Da Vinci in the Agnetian Monthly, an obituary on the heroic Fr. Gilbert, O. S. B., in St. Vincent's College Journal, Daniel O'Connell—a poem—in the St. Joseph's Collegian, Dryden and The Better Way in the Xavier, Religious Positivism in the Georgetown College Journal, the finished work of the Viatorian—despite the sad burning of St. Viateur's College, an editorial on Irish Home Rule in the Exponent, Mary Queen of Scots in the Institute Echoes, the Unflagging Poetic Fire of Balbus in the Loretta Magazine, The Classical Worth of the Imitation in the

Notre Dame Scholastic, and the entire number of the same. which dealt so ably and profusely on Washington.

Our esteemed contemporary, The New World, of Chicago, has a unique circulation scheme, which shows how enterprising the Catholic papers of Chicago are, and

how well they are supported.

Their latest proposition is to send ten people to Ireland, free, as guests of The New World. The idea is that the ten persons who receive the largest number of votes, or any who secure 100 new subscribers, will be give Free Trips to Ireland. The contest is open to all members of Catholic Societies. The scheme is a unique one, and no doubt will increase the sukscription list of The New World.

"An Introduction to the Catechism"—a catechism more brief and simple than the usual five cent production. and of nearly the same appearance, has been composed by Rev. Thomas O'Keeffe of Most Sacred Heart Rectory, Port Jerve's, N. Y., and published by Young & Co., of New York, at \$1.75 per hundred. It is intended for very young children and converts. It may be made incredibly useful: it can be more readily comprehended than standard catechisms, and yet is full of doctrine. Converts are often discouraged by a long course of instructions, and our age generally insists on the most direct and simple forms of education. The cause may be light-mindedness. laziness, lack of time, or a combination of circumstances, but the fact is the thing to envisage. An old professor used to say: "Don't deal with men as they ought to be; deal with men as they are." The little work has good ecclesiastical approbation.

We have hundreds of the most flattering letters from Piano Dealers throughout the United States, saying the

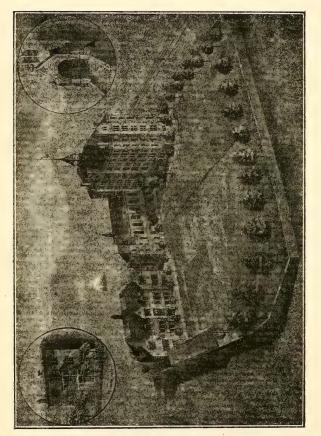
# KLEBER PIAI

is one of the most noteworthy musical productions of the day.

The Superbone, magnificent strength and exquisite design are indeed remarkable. Being makers of the Kleber pianos, and following strictly a ONE-PRICE SYSTEM it can be truthfully said there is NO piano offered in the city which is so big value for the money.

We cut out the wholesalers' profit; hence the KLEBER Piano is a bigger bargain All the Year Around than the numerous "Any-Old-Excuse-Sales" so loudly advertised.

64 YEARS IN PITTSBURG. 513 WOOD STREET.



PITTSBURG GOLLEGE AND CAMPUS

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1906.

No. 8.

# The Queen We Would Sing.

The beauty abroad is coercing
To sing as the singer may;
The wakening groves are rehearsing
The hymns of their vernal day:
There's melody's breath in the softened breeze,
A challenging tune in the swaying trees.

But sing if we must, let the highest
That beauty has crowned be the theme,
Let her to our God that is nighest
Inspire us; for nature's best gleam,
In leaflet or bird, in meadow or star,
Is lost in the splendor she scatters afar.

No verdure depicts her fair semblance,
No flooding of sunshine her grace;
Bright flowers may speak her remembrance—
They tell not how Christlike her face:
Nor color, nor odor, nor sweetness of Spring,
Can figure for us the Queen we would sing.

Who'll utter the sign of her rising,
The height of her Sun-clothed state,
Her force through the Church energizing,
Her glory in measure and weight?
O sing, jocund May, in thy warbling prime,
The Virgin, the Mother, with ceaseless chime!

MAELMUIRE.

# Christian Archaeology.

Rome offers many advantages to those who are attracted by the records of the past. The amazing number and variety of the monuments which the eternal city possesses, carry us back by leaps and bounds into the very night of antiquity. For the Catholic scholar, there are few more fascinating subjects to which he may devote a portion of his recreation, or his leisure, if he be so fortunate as to possess any, than the study of the history of the first ages of Christianity. If he will but listen, the very stones will call out to him (a), in a voice thin, indeed, yet clear and certain, across a chasm of nearly nineteen centuries.

The first to undertake a study of Christian antiquities in the right spirit was Antonio Bosio, who, under the influence of St. Philip Neri, commenced his explorations in 1593. (b). He labored in the catacombs for more than thirty years, and laid the solid foundations of the future science of Christian archaeology. This leads us to observe the immense and far-reaching influence of St. Philip Neri on literature, science and art. It was he who assigned to Baronius, a priest of the oratory, and later a cardinal, the task of writing church history. (c). As a result, he gave to the world its first great modern ecclesiastical historian. (d). The impetus he gave to church music is felt even to this day. (e). Pier Luigi da Palaestrina was his choir director and had there been no St. Philip, we should, perhaps, never have had the marvellous compositions of that prince of musicians. So also to the impulse given by the gentle, retiring St. Philip, we owe the first critical study of the Roman catacombs, with which early Christian history history is inseparably connected. (f). Bosio died in 1629, and his writings, published after his death by two priests of the oratory, Fathers Severano and Aringhi, constitute the first scientific treatise on Christian archaeology. (g).

It remained, however, for John Baptist de Rossi in the last century, to raise the study of Christian antiquity to the important place it now holds. (h). To him, the real "Columbus of the Catacombs," is due the honor of having first made Christian archaeology a science. (i).

Born in 1822, endowed by nature with brilliant gifts, which were made still more lustrous by training, he began his investigations at the age of 20, and labored with singular ability and extraordinary energy until his death in the Papal Villa at Castel Gandolfo, in 1894. The results of his fifty-two years of exploration, research and study, give him a recognized place among the intellectual giants, born so plentifully in Italy, and entitle him to rank as one of the world's great geniuses.

De Rossi's successors, his brother Michael, Armellini, Stevenson, Marucchi, Duchesne, Wiepert, Lanciani, and others such as DeWaal, Kaufman and Lowrie, have either thrown additional light on the life and polity of the primitive Christians, or by their learned treatises have popularized and made accessible the discoveries of their brethren. It is no injustice, however, to say that in great measure many of them shine by reflected light, for their works on this subject have only a relative value independent of the monumental heritage bequeathed by De Rossi.

Christian archaeologists allow no object, however insignificant it may seem, to escape their attention. For instance, when we see the common terra cotta lamps used by the early Christians, scarcely larger than one's hand, and which certainly cost but a trifle, stamped with the cross, or the Christian monogram; or when we come across the very bricks (j) that entered into their buildings bearing the impress of the cross, what a message of sturdy, masculine Christianity these simple objects carry to us! Assuredly, in the first ages of Christianity, men were not ashamed of their religion; otherwise, it is inconceivable that they would have proclaimed their faith

so publicly and so fearlessly in the very heart of paganism.

Among the sources from which we derive a knowledge of the first ages of the Church, a very prominent, if not the foremost, place is occupied by Christian epigraphy, the name by which Christian inscriptions are designated. These inscriptions are important not only because of their immense multitude and their remote antiquity, but for the further reason that they have suffered less than other objects from the destroying hand True, indeed, we possess but a fractional part of the total number that once existed. The barbarian invasions, the repeated sacks of Rome, and the desecration of the catacombs have destroyed countless treasures in the shape of inscriptions that to-day would be simply priceless. Yet, fortunately, enough of them remain to be of vast assistance in giving life and color to the habits and modes of thought of our Catholic brothers and sisters, when Christianity was beginning its career. catacombs were twice confiscated during the persecutions. first under Valerian, in 258, (k) and again under Diocletian, in 303, but with the edict of peace given at Milan by Constantine, in 313, they became the absolute property of the Church. (1). With but few exceptions. during the long thousand years from the ninth until the nineteenth centuries, the catacombs were either neglected, or subjected to wanton vandalism by relic hunters. Graves were broken open, the bodies and bones removed, and the inscriptions destroyed or taken away for building purposes, or used for paving the floors churches. (m).

Pope Pius VII. (1800–1823), whose preserving arm was ever stretched forth to save the relics of antiquity, whether Christian or Pagan, was among the first to recognize the value of inscriptions, and his name will always be held in honor by archaeologists. He opened a special museum in the Vatican, known as the Galleria Lapidaria, and lined that immense corridor with in-

scriptions, one side Papan, the other Christian. (n). It is one of the most interesting places in Rome. One one side, we have the haughty phrases of a mighty empire, the greatest the world has yet seen, then in the pride of power and place; on the other, the story of a handful of Christians, so humble that they do not even give their names. On one side we read only of conquests and victories, the other tells us of nothing but martyrdom and defeat. On the one hand war; the other breathes only gentle peace—"PAX TECUM." These silent monuments of the past suggest food for the imagination, for they call out to us with an imperious warning voice that the glory of the world passes quickly, and that failure may have its triumph.

In illustrating or proving Catholic belief and discipline, inscriptions furnish an argument of the first order, since they are based upon purely monumental evidence. While much can be derived from them, we should not, however, look for the demonstration of every dogma, for the reason that most of those inscriptions that have come down to us are sepulchral—thoughts of death were uppermost in the minds of those who wrote them, and consequently the doctrines of a future life, the Communion of Saints, prayers for the dead, and Purgatory, follow as a matter of course. (o). The early Christians were not to be expected to speak of the seven sacraments, the ecclesiastical hiararchy, or the infallibility of the Pope, when they were engaged in a solemn funeral rite that had no direct and immediate connection with those points of Catholic doctrine. They had no thought of future ages when, in the dim light of those subterranean galleries, they hastily carved a few words on a marble slab, covering the place where they laid the charred or mangled remains of some martyred relative or friend, and then hastened away to meet the same fate themselves hence we must not be surprised at our inability to prove every single dogma of faith from these early inscriptions.

Rather, our amazement should be that we can prove

so many, considering the circumstances under which they were written. If we walk through the Catholic cemeteries of any of our modern cities and read the epitaphs to see how many dogmas of faith they reveal, we will be struck by their apologetic poverty. What shall the archaeologists twenty centuries hence say of the Catholics of this age?

This much for a general introduction to a very interesting question that is fast leaping into prominence with the progress made in historical science in the last generation. Time and space permitting, succeeding articles will touch briefly on the fundamental rules which guide us in assigning to ancient inscriptions a precise date, since the date is usually of the highest importance; after which, dogmatic inscriptions and the symbols and pictures in the catacombs will be examined in turn.

- (a) Luke XIX-40.
- (b) Marucchi-Elements d' Archeologie Chretienne, Notions Generales-Rome, 1899-p. XXXII.-seq.
- (c) Capecelatro—La Vita di S. Filippo Neri-terza edizione, Roma, 1902, Vol. II. pp. 113 seq.
- (d) Benigni—Hist. Eccl. Propaedeutica, Roma, 1905, Vol. II. p. 29.
  - (e) Capecelatro—op. cit. p. 213.
  - (f) Marucchi-loc. cit.
  - (g) Capecelatro—op. cit. pp. 438-439.
- (h) Shahan—The Beginnings of Christianity; New York, 1903, pp. 363 seq.
- (i) Lowrie,—Christian Art and Archaeology, New York, 1901,p. 18.
- (j) Marucchi—op. cit. pp. 153 seq. gives a list of Christian brick factories and their respective stamps.
- (k) Lanciani—Pagan and Christian Rome—New York, 1896, pp. 320, seq.
- (l) Duchesne-Histoire Ancienne de l' Eglise-Paris, 1906. Tome 1, p. 380.
  - (m) Marucchi-Le Catacombe Romane-Roma, 1903, p. 10.
- (n) Nortet—Les Catacombes Romaines—Cimetiere de Saint Calliste—Rome, 1903, pp. 35, seq.
  - (o) Wiseman-The Last Four Popes, Boston, 1858, pp. 155 seq.
  - (p) Lowrie-op. cit. p. 70 seq.

## The Seasons.

We have passed through the rigors of Winter, and we have entered the season which calls forth the joyful resurrection of Nature, when the earth chastened by the storms and fury of winter shall come forward in renewed beauty to gladden the heart.

In considering the rounds of the seasons, an observing mind must wonder at the wisdom of the Creator in ordaining and effecting these changes, which perfect the harmony of living.

Can we imagine a summer without the introductory gentleness of spring, or a chilling winter coming abruptly after an ardent summer? Each season is essential to the other, for were some missing it would destroy the harmony which exists, and sensibly affect the condition of man.

Let us take a glance at the seasons and observe the beauties of each. In emerging from the clasp of a long and rigorous winter, who does not feel his heart gladdened by the signs of approaching spring? The timid blade of grass, peeping fresh and green from under the melting snow, receives our grateful glance, and our hearts sing in unison with the first returning song-birds. songs sound all the sweeter for having been so long unheard, and the gentle, blushing flowers are more levely for having been so long unseen. Then there is something in the soft, balmy breezes which make us feel that life is once more worth living even here below. There is a never-ending charm which comes with each recurring spring, and this charm affects alike the young and old, for even in its fitful moods, alternately weeping and smiling, like a child, it has all the beauty of a child smiling through its tears, for spring is the childhood of the year.

But as gambols of childhood blend into the seriousness of life, so the gentle influence of spring has prepared Nature and man for the arduous work of summer. Nature has put off the holiday garb of spring, and has settled down earnestly to work of forming the products which sustain the world. But even in the midst of its seriousness, summer has a charm of its own; it has its own distinctive features which render it a pleasing change; its ardent temperature produces plants and flowers which are not found in the other seasons.

But it is in the pleasant shades of evening, as we rest our weary bodies that the beauty of summer is appreciated. The sun sinks slowly into a sea of golden haze, sending over the earth his last bewitching glance; the birds gather around their nest to roost for the coming night; the honey-laden bee darts homeward to the busy hive, and the mocking-bird sends forth a flood of melody, his evening hymn to the Creator, and all the world seems at peace.

The sun now sinks beneath the horizon, and twilight gently falls. The birds have ceased their singing now, except the night-bird which twitters now and then; from the woods, floating o'er the meadow comes the shrill Hoo-oo-oo-oo, of the owl; the whip-poor-will is urging the advice of Solomon, not to "spare the rod and spoil the child," by ceaselessly demanding the punishment of some poor, unknown urchin; the katy-did is ever repeating its monotone of "katy-did, katy-did, katy-did'nt," as if t'were some spirit, compelled to tell the world of the misdeeds of some wilful maiden; while the croaking of the frogs is heard long into the night, lulling the mind to sleep.

But summer has worn itself out in its toils, and Nature and man welcome the coming of the golden autumn, the season when the work of spring and summer is completed, and the earth prepares to rest and recuperate for the future year.

The trees now cease their development and hang their fruit in ripened clusters on each limb; the plants and flowers cast their seed upon the traveling breeze, to bloom again in a different place, when the call of spring shall awake them; the forest seems to have taken the gorgeous colors of the sunset, before dropping their leaves to shelter the lowly flowers, and the whole spirit of autumn is in a preparation for winter.

And now winter, the type of death takes possession. The timid birds have fled at his approach, all, save the little snow-birds, who remain to gladden the heart of man with promises of the coming spring. The flowers have withered and died under his blasting breath, and are now buried in their spotless shrouds of snow.

But there is a wild and striking beauty in the midst of all this desolation, which appeals to our heart in a manner that spring or summer can not.

When we get up in the morning and find the bleak earth covered with a mantle of virgin white, when every plant and shrub bravely bears its glistening load, and the snow-birds hop merrily from limb to limb, 'tis a wealth of beauty which cannot be described.

And when the sun, looking down in amazement at the scene, transforms it into a perfect fairyland of wonder, when the trees seem to be loaded with sparkling gems, which flash and glitter in the morning light; when the sleeping brook seems clothed in a silvery sheen, and the unbroken silence sinks like music into the heart, it forms a picture that no art could reproduce, and which the eye alone can appreciate.

But it is winter which develops the domestic beauties, for when Nature is silent and the climate forbidding, the home circle is the gathering place of the affections. What can be more pleasing and comfortable than a family gathering in the evening? The wind may be howling and roaring outside, the night may be dark and gloomy, the snow may blow in blinding sheets, over the frozen earth, but in the family room there is peace and warmth and comfort. The father and the mother sit in their easy chairs, the young folks are reading or working at the table, and the younger ones are rolling on the rug before the cheerful fire, even the dog and cat share in

the comfort spread around, and make a scene which memory brings back with loving force in after years.

If we compare the seasons to the life of man, we find a close resemblance. Spring is the playful, sportive childhood, alternate smiles and tears, the playtime of Nature, giving the earth time to prepare for the toil of summer, which is the time that corresponds to the early manhood. It is the time when the seeds planted by spring are developed and formed into the fruit which autumn will gather. Autumn is the season which, like the prime of a man's life, sees the gathering of the fruits of the year. It is like a man, who having played through the childhood and worked through the summer of his life, is witnessing the fruition of his labors, and taking a rest ere the winter of old age comes on.

Winter, the end of the old, and the beginning of the new year, brings a train of thoughts which deeply impress the mind. It brings the reflection that even a life in fairest spring-time, or in brightest summer, must end like the year, with a winter of dreary old age.

But it brings another thought, that after winter comes spring, and the resurrection of things apparently dead, thus speaking in appealing figures of the future resurrection of man, when all shall rise to everlasting life, to bloom forever in the garden of Eternity, as a pleasing flower, or to remain forever as a black and withered stump, killed by the storms of our own evil passions.

Is it not a wonderful and pleasing thought that the Creator should thus bring before man, with each recurring year, an illustration of his own life? 'Tis a warning to the young, when they see spring and summer blending into winter, to be prepared for the winter of life, and it is a continual momento to the old, to prepare for a future resurrection.

C. F. SWAIN, '06.



# The Message of Death.

Night hath spread his slumbrous mantle,
O'er all Nature, calm and still,
And the moon in silv'ry radiance,
Gently bathes the plain and hill,
Gently beams on sleeping Nature,
Watching as a mother might,
O'er the slumbers of her infant
In its cradle, soft and white.

It has wrapped the babbling brooklet,
In a bright and silv'ry sheen,
And has spread a pleasing glamor
O'er the fields of waving green,
On the home of poor and lowly,
It in pity seems to stay,
But't is on the silent graveyard
That it sheds its softest ray.

As we enter, sad and thoughtful,
Many lessons learn we there.

Tis a time for deep reflection,
And a place for earnest prayer.
Here we find Fame's erstwhile idols,
And of Power the lowly fall,
And the silent mounds around us
Speak the fate that waits on all.

Death here keeps his ghastly storage
For the harvest of his skill,
For the trophies of his conquest,
And the power of his will.
And the breeze soft moaning o'er it,
Seems to speak with gentle sigh,
Of the end of human greatness—
For the greatest here must lie.

Lie the rich, the poor, the lowly,
With the humble and the proud,
And are covered by the Reaper
In his all-embracing shroud.
They whose mind by bonds untrammeled
To the heights of knowledge soared,
And the ones who groveled lowly—
All are gathered in his hoard!

Some had died in holy childhood,
Ere their innocence was marred,
Some with hearts all worldly-weary,
And with souls deep-torn and scarred.
Some had left this world repining
At the hardness of their fate;
Others went with glad rejoicing
To a new and better state.

Some in hearts have left such aching,
As will last till life is stilled;
Some in going took a burden
From a life their presence chilled;
Some have found in death a refuge
From the taunts and gibes of life—
And the grave a peaceful harbor,
From the never-ending strife.

Here a loving mother slumbers;
There a wayward son lies cold:
By the side of strength and beauty
Lies the feeble and the old.
Here lies one by friends mistreated;
He lived on with heart nigh broken,
Vain the withered flowers speaking,
Of a love in life unspoken.

Here a mortal lies all mouldering,
'Neath the bosom of the sod,
By his own hand rashly hurried
To the presence of his God.
Here lies one in shroud all bloody,
With his heart by dagger cleft—
His young life of fairest promise
By fell stroke of Cain bereft.

The new-made grave contains a youth Who early met his doom.

By moonlight pale we read these words Engraved upon his tomb:

"As thou art now, O pitying youth, Alas! so once was I,

As I am now, so shalt thou be For thou shalt also die!"

Our walk is ended now, and sadly,
Thoughts come to our wond'ring mind,
Of the message Death is sending
Through these graves to all mankind,
Of the truth that Life is fleeting;
Honor, empty; Beauty, fading;
And not Health, nor Strength nor Cunning
Can avail against Death's raiding.

\* \* \* \*

The moon is waning now, and drawing Back the charm her splendor gave, But she softens yet the nettles, Growing on the outcast's grave.

\* \* \* \*

The moon hath set; the gleaming stars ("Angels' eyes," the poet saith,)

Are looking down in seeming pity,

On the silent Homes of Death.

CHARLES T. SWAIN, '06.

# The Kulturkampf.

There are many trite sayings that have come down to us from the ancients, that have weathered the criticisms of time, and whose truth or force is never lost on us. well-known example of such expressions is the Latin one. "Vox populi, vox Dei;"—the voice of the people is the voice of God. This short sentence has been demonstrated many times in the course of history. But in almost every case, when tyranny set in, when oppression became unbearable, the people remembered that old maxim, asserted their rights, and obtained them. God is the God of the people, as much, perhaps more, than of the rulers, for the former are generally the more grateful, and He has never allowed them to be down-trodden except, when in His incrutable wisdom, He saw that suffering would draw them more closely to Himself. In short, when a scheme arose that struck at the heart of the people's rights,their laws, their religion or their education-men were raised up by God to arouse the people to assert their rights and prerogatives, and to thwart the scheme.

Such a scheme was Bismarck's: a nefarious scheme is the best name we can truthfully apply to it. A result of this is what is known in history as the Kulturkampf. This looks like a hard name; its meaning is simple enough. Kulturkampf means "a fight for civilization, for culture." Bismarck said that Catholics were hostile to the empire, and he was going to show them that he could have an anti-Catholic empire. He was going to civilize them by showing them their place. He intended to civilize Germany by eradicating Catholicism. This is all the word means. But to understand this subject, and to realize the momentous struggle its advent occasioned in Germany, a compendium of the history of that nation is necessary.

Little is known about the beginning of German history. They were a noble race, however, and proved a

stumbling-block to the Roman armies. In the beginning of the eighth century, St. Boniface won them to the fold of Christ. In the year 800, the real history of Germany begins, for in that year, Charlemagne unified his large empire, and was crowned by the Pope. This empire lasted a little more than a thousand years and, during that time, underwent the various vicissitudes of a nation. Several times its rulers, blinded by pride and avarice, oppressed the Vicar of Christ, and had to make the hard journey to Canossa, its emperors took an important part in the glorious work of the crusades; then, the so-called Reformers chose Germany as their stamping-ground, and their leader and chief was of the Teutonic race.

The various kingdoms and princedoms strove for supremacy, and as a result of this strife, various petty states were formed. To understand the history of Germany during this period is a difficult task, owing to the fact that the relations of these almost numberless states are so intricate as to baffle unraveling. Prussia, however, was gradually assuming the upper hand, and, when Bismarck appears on the scene, the balance of power was almost in its grasp.

To unify Germany, then, and to place Prussia at the head, was Bismarck's plan. In his brain, this gigantic scheme had been revolving for some time. We are even told that he used to dream of it in his youth, and planned his schemes on the sand of the seashore. But no favorable opportunity offered itself until shortly before the Franco-Prussian war. His plans had been gradually assuming definite form, and were near perfection, when, in 1870, the horizon of Europe became overcast with the threatening clouds of war. France considered itself sufficiently strong, with Napoleon III. at its head, to contend with Germany and to interfere in the affair of Spanish succession. No one thought that the German states were organized, and all predicted an easy victory for France. The stirring scenes that followed are well-known to all. As if by magic, Germany united. States forgot their

enmity; kings before deadly foes, were reconciled in the desire to oppose the foreign foe. "On to Paris:" became the universal cry in Germany, and 1870 and '71 clearly testify to German prowess. This grand period was not lost on Bismarck: he utilized it. Well, when Paris was reached, his scheme culminated in the crowning of the King of Prussia as "Kaiser" of Germany, in the palace of the French rulers. Petty states and principalities, as well as powerful kingdoms, had been finally won over by this master spirit to his own views, and the work which is the admiration of all politicians and organizers, and which stamps Biimarck as the greatest organizer in modern times, was a result of this.

If Bismarck had stopped here, and had used his talents to perfect his work, all would have been well. But he was not satisfied with unity of state, he wanted unity of religion also; or, if not this, he wanted religion to be subservient to state, to obey it and to accept its mandates. And here begins the Kultenkampf. Bismarck was not the real originator of this scheme in Germany. Several times before, civil rulers had utilized the Church to their own purposes, regardless of her rights or privileges. Some, too, have tried to excuse Bismarck on the plea that he was not opposed directly to the Catholic Church. He did not, they say, wish to unite Church and State because he was inimical to the former, but because he thought that such a step would be greatly conducive to the strengthening of the latter. In other words, he thought such a step beneficial to the German people. This excuse has never convinced anyone. If he wanted to benefit the German people, what did he think of the Catholics? Were they not Germans? In the battles of the late war, who had taken a more prominent part? At Wörth, Gravelotte, Metz, Sedan--they were ever at the front. Even at the entry into Paris, the Catholic Kings of Saxony and Bavaria rode side by side with the King of Prussia. Bismarck's scheme was one of the most infamous that ever evolved in the mind of a statesman.

It was illegal and contrary to all principles of fairness and justice. Notwithstanding its business, the scheme seemed to be on the road to success. Bismarck was ever a man of blood and iron,—Blut und Eisen, as the Germans say—and would brook no interference. Few had ever dared to oppose them, and he had supporters enough in the Reichstag to carry through any measure he saw fit to propose. Was he, then, to be allowed to carry out this last nefarious scheme without opposition? Was there to be found no German David courageous and willing to confront this modern Goliath? If so, what pebble would he use in his sling to strike down the one armed with imperial power and backed with long years of uninterrupted success?

As we have now to do with the Centrum, it will be well to define and get a clear notion of it. The Centrum, or Centre Party, has a simple explanation. The German Reichstag is divided into three parts: on the right are the Conservatives, and at that they consisted of Bismarck and his followers; on the left are the Radicals, composed of heterogeneous elements such as Socialists, Anarchists and Jews, as ready to oppose any measure proposed by the government, as those on the right were to support it; in the centre, was the Catholic party, and it has been given the name of Centrum purely on account of its position. It was founded by Mallinkrodt, and its purpose was to fight for freedom of Catholics in religious and political affairs. The Reichensperger brothers and others were conspicuous members, but Mallinkrodt was the acknowledged leader. His inopportune death in 1874, was a severe blow to his party, and its opponents looked for an easy victory. However, another leader was chosen, and he became the most prominent leader of the Centrum, the very David to wage war with a modern Goliath, the renowned Dr. Windthorst.

He was born in the year 1812, in Asnabruck, in Hanover. He studied first at the gymnasium of his native town; and from 1831 to '34, he visited the

universities of Göttinberg and Heidelberg. In 1835, he became a lawyer and advocate in Asnabruck. His skill and learning in jurisprudence soon stamped him the leading lawyer in the place, and in 1848 he was made Chief of the Court of Appeals. In the following year, he was chosen Administrator of Justice at the Court of Hanover. where Geo. V. was king. It was in this capacity that, for the first time, he "locked horns," so to speak, with Bismarck, for he vigorously opposed the annexation of Hanover to Prussia. Notwithstanding his opposition, the transfer took place in 1866. Windthorst was at once put up as representative from his own town, and was elected. In 1867, he took his seat for the first time in the Prussian Assembly. His entry caused little stir; though, perhaps, a titter was occasioned when he quietly took from his pocket and began to munch a sandwich. Neither the Conservatives nor the Radicals realized that this diminutive and apparently insignificant man was, in a short time, to effect a very radical change in the course of events.

His first opposition to Bismarck was in 1871, and this opposition lasted twenty years. From 1871, the struggle began in earnest. The Bismarckian party proposed measures aimed directly against the freedom, religious as well as political, of the German Catholics. In 1873, the storm, long gathering, broke over the Centrum in all its fury, and for a while, German Catholicism seemed to be no more. For in that year, in the month, dedicated to our Lady, Falk introduced a code of laws, known in history as the "Falk" Laws, after their framer, or the "May" Laws, after the month in which they became a reality.

What were these laws? Were they intended for Catholics alone, or were they to affect all Germans? A survey of the laws makes reply easy. They included such clauses as these: Catholics must acknowledge no disciplinary power outside of Prussia; nomination of priests depends not on the bishops, but on the state; the state

shall control the education of the clergy; no priest or bishop can exercise his functions unless authorized by the state; a council composed of laymen, apostates and Protestants, shall control all ecclesiastical affairs. This, in brief, was the "Kulturkampf."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



#### A Bop.

As welcome as light, to a ship by night, Adrift near a dangerous shore, Is the visage mild of a stainless child To souls that with sorrow are sore.

All hatred 'twill cure, his heart that is pure And sweet as the Angels above. He, spotless within, affection must win: His face is a fountain of love!

Oh! if they could be, as happy as he,

How many sad hearts 'twould elate?

There beams from his eyes—like hues that arise,

That shine when the billows abate—

A ray of delight; and that arch so bright Is no symbol of greater joy Than the glow of grace on the smiling face Of an innocent little boy.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.



## Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, A. G. JOHNS, '07. H. J. LAWLER, '09. ASSISTANT EDITOR, EXCHANGES, . . M. J. BRENNAN, '08. J. B. KEATING, '07. LOCALS, . ATHLETICS, . C. A. DUFFY, '09. ALUMNI, . F. J. TOOHILL, '08. SOCIETIES, J. H. McGraw, '10. CONCERTS, E. M. MORALES, '07. BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. JACKSON, '07. A. F. WINGENDORF, '07. J. L. McGOVERN, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

MAY, 1906.

No. 8.

#### EDITORIAL.

#### Lessons From San Francisco.

Ours is a practical land, desirous of wisely profiting of experience. This is manly. It is all very well to be sentimental, but even sentiment should be practical, as the truest pathos usually is: it reminds us of a blunt sympathizer who exclaimed to a crowd of mere lipsympathizers: "I aint got much to say, but here's ten dollars." When the Johnstown flood occurred Queen Victoria sent her sympathy and Dublin sent \$250,000. Well the first lesson is generosity to the afflicted: our Nation has been generous on this occasion to the excess of \$10,000,000. Next, we see that the mad rush for money

and pleasure may be cut short any time. About 100,000 die daily, but when a catastrophe occurs, the lesson is more easily learned. Then, we see the value of good organization. Even though fire raged and the water mains broke, the Government rushed military and engineer corps on the scene who not only intimidated ghouls and looters-even by a few rifle shots-and preserved order and peace, but also stopped the fire by first dynamiting a few blocks even of millionaire's residences and, when the fire persisted in eating through the ruins, blew up a new block of real estate by gun-cotton, so as to check the progress of the flames. Food, water and tents were parcelled out systematically and satisfactorily. are a few cases reported of soldiers and police shooting victims surrounded by fire. We do not discuss their desire to save them from a slower death, but there is a lesson to be learned here and that is that such an act is not lawful. The example of such as gave money to help people escape whom they never expected to see again is a beautiful lesson-likewise that of religious sisters and others who had recourse to prayer. frames have received a boom for building purposes since the disaster, because they stood the shock better than any other building material: the efficiency of steel had been much doubted by architects: something more has been learned of that lesson. A grand lesson of energy springs from the enterprise with which the rebuilding of San Francisco has already been undertaken. Much loss will be averted by the rebuilding of the great city and much shall be added to the self-reliant spirit of our people. Americans never did believe in crying over spilt milk. All in all considered, our honor or reputation have not been tarnished by this calamity and we have learned how to meet any other colossal woe more ably still.



#### LOCALS.

#### The Tenebrae.

On Wednesday of Passion Week, the Very Reverend President announced that Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin had invited the students to sing the Tenebrae during Holy Week in Epiphany pro-cathedral. A large number responded. Despite the short time given for practice, and thanks to the efficient training of Rev. Fr. Goebel, they acquitted themselves singularly well. Several of the Fathers assisted. Both the chanting and the singing were very impressive. Once again the Holy Father's contention that Gregorian music is a powerful incentive to devotion was clearly proven. When sung in unison it is beautiful; when harmonized, its effect is overpowering. Unstinted praise is due to all concerned. The sacred edifice was crowded on the three consecutive nights.

#### Our Annual Play.

The dramatic performances of the students have year by year grown in popular favor, and everything indicates that this year's play will sustain and increase their reputation. Trained to classic tastes, they are satisfied with producing only the best models of English drama. Hence, with the approval of the faculty, they have chosen Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of "Caius Gracchus," and will produce it in the Gayety Theatre on Friday, June 8.

The role of the noble, self-sacrificing tribune will be taken by Mr. J. F. Chambers, who achieved so artistic a success as Damon and as William Tell. Drusus, his weak and traitorous colleague, will be played by Mr. Charles A. Fehrenbach. Mr. John F. Malloy will be seen as the subtle and crafty consul, Opimius, while Messrs. Jaworski and Morales will appear as Titus and Marcus, the leaders of the people. Never has the College put on a play requiring so many female characters; but we are taking no risks with such young men as Mr. N. Szabo in the part of Cornelia, the stately Roman mother, Mr. R. T.

Ennis as *Livinia*, the devoted wife, and Master John F. Corcoran as *Livia*, her friend. All three are acknowledged as able elocutionists. Mr. Ennis has already appeared as the heroine of three plays, and each time astonished his audience by his faultless acting, and both he and Master Corcoran are gifted with beautiful soprano voices. The other characters are well chosen, and rehearsals are progressing nicely.

A splendid program of song and music, and a fine gymnastic exhibition are also being prepared for that occasion.

EX-THESPIAN.



The Merciless Soph:—''He creeps on the ground safe and timid as a little pig. And Horace's headstone quivered again.

Were you admiring our "metal wall-paper"?

College Boarders ever tell us Shaving oft becomes a bane; If, when scraping, they do plaster Lather on the window pane.

Did you plug hard, son?

The Kings tell us Daley Howe, the Bishop, put a Bannon the Drakes, because they answered with a Quirk, when reprimanded for snatching the Millard's Herron, which the village Swane carried in the Tucker of his White shirt. They swore innocence on a Stack of bibles, but were put in a Brown box under Locke and key on the holy Nicholas' day.

Got your eye on the "Kilbosh Nine"?

"Take a drop with me!" said the aeronaut, as he cut the parachute. And the hobo's throat grew drier.

Skarry is the philosopher of the Third Ac. B.

McGuire is an all-around musician; the piano,

violin, mandolin, guitar, and trombone being the instruments manipulated with proficiency by the McKee's Rocks boy.

Professor:—"A little learning is a dangerous thing——"

Optimistic Wag: - Well, "every little bit helps."

Original division of "politeness:" "natural, puton, and taught."

"Charlie" McCaig is the representative politician of the Third Ac. B.

Lawlor's speech in the debate on March 4, was praiseworthy. Howard is an ardent admirer of Demosthenes.

Get a "stand-in" with Bishop and Daley, boys!

Gilbert King favored us with a song, and his rendition received much applause.

McGrath is the Euchre "shark" of the Bunch.

A Boarder, another, a pillow-fight;

A scuffle, a Prefect, electric-light;

A question, an answer, a stinging "call;"

A thousand lines in the penance-hall.

Don't get "canindish!"

Harry doesn't believe in worry; "Tom" is "getting there," alright.

Keep your eye on the "Kibosh Nine" this Spring; Daschbach says they'll be winners.

A few of the boys were recently commenting on the ability and reputation of a favorite tragedian, and Millard happened along as the celebrity's name was given. It occurred to John that he had heard that name in his own town bestowed upon a man of lesser fame; so he interrupted with: "I know him: he's a bartender in New Castle."

"Josh" McCarron is advocating the delivery of letters without addresses.

"Sam" Conway will captain and play second base on the Kibosh team.

The Reverend Disciplinarian gives the boys many a "cue;" for which they ought to be thankful.

Don't get your envelopes mixed, King.

"Is this a cod?" he asked, as the platter came his way.

Herron is said to be quite a base-runner. Murray says "the other team will have to use a line and hook to catch him." Tommy knows.

Ardent opponents of the Greater Pittsburgh movement are: "Clare" McDermott, from McKees Rocks; "Matt" McCormick, of Carnegie; and "Frank" McGrogan, of Glendale. All have high political aspirations.

Giegerich favored us with a German recitation at the Third Academic B Concert.

"His execution was very effective." Whether he meant upon the instrument, or the audience, we were left to guess.

Sullivan says there are three kinds of politeness: natural, put-on," and taught.

Stay on the right side of Bishop and Daley, boys! You know they're "the men behind."

How do you like sleeping on a trunk, Murray?

"Wake me when exams. are over,"
Said "Conceit" some weeks ago;
He awoke—but not in clover—
Tramping ties in rain and snow.

-EX-OLD TIMER.

### Alumni Annual Banquet.

The Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost was held on April 18, at the Hotel Annex, near Sixth Street. Over 150 members of the Association attended. Among those who spoke during the evening and their topics were: Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, "Remarks;" Attorney John Marron, "The Young Man;" Guy Carleton Lee, Ph. D., LL. D., of the John Hopkins University, of Baltimore, Md., "Afterwards;" Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the Pittsburg College, "The College."

The large banquet hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers and the floral decorations on the tables were lilies, carnations and ferns. The orchestra under the direction of Charles B. Weiss, Instructor of the Pittsburg College Orchestra, rendered a number of good selections.

The members of the Association gathered at the hotel shortly after 8 o'clock and a reception preceded the banquet. The guests were seated about 9 o'clock and an excellent menu was served. The officers of the Association are: Eugene S. Reilly, President; Frank T. Lauinger, Vice-President; M. A. Heyl, Treasurer, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, Secretary.

In calling the gathering to order after the menu had been served, President Reilly expressed his great satisfaction at seeing such a large attendance. Mr. Lauinger, as toastmaster, stated that at present the Alumni Association embraced among its members 18 practicing lawyers, 27 physicians, 19 members in the leading banks of the city and 85 priests.

Bishop Canevin, to whom no definite subject was assigned, glancing over the toasts of the evening embodying the following subjects: "The Young Man," by John Marron; "Afterwards," by Guy Carleton Lee, Ph. D., LL. D., and "The College," by Rev. M. A. Hehir, very

successfully announced the subject of his toast, "The College and Afterwards the Young Man." The bishop remarked that what the young man would be in after life depended on the institution wherein he was educated. The ideals and principles inculcated at the college become in after life the very bone and sinew of his mortal existence. What a home is to the child the college is to the young man.

The bishop insisted that great ideals were never fully realized in this life. Our life is perfected, he declared, as we approach them, and not as we have passed them. Our real life comes from above, he said, and the very name Holy Ghost College implied that a Christian, a supernatural education, is given. An education that bars the supernatural is a defective education, he said.

John Marron exhorted the young members of the Association to be honest in politics, to vote always for the principle and not the man, and to act on all occasions, not only as intellectual gentlemen, but as Christian gentlemen. Mr. Marron also made a plea for temperance.

Dr. Lee declared that, although a Protestant, he fully believed in the excellence and superiority of Catholic education. He exhorted the members of the Association to give their children a Catholic education. His portrayal of St. John Chrysostom refusing entrance to his Cathedral against the Emperor Theodosius of Constantinople, because the latter had ordered the slaughter of thousands for a personal pique, was splendidly oratorical. He thus illustrated the influence of faith.

Father Hehir, in a scholarly address on the college showed the rapid progress of the institution. He said that the present year was the most successful in the history of the college. There are at present 420 students on record, with 400 in actual attendance. An open question is before the faculty at present as to how it will accommodate the students who are daily swelling the numbers. A new department is to be added to the college. It will be

known as the scientific department and the course will be four years.

Among those present were: Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of the Pittsburg Diocese; F. X. Barr, J. P. Barr, L. P. Blanchard, Rev. J. A. Callahan, F. G. Cawley, J. Cawley, J. T. Comes, M. J. Crowe, T. A. Curran, Rev. J. P. Danner, M. H. Dowling, Rev. J. F. Enright, H. C. Evert, Rev. J. C. Fallon, M. F. Fitzgerald, R. J. Fitzgerald, C. B. Frost, C. J. Geary. Rev. T. A. Giblin, G. J. Giel, Rev. H. J. Goebel, F. H. Good, F. T. Goodmar, Rev. J. Griffin, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College; J. R. Hermes, Rev. P. J. Hesson, J. E. Kane, E. L. Kearns, J. P. Kelly, M. B. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, Rev. M. A. Krupinski, J. C. Larkin, F. T. Lauinger, Rev. J. J. Laux, G. C. Lee, Rev. G. Lee, A. J. Loeffler, F. M. McCarthy, Rev. H. J. McDermott, Rev. M. A. McGarey, P. J. McGervey, P. H. McGuire, J. F. McKenna, P. J. McKenna, E. Mc-Laughlin, G. M. McNulty, L. V. McTighe, Rev. P. E. Maher, Rev. A. Mahler, J. Marron, J. A. Martin, C. E. Mitchell, J. P. Murray, Dr. F. D. Murto, Rev. L. A. O'Connell, E. G. O'Connor, V. J. Oldshue, J. Quinn, E. S. Reilly, Rev. W. J. Ryan, Rev. S. Rydlewski, Rev. M. Sonnefeld, Rev. C. Tomasczewski, F. X. Torhill, J. B. Topham, W. H. Totten, J. P. Wall, J. L. Welsh, G. J. Wandrisco, W. Weiss, Dr. E. A. Weisser, F. J. Neilan, A. J. Echman, Rev. T. Eisele, W. J. Loeffler, Jr., Rev. M. Retka and C. C. Shanahan.

# 26

#### Alumni Notes.

Cordial congratulations to John V. McVean on his recent marriage.

Edward L. Davin paid us a welcome visit lately on his return from California. He had a providential escape from the earthquake horrors of San Francisco. He had intended to remain four days in that city, but, on the evening previous to the disaster, the longing to reach home proved irresistible and he quit the hotel which soon was to be shaken to its foundations and consumed by fire. He brings back encouraging news of the improvement in health of Charles McCambridge now convalescing in Los Angeles.

Edward G. Curran has our sincere sympathy. Two years ago he qualified in the examinations to teach in the Philippine Islands. Early in April he finished his term with signal honor and success, and started for home, intending to tour Asia and Europe, and expecting to arrive in Pittsburg about the middle of July. On reaching home, he will sadly miss two loving and beloved members of his family—his father and eldest brothers—both called to their reward within the last few weeks. R. I. P.

Following is an extract from the Times:

"Thomas Coakley and Ralph Hays, two students for the priesthood at the American College in Rome, received high honors at the recent examinations. Coakley is studying theology and has been in Rome for three years. Mr. Coakley graduated at the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost in 1903 with highest honors, where he also completed his course in philosophy. Mr. Coakley has been ill for three months, but despite the fact of his illness he obtained the sixth place out of a class of 300. Ralph Hays also graduated from the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost with honors last June and went to Rome with Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, Bishop of the Pittsburg Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, He received 100 per cent. in all its last October. The young men wrote recently to the Pittsbranches. burg College, but as the examinations at that time had not yet commenced, they only hoped that they would be able to reflect credit upon the institution when the examinations would take place. The President of the College and friends of the young men were much gratified at their success.

#### ATHLETICS.

#### Base-Ball.

The season of 1906 is in full swing and base-ball talk is heard on all sides. Every available corner of the campus is converted into a diamond on which youthful exponents of the national game play with as much vim and earnestness as if the honor of their college depended on their individual efforts. Keep it up boys! Practice in base-ball, as well as in other things, alone makes perfect.

#### A Grand Opening.

On Thursday, April 19, the first game was played on the college campus. It was a grand opening. Everything was grand—weather, music, Kummer's pitching and the score. Especially the score, Pittsburg College 5; Manhattan College 0. Everyone was pleased with the work of the team of '06, and predicted a glorious season. On the following Saturday things were changed somewhat, our own getting the egg and New Castle the figures in the score column. But the boys covered themselves with glory even in defeat, playing an errorless game and batting almost as hard as their opponents. Some blame John Millard for the loss of the game, but others maintain that John rooted vigorously for the team all through the game—except when busy with other matters.

Following are the games played thus far as reported in the Pittsburg *Dispatch:* 

#### APRIL 19, P. C., 5; MANHATTAN, O.

Pittsburg College opened the season on the Bluff yesterday afternoon by scoring a glorious 5-to-0 victory over the strong Manhattan College team of New York in a contest marked by the superb pitching of Kummer and the generally clever play of members of both teams.

The visitors were outplayed at all stages, and only at one period did they get within hailing distance of the plate. In the fifth Kummer made a couple of wide tosses to first and Duffy made an excusable fumble, which filled the bases. Kummer, however, remained cool and disposed of the following hitters easily.

Considering the fact that this was the first game for the locals the players showed up splendidly. Harrell led with the stick and put up a snappy game at short. Keating and White each connected for a pair of safeties and Duffy registered a timely double. A feature of the contest was a splendid throw by Howe which stopped a runner at third.

Kummer at all times had the Easterners at his mercy and only two hits were secured off his delivery.

Two-base hits—Duffy, McConnell, Mahoney. Bases on balls—By Delaney, 1. Struck out—By Kummer, 7; by Delaney, 5. Double play—Connelly and Boyleston. Stolen bases—Harrell (2), Keating. Sacrifice hit—White. Umpires—Keefe and Mullen.

APRIL 21, NEW CASTLE (P. & O. League) 3; P. C., 0.

The New Castle Daily Herald says of the game on April 21:

"The unpleasant weather of Saturday kept hundreds of fans away from Cascade Park and incidentally from seeing one of the best games put up by the Outlaws. The score was close and at no stage of the game was it by any means a safe one for a local bet at odds. The college boys from the Smoky City were in the game from start to finish and although New Castle did not have her best men on the field those who were out kept humping through nine innings.

McKeown, a tow-headed southpaw, who twirled for Pittsburg, had excellent control and two or three times pitched himself out of a hole with the basses full."

Captain Keating furnished the sensational play of the day. A special from New Castle to the Dispatch said:

The Pittsburg College team was shut out here this afternoon by the local leaguers in a game replete with sensational plays. McKean pitched a star game and his

work saved the visitors a much heavier score. A feature was a sensational catch in the seventh by Keating of a long drive from Hagan's bat. Keating took it with one hand after a hard run and jump, then threw to second in time to double Schlatter, who was far past third, never dreaming the drive could be fielded. The score was 3 to 0.

#### The Reserves.

The Reserves got together rather late, but made up for this by wading into their opening game in mid-season fashion. On April 27, they took a trip to Wilkinsburg and incidentally a "fall" out of the High School team of that place. The scorer had already recorded 19 runs for our boys to 7 for the opposition, when the wings of night were in mercy spread over the campus and the slaughter ceased.

"Gene," (not "Barney") McGuigan pitched a nice game though rather wild in the beginning. McKnight and Daschbach batted hard, thus strengthening their chances for permanent berths on the 'Varsity. The other members of the Reserve team are Schnoldt, Carroll, Bishop, Brown, Rutledge, Szabo and King. All showed up well in the first game.

N. B.—George Quinn and Dave Murphy are practising hard and faithfully and may be called on at any time for slab duty.

The Minims opened the season by tackling the Grammar A. C., April 6. The victory was easily achieved, but the Grammarians desired to get another whack at the Minims. They were accommodated on April 21, and again went down to defeat by the score of 9 to 4. The Academics in their turn were also defeated by the Minims. A new battery, T. Callahan and Horstkamp, was tried and the result proved that quite effective work could be expected from it. The final score was 13 to 3.

On April 21, the Independent A. C. from East End failed to put in an appearance and forfeited the game.

These pages were missing when received in bindery.

These pages were missing when according

## Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1906.

No. 9.

## Eternity.

Wouldst thou measure the depths of the boundless Deep,
And count each sparkling drop?

Wouldst thou number the leaves on the waving trees, From the plains to the mountain top?

If thou canst do this, then tell to me The farthest years of ETERNITY.

Couldst thou take each sand, from the shining strand, Which keepeth the Ocean bound,

And with labor lay a continuous way

To the farthest star around;

And couldst thou live each weary day,

Till a snail had crawled the long, long way:

ETERNITY to thy years would stand,

As the world, compared to a grain of sand.

CHAS. F. SWAIN, '06.



#### Christian Inscriptions.

Before taking up the subject of dogmatic inscriptions, one important feature should be noticed, namely, the method of determining their age, or of assigning them to a particular epoch in history. It is needless to state that a dogmatic inscription of the fourth century is of far less apologetic value than one of the same nature of the first century. Hence, with a very large number of them, to settle their precise or even approximate date is frequently a perplexing problem, to the solution of which archaeologists have directed all their energies.

As is well known, the inventor of the modern system of computing the years of the Christian era was a monk named Dionysius Exiguus, (a) abbot of a monastery in Rome, who died in 556. Prior to the sixth century, the Christians used the pagan method of indicating the date, when they put any date at all. The system employed by the Romans was to give the names of the consuls who then held office. The inscription over the portico of the Pantheon in Rome is a familiar example of this: -m. AGRIPPA. L. F. COS. TERTIUM. FECIT—which says, Marcus Agrippa, the son of Lucius, erected the temple during his third consulship, or in 27 B. C. But one solitary consular inscription of the first century has been found, that of Vespasian, in the year 71 A. D., which Marucchi (b) attributes to a Christian sepulchre. It is now in the There are but two of the second Lateran Museum. century, many of the third, and a very large number of the fourth century.

De Rossi (c) has laid down the canons for guidance in the task, fraught with so many difficulties, namely, that of assigning a date to undated inscriptions. The first general rule to be observed is that the most ancient inscriptions are the most simple, and the better carved; they are the mere mention of a name, followed by some acclamation, or term of affection, such as:—PAX TECUM, IN PACE, IN DEO, FILIO DULCISSIMO.

We have said that the earliest inscriptions are well carved. By this we mean that the form of the letters is more perfect and more elegant, and more care is taken with the execution in the very early examples than we find in later periods. At first glance this may seem strange. We are able to study the development of Grecian or Roman art, or to take a more familiar example, we can trace the gradual evolution of Italian art from its first dawn in the hands of Cimabue, down through Giotto and Masaccio, until it reached its completest expression in the hands of Raphael, Michelangelo and Titian in the sixteenth century. (d). But with early Christian art, it is far otherwise. The reason for this seeming paradox is plain-Christian art had no feeble, imperfect, tentative beginnings, such as Greek, (e). It leaped at once into per-Roman or Italian art. fection, and was born with all its powers developed. the first century, art in the Roman Empire has attained its highest development, the period from Augustus to Trojan constituting its golden age. Classic art began to decline with extraordinary rapidity during the latter half of the second century, and there was a steady diminution of creative energy during the hundred years that followed. We have an ocular demonstration of the fact that Roman art did actually suffer a period of gradual and persistent retrogression from the first to the fourth centuries by comparing the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, which stand within a few hundred feet of each other. (f). The arch of Titus, which Lundy (q) calls the tombstone erected over the grave of the Jewish nation, was constructed by Domitian to commemorate the fall of Jerusalem, and its magnificent scriptured reliefs are of great beauty and plastic richness. (h). When, however, Constantine wished to perpetuate the memory of his victory over Maxentius, in 312, by erecting a triumphal arch, so little sculpture of any real artistic merit was capable of being produced in Rome, that the emperor was forced to take most of his decorative panels from the

arch of Trojan. Some few of the reliefs, however, are of the period of Constantine, such as the sculptured victories in the spandrels of the central arch, and the bands over the side arches, and they show the true state of decadence into which Roman art had sunk at so early a period as the beginning of the fourth century. (i).

Hence it is but natural that the Christians, being largely recruited from the pagans, or from those who lived amid pagan surroundings, should give artistic expression to their ideas in nearly the same technical manner as the pagans. (j). We say nearly the same, because poverty, the humble condition of the majority of the first converts, and the trying circumstances under which they produced their art, tended to detract from that excellence which wealth, convenience and luxury could bring to bear upon a given work.

While the mere inspection of the characters is, of itself, no final argument for the date of an inscription, nevertheless, after close study and comparison of those of known date, it may be laid down as a general maxim, which, however, suffers many exceptions, that, in the first and second centuries, inscriptions are very well formed, the characters being clean cut, crisp and beautiful. In the third century, they become less elegant, and the orthography shows signs of carelessness. In the fourth and fifth centuries, the letters become deformed, and frequent errors in spelling creep in, reflecting the popular pronunciation of Latin. (k).

A further rule for dating inscriptions is that the use of the three names, "PRAENOMEN," GENTILITIUM" and "COGNOMEN," customary among Roman citizens, denotes a very high antiquity. The reason is that with the end of the first century the "LEX TRIUM NOMINUM" began to fall into disuse.

Another indication of the age of inscriptions may be had from the points or periods employed to denote abbreviations, or to separate words or sentences. The most ancient points are triangular; round points were not

introduced until later, and, with the third century, a small fleur-de-lis, called by the Romans the "hedera distinguens" takes its place.

The formulas used by the primitive Christians in their epitaphs also furnish criterion of their age. (1). The most ancient are marked by an extreme simplicity, brevity and conciseness, such as PAX TIBI, PAX TECUM, VIVAS IN DEO. The acclamation in pace was used constantly from the first to the fifth centuries. In the third and fourth centuries, a greater variety appears, and the inscriptions become more lengthy, losing that terseness which is a distinguishing characteristic of the preceding centuries. There is also a frequent indication of the profession of the defunct, either by mentioning it in the inscription or picturing the tools of his trade. After the peace of Constantine, and throughout the fourth and fifth centuries, the previous naive simplicity disappears, and eulogy, sometimes exaggerated, takes its place. As the inscriptions become more elaborate, new formulas are introduced, such as :-HIC JACET, HIC POSITUS EST, RECESSIT A HOC SAECULO, VIXIT IN HOC SAECULO, IN HOC TUMULO REQUIESCIT, MIRAE BONITATIS. It must be borne in mind however, that not all brief and simple inscriptions are of a remote antiquity, for brevity and conciseness was the custom throughout the history of the catacombs.

We have said that the early inscriptions are marked by a striking simplicity and brevity. They say very little, and yet from their very silence we can deduce two important conclusions. First, in all the multitude of early inscriptions, whether they be brief, as in the first century, or slightly eulogistic, as in the fourth, not one has been found to utter a single word of complaint, or resentment, or bitterness toward the established government, or the long line of Roman sovereigns who repeatedly employed the vast machinery of the empire to blot out Christianity from the face of the earth. Surely, while the intellect admires, the heart cannot fail to go out to those ancient brethren of the Faith, who, like Christ Himself, (m) suffered and were silent. Secondly, the primitive Christians placed master and slave on an equality, and the boast of the Church that within her fold there is no distinction of classes is amply verified by the fact that among all the thousands of inscriptions found in the catacombs, not a single one mentions a That the Church, even in apostolic times, numbered persons of the highest nobility among her converts is a fact too well known to need illustration here. very mention of the catacombs of Domitilla is sufficient to connect the early Church with the imperial Flavian family. (n). At times, the very thought of this fairly startles us, for had it not been for an accident, there is a great probability that a Christian might have been seated upon the throne of the Caesars before the end of the first century. (o).

- (a) Bonaccorsi, Il. Natale, Roma, 1903, p. 31.
- (b) Guida del museo Lateranense, Roma, 1898, p. 124.
- (c) Inscriptiones Christianae rebis Romae sept. saec. antiquiores, Romae, 1861, passim.
- (d) Woefflin, The art of the Italian Renaessance, New York, 1903, pp. 7-24 seq.
- $(\it{e})$  Lowrie, Christian Art and Archaeology, New York, 1901, p. 4.
- (f) Middleton, The Remains of Ancient Rome, London, 1892—vol. II. pp. 304 seq.
  - (g) Monumental Christianity, New York, 1876, p. 3.
  - (h) Thedenat—Le Forum Romain, Paris, 1904, pp. 348 seq.
- (i) Springer—Ricci—Storia dell' Arte, Bergamo, 1904—vol. I. pp. 364 seq.
- $(j\,)\,$  Lanciani—Pagan and Christian Rome, New York, 1896, pp. 2 seq.
- (k)Marucchi—Elements d' Archeologie Chretienne, Notions Generales, Rome, 1899, p. 162.
- (l) Les Catacombes Romaines—Saint Calliste—Rome, 1903, pp. 64 seq.
  - (m) Matt. XXVII.-12.

- (n) Duchesne—Histoire Ancienne de l' Eglise, Paris, 1906, ome I. p. 216.
- (o) De Rossi—Bulletino di Archeologia Cristiana, Roma, 1865, pp. 17-24. See also Benigni, De Ecclesiae Romanae Exordiis, Romae, 1904, pp. 123 seq.

Flavia Domitilla, niece of the Emperor Domitian, was the wife of Titus Flavius Clemens. Clemens himself was the nephew of the Emperor Vespasian, the brother of the Emperor Titus, and first cousin to the Emperor Domitian. The two children of Flavia Domitilla and Clemens, named Vespasianus Junior and Domitianus Junior, had been adopted by the Emperor Domitian as his heirs to the throne, and Quintillian was appointed their tutor. Because of their Conversion to Christianity, Domitian exiled Flavia Domitilla and beheaded Clemens.

T. F. COAKLEY, '03.



### The Kulturkampf.

CONCLUDED

Were the May Laws enforced? Perhaps, they were only a bugbear to scare the obstinate centrum into voting for less important governmental schemes? Surely these laws, being of such a nature that we would expect them to be enacted in China, or among the barbarous hordes in South Africa, but not in civilized Prussia—surely these laws were not to go into effect? Alas! the enactment of them was disgrace enough to Prussian history, but the enforcement was still worse. Penal statutes of the most severe nature was passed to enforce obedience.

It is not hard to depict the state of Prussia following these laws. Bishops and priests were deprived of office, imprisoned and exiled. The administration of the sacraments was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment, unless authorized by a Protestant governor. Imagine, if you can, a priest, receiving an urgent sick call at midnight, running first to awaken a drowsy Protestant official! Seminaries were destroyed, the teaching bodies were exiled, schools and churches were closed, Catholics had

to give up their positions, the press was enchained. In fine, religious liberty was erased from the constitution of the empire: all "to propagate true civilization" and to preserve "the internal peace" of the empire.

But did not such an outrage call forth any protest from clergy or laity? Thank God! enough spirit was left to Catholics to protest. All over the empire; what few priests and bishops were left raised their voices in defiant protest, and showed the spirit that must have filled the hearts of the martyrs of old. The people warmly seconded their efforts, but all was in vain. The outside church, too, showed its sympathy. Who does not remember the case of Bishop Ledochowski who, from a prison cell, raised his voice, and while there received from Leo XIII. the red hat of the Cardinal? Pope Leo thus showed his scorn for Bismarck. More bishops, priests and teachers were exiled; the sacraments and religious instructions were almost entirely denied to the people in many places; religion and morality seemed to be at a stand-still. But what is the centrum doing? or does it still exist? Yes; it still exists, and never ceased to protest. Just at this time, Maltinkrodt died, and Windthorst assumed the reins. What a noble work was his! But, how did he do it? He merely recognized that old maxim, "vox populi, vox dei," and acted accordingly. His system stands out in decided contrast with that of Bismarck. It was merely an organizing of Catholics all over Germany by means of societies and clubs. Windthorst clearly recognized that while the struggle was veiled under the name of politics, it was really a fight for religion. He had it proclaimed all over Germany that the centrum was founded on the Church, and that its principles were Catholic. He got the pious women to pray to Mary, and to her he attributed his success. forced Catholic men to recognize that he was fighting the enemies of the Church of God. This caused laymen and clergy to co-operate with him. He established the Katholikentagen-Catholic Days-all over Germany. He

induced all to vote, and thus he gained more and more members for the centrum. To the government he merely enunciated the motto of his party, "Freiheit, Wahrheit und Recht"—Freedom, Truth and Justice. What a motto! How befitting the party who bore it! He said that he asked no favors for Catholics, he wanted no undue privileges, and he did not intend to force Catholic doctrine on others. "We are Germans," he said, "and we demand the freedom, the truth, and the rights of Germans, and until we get them, we will never cease to struggle." All over Germany sounded and reëchoed the battle-cry!

Nor was the appeal without a response. In the following year, 1875, the Centre party gained 38 seats. But Windthorst could effect little with this gain; he did not, however, at all despair. He said the centrum was fighting for the Church, and to it, too, applies the prophecy, "Portae inferi non praevalebunt adversus eam." But he was too much of a parliamentarian to remain idle. With wonderful adroitness, he seized every opportunity, and then his little band, now on the conservatives, now for the radicals, and all the time gaining friends and votes. With every election, the centrum gained new members, and well did Windthorst utilize them, to keep before the eyes of all that he was fighting for the repeal of the obnoxious Falk Laws. Soon Bismarck was forced to recognize the "little excellency," as Windthorst was styled, for the centrum was gradually becoming a party that could no longer be ignored. At last the centrum had gained enough members to enable Windthorst to throw down the gauntlet at Bismarck's feet, and formally demand the repeal of the Falk Laws, the cessation of the Kulturkampf. This was in 1878.

At first Bismarck was non-plussed. He finally treated the appeal with the utmost scorn, though down in his heart he knew that the step was inevitable. His conduct, however, did not dismay the "little excellency." He was not the man to be brow-beaten even

by Bismarck. He had his purpose constantly in view! he knew he was in the right; the Catholic party had full confidence in him, and never would he give up until his purpose was effected.

The centrum at each election continued to gained members; slowly, but surely, the more cool-headed members of the assembly began to recognize his worth and integrity; his skill in throwing his party first on this side, then on that, often deciding a bitterly contested point, gained for him friends and votes, and he was soon able to overcome the opposition of Bismarck. One by one the Falks Laws were repealed; step by step, Bismarck was dragged, if not in body, at least in spirit, to Canossa, in spite of his proud boast at the beginning of the struggle. Windthorst aroused the sense of justice in the Emperor, who hitherto had been cajoled by the sophistries of his chancellor. At last, the good emperor interposed, and uttered those words which will ever stand among the wisest any statesman has ever pronounced-"Mann muss dem Volk seine Religion wiedergeben"we must give their religion back to the people.

This was the announcement of the end. Bismarck was forced to Canossa, and he arrived there in 1885, in the beautiful month of May, whose month years before had been stained by the enactment of these same infamous laws. Windthorst could not help remarking that he was glad the repeal happened in May, for, he said, it would have greatly grieved him to see Bismarck make the journey in mid-winter.

The effect of this repeal was wonderful. **G**erman Catholics once more had their rights as citizens; from altars, which for years had been in disuse, the solemn sacrifice arose; priests and bishops again began to instill religion into the hearts of the people; the children were once more instructed in the principles of Christian education.

The Kulturkampf virtually ended in 1887, when Bismarck finally acknowledged that his efforts and those of his allies against the Church had been vain and fruitless.

But what was the result of this struggle, at the same time both infamous and glorious? Bismarck, at the beginning of the Kulturkampf, had announced his intention of destroying Papal authority in Germany; his opposition merely strengthened it, and that the German government has really learned to respect the Pope, the Caroline Island affair clearly shows. He had tried to triumph over Catholicity in Germany; his persecution only served to arouse and fortify Catholic feeling among clergy and laity. He had determined to crush the Centre party; the Centre party continues to be the pride and glory of the faithful Catholic people. True to their church and sovereign, they will fight to the end, full of hope and courage, for the glorious cause of "truth, freedom and justice."

We can learn lessons from that struggle, for, when God speaks, His voice affects all. There will never be an American Kulturkampf; no American Bismarck will ever dare to assail the faith of American Catholics. What we can learn from this struggle is that internal strife afflicts a much more serious wound than external. In this country, the prevailing spirit is "make money!" "Get there!" and generally there are no scruples as to how the end is attained. A spirit of indifference is rising up, and unless American Catholics can prevent it from entering their ranks, unless we can overcome it, as the German Catholics overcame the Kulturkampf, the result is sure to be direful.

But if America is not liable to suffer a Kulturkampf, Catholic France is already in the throes of one. Appearances so far do not point to a Windthorst who will regain their rights for the Catholic people, and even the proper spirit seems to be wanting to stem the tide of persecution.

We can not cross over and help the French bodily; but we can do much. Windthorst attributed his success to the pious prayers offered by the German women to Mary Immaculate. We can pray: we are bound to do so. And if we but do our duty, soon the Eldest Daughter of the Church will be an honor to the One True Fold, and Catholic France will resound with the battle-cry of Catholic Germany—"Freedom, Truth and Justice."

RALPH L. HAYES, '05.



# Failure of the Protestant Reformation In Ireland.

Despised in the annals of the Catholic Church, hated by all lovers of justice, moderation and religion, and slighted by their one-time bosom friends are many leaders of heretical doctrines and impaired morals. Few comparatively will hesitate to place at the head of these the names of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Though the brightest side of their character we contemplate, nay! though we quiet within our breasts the soft voice of conscience, yet their excesses—unchristian and uncivilized—bid fair for preponderance.

In the year 1509, at the zenith of England's glory, Henry ascended the throne. His first acts were praiseworthy. He wrote six articles in favor of the Church against Luther, for which he received the title of "Defensor Fidei." But, alas! Pride, ambition and conceit divorced him from his lawful wife, and placed him at the head of the Church in England. He was succeeded on the throne by a daughter worthy of such a father, who at her coronation expressed herself as follows: "May the earth open and swallow me up, if I am not in heart and soul a true Roman Catholic." Unfortunately the earth did not open, and for well-nigh 43 years, Catholic Ireland felt the weight of her tyranny. Whose? The tyranny of an illegitimate child, of a usurper of the English throne.

The state of Ireland before Henry might be estimated

from the following facts: It was entirely Catholic, its Industry in lace, cotton, linen, &c.,—its Literature were famed the world over, and the missionaries announced the gospel to countless nations.

Henry suppressed the monasteries, forbade all communication with Rome, and assumed control over the lands of absentees. Under the wings of American Liberty, we exclaim: What horrible outrages! What despicable barbarism! What unfathomable conceit! Who can read the history of Ireland under this monarch, and remain composed? Who can contemplate his brutal deeds and insane ambition, and not feel ashamed of a race of which this tyrant deemed himself worthy! And who is the true, patriotic Irishman, feels not the blood-boiling in his veins at the very mention of that name?-that name which weakened England's influence, that name which shall go down in history, as the darkest cloud in the English sky, that name, which Nero himself could justly envy! Let us discontinue this unpleasant comment which would not be an ample introduction to his real character.

Are we then to be more lenient with Elizabeth? Alas, no! By her command, the extirpation of the Irish race was formally begun. Full well can we thank her for the exile of our fathers, brothers, and sisters not a few, who even to this very day continue to pour forth from their once happy homes, to seek their fortune beyond the broad Atlantic. Full well can we thank her for that code, which forbade under penalty of death, teaching, religion, in a word, everything Catholic, a code which says Burke was a horrible and impious system of Servitude." Yes, this was the yoke to which Ireland was subjected under "Good Queen Bess," and which called forth from one of her ill-fated poets, this touching passage:

"When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep."

But let us bid farewell to such horrors, and let the direct of these directorities remain lost in oblivion! Are we to terminate without paying honor where honor is due? Shall we deplore the horrors of the Reformation, and forget to praise those who dared the lion in his den?

"The Church of England," says Bishop Spalding, was established by terrorism and violence, and has ever since, with the instinct of self-preservation, been wholly subservient to the government which awakened it into life; the fiery cross of Calvin was upheld by the sacrileges which reared it; but Ireland, to her eternal honor be it said, stood firm as a rock of adamant. Nor is this a mere outburst of patriotism, for we call upon Protestant historians and state documents to testify, that she preserved her Faith, unsullied, amid trials supreme, as no other nation has done.

Ireland, and Ireland alone, has accomplished this, and this is why we can justly be proud of her, and this is our weapon against every slander. With her faithful historian can we say: "Ireland, although thou wert made a desert, there still bloomed, by the side of the Shamrock, the perennial tree of that blessed Faith which St. Patrick had planted and watered with his tears."

To Henry and Elizabeth we are indebted for the loss of our Language, our Industry and Literature; to them we are indebted for having, so to speak, an Ireland in America, and an Ireland in Australia; but to God, the Almighty and Just One, we are indebted for the preservation of the Faith.

Behold the Reformation in Ireland, the bloody struggle for Faith and Freedom! Behold,

"Onward they move, a melancholy band, Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand."

Oh, Emblem of the Catholic Church! Oh, unhappy people, you were deprived of your land and your children, you were robbed of your literature and your language, and your heroes were cut down like wheat before the scythe; but, even now, you have your heroes; your schools and colleges are still towers of strength; your sons are becoming prominent in our American cities leaders in this grand and powerful and prosperous nation.

Oh, Ireland, what muse has not visited and found inspiration on your lofty mountains, your rich meadows, and on the banks of your majestic rivers? What heart feels not delight at the sound of your melodious harp? What weary pilgrim finds not repose for his tortured soul, in its soft melancholy notes? What gentle breeze striking its chords does not play a dirge for the departed souls of your brave sons and daughters, who fell, rejoicing in their cause.

JAMES CARROLL, '08.



## Eventide Musings.

As I stood 'neath the maples in pensive mood,
The red sun sank o'er the hill,
And out from the shade of the mossy wood
Came the cry of the whip-poor-will.

The brook rippled by o'er its pebbles
And seemed to dance in its glee:
As it sang in its sharps and its trebles,
Oh, it brought woeful mem'ries to me.

Yes, I thought of the friend of my boyhood, Ever kind-hearted, generous Will; How we hunted for nests in the wildwood And swam in the pool by the mill.

We had fished in this same little brook—
It had seemed much larger then—
And we played in a cool, shady nook,
By the rocks in the heart of the glen.

We had sat on the log by the willows, When the evening chores were done; While we watched the graceful swallows, And our plans for the future spun.

Will longed-for a warrior's stirring life,
'Mid the battle-field's shock and roar.
I was eager to see the great world's strife,
And to visit a foreign shore.

Since last we met in the shade of these trees, And whispered our final farewell, Full many a time I have traversed the seas: Will slumbers in you peaceful dell.

And now, when the dusk swift is falling
And the breeze makes the branches wave,
The bob-white is sweetly a-calling
O'er his silent and lonely grave.

As the sear, browned leaves fall around me,
I think that, ere long, e'en as they,
When life's Autumn in silver has crowned me,
I also must pass away.

LEO SCHAILL, III. Academic, Div. A.



## Forget Me Mot.

Still the door of the church stands open wide,
Like the wound death staunched in our Savior's side;
And the hurrying crowds rush to and fro,
Nor hear the call, clear, calm and low—
O'er the ruthless beat

O'er the ruthless beat
Of their hasty feet—
Of the King all alone
On his altar's high throne.

H. J. LAWLOR, '09.

#### Clearness of Style.

"It is the least pardonable fault in an Orator to fail in clearness of style, and the most pardonable fault of a Poet."

Oratory is an art that has always won the admiration and appreciation of mankind. Great men have always had great thoughts, and probably the most effective manner of expressing these thoughts has been by speaking before assemblages of men. Oratory consists not only in verbal declamation but in the combining of sentiments with words and delivery so as to impress upon the audience the same feelings as the speaker himself experiences.

One of the most essential qualities of oratory is clearness; and, if a man be not clear in his speeches, the most beneficial course for him to pursue is to refrain from speaking in public, until he has remedied the defect. Some of the most worthy causes in the history of the world have been lost simply because the orators who upheld them were lacking in clearness of delivery. On the other hand, men have, through the influence of their oratorical powers, won for themselves an immortal name in the records of the human race. The object of this paper, however, is not to treat of clearness of style in the Orator—a property admitted by all to be most essential. We wish to glance at the Poet; and, on just consideration, we may find, in accordance with the sense of our excerpt, that want of clearness in his most pardonable fault.

Quite the opposite to those of oratory are the requirements of good poetry. Poetry, at its best, is not a forceful explanation, but a suggestion that arouses the imagination. The success of a speech depends upon the effect produced by the orator upon his audience at the moment of delivery, while a poem must be studied in order to be appreciated. Like good wine, the songs of a true poet increase in value with age, and the more often they are considered the more highly they are admired. The grandeur and sublimity of the majority of poetic

masterpieces was not recognized during the lives of the bards who composed them. This shows that the effect of poetry is not immediate, and therefore clearness in a poem is not essential—rather let me say that the clearness demanded by some modern critics would be defective, inasmuch as it would deprive poetry of many of its splendors by likening it to prose.

Before proceeding further, in order to avoid misunder-standing, we must make a distinction with regard to want of clearness. By poetry lacking clearness we do not mean its having the intricate, unintelligible constructions of certain so-called modern poets. These indeed are obscurities—puzzles, as they are very appropriately named. No, we refer to that poetry wherein a wise and weighty thought is precisely stated, the strength of which, owing to the omission of unnecessary words, is not always appreciated at first sight. If accurately estimated, this style of expression will be found not to be a fault but a perfection of the art of poetry. For, instead of sinning against clearness, the poet furnishes his critics with a striking example of the rules of Precision.

A great number of those who have written poetry were poets mainly in their own consideration, and this accounts for the faults that are attributed to the art of poetry. Critics say that poetry that is not clear will not become popular. We may ask them to name a truly great epic poem that has not become widely known, although there is not one that does not contain very many obscure passages. Those who read cheap novels certainly could not understand the Iliad or the Aeneid at first reading, or even second, and still these masterpieces have been popular as long as they have been known. It must be remembered that popularity does not consist in recognition by that class of people whose sole acceptable reading is a sensational, hair-raising, blood-chilling, narrative devoid of all the marks of literature and containing neither truth nor common sense.

Let us look to Shakespeare, the greatest bard of all,

the unrivaled genius. He followed few rules concerning poetry; he heeded not the demand for clearness; he wrote as he was inspired, and his works contain a very large number of obscure passages. But does his obscurity make him unpopular? No, he is known all over the world: suffice it to say that no other English book has been translated into so many languages as are the works of Shakespeare. This poet sublime was often obscure in the expression of his thoughts and yet he has immortalized not only himself, but the English language as well.

None of the great poets leave their readers totally in the dark as to their intended meaning. There are accepted explanations for almost all obscure passages, some of which could be made the subject of volumes, so extensive is the field covered by a short, well-written yet obscure passage. Every true poet is a genius and those who would criticize should remember that genius is something that is not to be tampered with. There is an "Essay on Criticism" which contains some very good advice for those who are inclined to criticize a poet. Like Shakespeare the majority of poets paid little attention to rules, for rules are but an attempt to explain the manner in which the inspired ones have written. This, however, does not refer to all poets. Poetry came first and the rules that govern it were drawn from the works of the master poets. And since good poets were inclined to be obscure, the necessary conclusion is that genius has prompted them to be so, and therefore the works of the true poets should be accepted as they are written; for to fetter genius is to clip the eagle's wings and prevent these grand and noble flights into the lofty regions where he alone can soar.

PHIL. G. MISKLOW, '07.

### CLEARNESS OF STYLE :- Another View.

Before beginning to give excuses for want of clearness of style, it is imperative that we study and examine

the aims of the poet in reference to himself and to those whom his poems will reach; and of the orator, his purpose and his manner of winning the intellect of his hearers.

A man in writing a poem, labors to bring out sentiment and beauty distinctly before those, who will (as he supposes) be enraptured by his muse—inspired verses. With this object in view a man never sits down to write a puzzle; puzzles have no feeling, no beauty, none of the qualities which entrance and enrapture. If we want puzzling phrases and sayings, we can get them in any little novelty shop in the town.

Even if there be obscurity in first-class poets, this is no reason to license it and have the mediocre poets do the same, for

"The vulgar thus through imitation err,"

And how much grander and more popular would be these same first-class poets, if the screen could be removed, and the true, clear light of their thoughts be displayed!

When a reader takes up a poem, he does so because he expects to find pleasure in the lines, and to divert his mind from everyday cares and troubles; but we all fail to find pleasure in a poem in which some obscure thought occurs in every verse.

If there is pleasure in mystery, then you might as well take up a problem in Mechanics, and work it out; you would learn something from the mechanical exercise, which you cannot learn from a puzzling poem, because the obscurity in the poem is only a matter you already know expressed in more difficult and ambiguous words.

To make young minds think, and to train their intellectual faculties, a special school of obscure (?) Poetry may be given them; but for the popular pleasure-giving poem, let it be free from darkness and clear as the noonday sun, then, there will be,

"Pleasure in the pathless woods,
There will be rapture on the lonely shore," of poetry.

The purpose of an orator is to place before his audience in clear, forcible language, his position or his sentiments; he must be most clear, for before him are people of the highest intelligence and persons ignorant of all except drudgery and rest.

The orator knows what he must do; he must make all these diverse minds understand him, or he is derided as a fake.

Those failing to understand an orator never consider his position in reference to all; they simply judge him from the standpoint of their own intellectuality; and we can imagine what that judgment is, where the intellectuality is not.

It is the appreciation of this force of clearness, that has made the few orators the world has had, for upon this principle they depend to win their audience.

An orator must reach individually each mind and heart; if he can do this, he not only carries conviction with his every word, but the entire audience is at his disposal and can be as easily swayed as the sweet zephers of the morning breeze sway the lilacs in the garden.

The genius that could understand and carry on heart-to-heart talks with the people begot a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Burke and an O'Connell.

There is no use in a man's getting up before an audience and attempting to give his opinions to the people; he must clothe in golden vesture the mind, the opinions of his audience.

This is true oratory which sways the masses; and since the masses rule, since this is what they desire, then the true orator must give it to them.

We, poor, fallen creatures are naturally dull enough, we need to have our intellects clarified; and if God has given to some fortunate genuises the power to aid in this mist-dispelling process, let them work to that end and not try to plunge us further into obscurity, which, like a mighty cloud, already envelops us on every side.

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, ASSISTANT EDITOR, A. G. JOHNS, '07. H. J. LAWLER, '09.

EXCHANGES, . .

H. J. LAWLER, '09.M. J. BRENNAN, '08.

LOCALS, . . . . . ATHLETICS, . . .

J. B. KEATING, '07.C. A. DUFFY, '09.

F. J. TOOHILL, '08.J. H. McGraw, '10.E. M. Morales, '07.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. Jackson, '07.
A. F. Wingendorf, '07.

J. L. McGovern, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

JUNE. 1906.

No. 9.

## EDITORIAL.

## Enlarge Our Navy.

Secretary of the Navy, Bonaparte, ought to know most about the naval requirements. President Roosevelt favored enlargement of the navy, and was often cavilled at; but Bonaparte was not long Secretary till he seconded the President's proposition. Holson has done all in his power to further the same. Lately, Admiral Mason stated that a war might find our naval appointments in disastrous unpreparedness. Our coast-line is immense. The advance sheets of the new Encyclopedia Britannica quote competent authority that coast defenses are no use against a good fleet: Bonaparte says no nation could attack us before defeating our fleet. Our commerce is

immense: it too must be protected. Commercial supremacy is of such value, it will not be left to a nation unable to defend it. England regularly appropriated the commerce of Holland, because the Dutch have great commercial enterprise without sufficient power. Now, England attempts a similar game with Belgium in Congo Free State. We can stand taxes better than any other people: the Pacific and Atlantic are our lines of communication with other nations: we must travel on sea; we must be powerful on sea. It is idle to say this would induce the war spirit and conscription: it has not done so in England.

# A Masonic Cathedral.

The Gazettee-Times, May 1, had a cut of a "Proposed Scottish Rite Cathedral" at Wheeling. This cathedral (bless the holy enterprise!) shall, we read, have, in the basement, a billiard room, toilet, bowling alleys, large dining rooms, kitchen, pantry, boiler and engine room. The first floor is mainly a banquet room, but has a smoking room, coat room, etc. The Blue lodge chapter room is on the second floor; on the upper floor are the Scottish rite rooms. Such a cathedral!



# Obituary.

On May 15, Caspar Heilman peacefully breathed his last, after a lingering illness from kidney trouble, at Charity Hospital, E. E., city. His demise has evoked the sympathy of all the students, particularly in the Commercial Department to which he belonged. The obsequies were conducted from St. Peter and Paul's, where Mgr. Suhr delivered an eloquent address, before the funeral cortege proceeded to St. Mary's Cemetery. To his relatives and friends we offer full condoleance. R. L. P.

THE STATE OF

### Of Local Interest.

The Cecilian Society of St. Mary's, Forty-Sixth Street, has lately opened its rooms and tendered a banquet with 25 covers. Mgr. Tobin and Father O'Connor were present. Officers: J. R. Cox, President; Cyril Lauer, Secretary; M. J. Brennan, Treasurer.

The Faculty has postponed Field Day till Fall.

May 4, first Friday, the Sodalities were formally and solemnly received, as is customary each year.

May 15, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., delivered a splendid discourse to the students in the chapel on the growth of the Church and the need of ecclesiastical vocations.

May 25, the students open a novena in preparation for Pentecost, Feast of God, the Holy Ghost.

The elocutionary and oratorical contest of May 29, will be a treat to all who attend at College Hall that evening.

May 30, Decoration Day!

Our last C. T. A. U. meeting was the most encouraging of all. The Pittsburg papers have started a strong temperance crusade.

Very Rev. John T. Murphy, now Superior of Prior Park Institution, near Bath, England, and formerly President of the College, is giving a series of eight Conferences this Summer, to the Catholic young men who attend Oxford University. All the Catholic lay undergraduates from the different colleges of the University assist at these Conferences. They have also their own chapel and chaplain.

#### Alumni.

At the recent graduation exercises of the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy, held in Allegheny Library, three of our Alumni participated: Julius J. Kvatsak, Michael J. Malloy and Herman S. Kossler; the last was sole candidate for doctorate in pharmacy and won.

Heartiest wishes to Jere Dunlevy!



## Synopsis of Our Play.

#### ACT I.

Scene 1—A Street in Rome. Titus and Marcus, reproached by Vettius for allowing the patricians to tyrannize over them, express their views on the character of Gracchus and the prospects of his appearing in defense of Vettius. Licinius and Caius accost them, and the former upbraids them for their want of manliness and for deserting their friends in danger. Caius remonstrates with him.

Scene 2—The Forum. Opimius and the senators decide to convict Vettius at his coming trial. Vettius, knowing his judges to be prejudiced, indignantly waives defense, and is about to be condemned, when Caius appears in the rostrum to plead for him. He gains the people by touching references to his murdered brother, Tiberius, and to the present sad state of Rome. Then, one by one, he refutes the charges against Vettius, and the people acquit him. Opimins, seeing that this spark forebodes a fire, makes Caius his quaestor in order to remove him from Rome.

Scene 3—Home of Caius Gracchus. Licinia tells Livia of her domestic happiness. Cornelia's pride in her "boy" and her hopes for him. Licinius announces his successful defense of Vettius, Caius comes to tell of his appointment, and Licinia bids him a tearful adieu.

#### ACT II.

Scene 1—A hall in the House of Caius Gracchus. (Six months later.) Opimius and Caius have returned to Rome. Licinius and Cornelia tell Licinia of the quaestor's popularity, but she fears it will prove his ruin. Caius enters and greets his wife. A messenger cites him to appear before the census.

Scene 2—The Campus Martius. Titus and Marcus quarrel with Sextus and Qiuntus, and are about to come to blows when the consuls and senators appear. Opimius blames the brawl on Caius, but, catching sight of the latter, checks himself. Recovering, he proceeds to the trial of Gracchus for disobedience and sedition. In a masterly reply, Caius completely overturns the accusations. Taking ad-

vantage of the favor he has gained, he asks and receives the office of tribune.

#### ACT III.

Scene 1—A Grove Near the Tiber. Opimius and Flaminius express chagrin at Gracchus' increase of power. Opimius declares his intention to use the tribune Drusus to bring about his downfall. Drusus opportunely appears, and the wily consul persuades him that his colleague's power is a menace to Rome, and induces him to transfer the people's affection to himself and the senate.

Scene 2—The Forum. Caius, as tribune, proposes the founding of colonies and the granting of new privileges to the people. Each time Drusus makes more generous proposals. Caius begins to suspect his motives, and finally calls him a tool of the senate. He weakly remonstrates; but he has gained his point,—the people crowd after him. Vettius, Licinius, and Pomponius urge Gracchus to win back the favor of the people. He refuses.

#### ACT IV.

Scene 1—A Street. Vettius tells Pomponius that Caius has failed to be re-elected through a false count of the votes. They praise his calm endurance of Opimius' insults. Licinius asserts that he has overheard the senators speaking threateningly of Caius, and they agree to meet force with force. Caius appears and encourages them to defend their freedom. Opimius, on the way to sacrifice, sneers at Caius, but the latter man fully controls his anger and restrains the fury of his adherents. In his absence they slay the consul's lictor. On his return, filled with dismay at their hastiness, and taking the thunder as a sign of heaven's anger, he sternly rebukes them. Messengers announce the senate's decree "that Opimius look to the public safety," and that his lictors are on Gracchus' track. He pleads to be allowed to die alone, but Flaccus prevails on him to lead them against their enemies on the morrow.

Scene 2—A Chamber in the House of Gracchus. (Night.) Licinia, waiting for her husband's return, falls asleep. Caius enters, speaking of the uncongenial task forced upon him. Licinia's fears haunt her even in her dreams. When the others have retired, Cornelia expresses her admiration for her son following the path of duty to his country. Two mothers struggle within her: the nobler conquers.

#### ACT V.

Scene 1—The Garden before Caius Gracchus' House. (Early Morning.) Caius and his adherents are about to depart, when Licinia rushes out, fearing he goes not forth for good. He tries to

reassure her, but in vain. In despair, she brings forth her boy "as a last gift." Caius tears himself away from them.

Scene 2—The Temple of Diana. The women are gathered around the sanctuary for safety. Cornelia sends the boy Lucius to see the progrees of the fight. Livia marvels at the mother's calmness. Lucius returns with bad news. Caius bursts into the Temple, soon followed by the crowd of his enemies. They strike him to the ground, and he gives up his noble life for the welfare of Rome.



### ATHLETICS.

#### Ups and Downs of the 'Varsity Nine.

The record of our base-ball nine since the last issue of the BULLETIN is one of glorious victories and inglorious defeats. Steubenville, of the O. and P. league, handled our favorites rather urgently, but we were to blame as the score-book charges us with ten errors—enough to account for a 17 to 2 defeat.

On May 3, the team journeyed to Indiana, Pa., to engage with the Normals. Our boys had everything in their favor, except the final score. Kummer outpitched King, striking out thirteen and allowing only six hits, but he helped to lose his own game by a wild throw to first in the ninth inning, which gave Indiana three runs to our two.

On May 5, the Carnegie Tech School was overwhelming defeated on the College campus, score 12 to 1. It was Pat White's first turn in the box and the "fans" pronounced him all right. Captain Keating made a batting record—five clean hits, including a double and a home-run, out of five chances. Howe and McKnight got five hits between them.

On May 11, Butler, of the P. O. M. league, invited our boys to a practice game. They got the practice they looked for—and more. Two misplays gave them two runs. Poor hitting kept the 'Varsity from scoring. Pat White was again on the rubber and gave the leaguers only six hits. Duffy and Harrell did some fast fielding, but Howe and McKnight made the star play—throwing out three men at the plate.

The "practice" game at Butler put the team in shape for California Normal next day, May 12, at California, Pa. Adam Kummer was in superb form and the whole team backed him superbly. He struck out thirteen and gave but four hits in the eleven innings the battle was fought; he won his own game by

a timely hit, which sent Urben over the plate with the winning run: Score, P. C. 3; California Normal, 2. Urben fielded beautifully at short, and Keating saved the game in the eighth by throwing a man out at the plate from deep left. McKnight contributed a timely three base-hit. He was well seconded by Billy White's triple and two singles. Of course, the "other fellows" did some star performing too, and did not make us a present of the game.

Encouraged by this victory, our boys rushed into the fray on May 17, with Indiana Normal, determined to win back the laurels lost at Indiana.

Pat White was equal to the occasion and let down the visitors with one run and four hits. He pitched shut-out ball, an excusable misplay giving the Indianas the lone score. Daschbach supported him finely behind the bat and the rest of the time fielded faultlessly and hit hard and opportunely. Score, P. C., 5; Indiana, 1.

Anxious as the writer of these lines is to close the record of the 'Varsity with victories, a regard for historical fidelity obliges him to chronicle a heartbreaking defeat. Waynesburg College appeared on the College campus on May 19. Kummer was selected to send them back to Greene County covered with defeat. He meant all right, but, as the proverb says, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"-there were seven slips, and the cup of victory never got to the waiting lips. When our fielders made a misplay, the others would insist on making it ten times worse by a hit or two. Thus, for instance, in the sixth inning, after one man was out, Eddie McKnight dropped a fly-a thing that can happen to the best of Then Duffy allowed a grounder to get away from him-Dan McGann has done the same. But oh! how these errors grew when Ganiear drove the ball over the fence and pinned 23 to our banner. Harrell and Howe batted fiercely, and Keating made a sensational catch; Kummer himself scored two runs, but all in vain: Score P. C., 5; Waynesburg, 7.

We beg leave to make a few remarks to the members of the team. A little more ginger on the bases, coolness at the bat, headwork at critical stages, and especially good feeling amongst the players, and elimination of all "knocking," will go far to win the majority of the games yet to be played. The team is fast and the pitching staff is the best we ever had, so there is no reason why we shouldn't come out ahead.

#### The Lawn Tennis Club.

Elections were held on May 15, resulting as follows: President, Tice Ryan, '08; President Harry Malone, '07; Treasurer, John Gwyer, '08.

The court is rounding into shape and is seldom unoccupied. The club championship games will be played in June.

### Entertainments.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of the entertainments held during the course of the current year was that given by the students of Third Academic B class on the evening of April 1st. There was a wealth of music, song and recitation, with the added attraction of some twenty or thirty of the choicest selections comprising orchestra pieces, vocal quartettes and solos, and humorous pieces, rendered on the Columbia phonograph kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. George Vollman.

The members of the orchestra enliven every gathering with carefully prepared programmes. The following students acquitted themselves remarkably well in the numbers entrusted to them: V. Blum, A. Blume, H. Boennemann, F. J. Clifford, J. F. Corcoran, H. F. Cousins, P. T. Darby, J. J. Dekowski, P. J. Dooley, J. Egan, J. J. Gannon, M. C. Giegerich, T. J. Laux, R. J. Leahy, G. DeLoury, F. McGrogan, D. and E. McNanamy, J. C. Moeller, A. Rump, P. Schaub, W. J. Schilken, C. J. Staud, D. Sullivan and B. F. Swint.

Owing to the examinations and other causes, only one debate was held during the month; in that the members of the Freshman class discussed the superiority of the nineteenth century over the thirteenth: the speakers were J. T. Dunn, E. H. Kehoe, R. V. Conway, M. J. O'Keefe and J. T. McMahon.

### Мау.

We have had only two Sunday evening entertainments during the month of May, but these compared favorably with the best given by the students during the previous part of the year. The training and practice in recitations, vocal and instrumental selections, and in debating, are an excellent preparation for the annual oratorical and elocutionary contests, for the College play regularly rendered in one of the large city theatres, and for the Announcement Exercises, which never fail to

draw an appreciative audience. In the first of the debates, Messrs. Stack, Wingendorf, Zindler, Quinn and Zsatkovich discussed the moral influence of the Press in the U. S.; in the second, Messrs. Millard, Kehoe, McMahon, Hanley and O'Keefe dwelt on the relative importance of the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries. The College Orchestra contributed many classical and popular pieces, and the following gentlemen enlivened the proceedings with songs and recitations: Rev. T. A. Giblin, Mr. J. F. Malloy, and Messrs. Zsatkovich, Millard, King, Drake, Locke, Horstkampf and Fromherz.



## EXCHANGES.

We have doubtless not commented, in the course of the year, upon all our Exchanges, and therefore we must at least make acknowledgement of them here. We therefore gratefully thank them all—The "Dial," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "Exponent," "Holy Cross Purple," "Xavier," "St. Thomas Collegian," "Viatorian," "Transylvanian," "Victorian," "Collegian," "St. Vincent College Journal," "Trinitonian," "Institute Echoes," "Indian Sentinel," "Central College Magazine," "Marquette College Journal," "Switzer Messenger," "Niagara Rainbow Record," "N. D. Scholastic," "High School Journal," "Agnetian Monthly," Manhattan Quarterly," "Fordham Monthly," "Georgetown College Journal," "Spectator," "St. Joseph's Collegian," "Courant," "Loretta Magazine," and Jefferson College Record.

Evidently, we have not attempted to put the above in the order of merit: that were no slight or unassuming task; so we note them as at hand.

We thank all who have contributed criticism, adverse or laudatory. Almost nothing of the former has occurred.

The "Xavier" has just blamed us for absence of

Fiction: we believe, likewise, that it had been preferable to entail some Fiction; however, we are not ready to admit that "a college magazine without a story is apt to be stale, flat and unprofitable," especially, if, as the "Xavier" says of the Bulletin, it is rich in essays. Possibly the "Manhattan Quarterly" and "St.

Thomas Collegian'' can challenge the Exchanges we meet to excel them in general excellence. The "St. Ignaitus Collegian" has a splendid essay(a prize oration) on Ideals. The "Dial" has a superb poem on Caesar. Dawn in the Tropics is a worthy poem in the "Transylvanian." The "Viatorian" took hold of a thorny subject-not only on account of sensibilities, but of involved principles— Woman in Politics; we think the essay showed very fine judgment. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" in the "Trinitonian," is a choice exhortation to profit of the grand opportunities of life. In the "Collegian," two essays seem very commendable : "Will and Desire," and "The Catholic Priest." "Institute Echoes" has valuable ideas in "The Legacy of the Past." The "Victorian" is commendable for the number and variety of its short essays, instructive and attractive as they are. The most attractive of all Exchanges in appearance is, we would judge, the "S. M. I. Exponent:" it also holds a fair standard in matter and literature.

We are sorry to be again forced to answer the "Spectator" of Columbus. We attacked some bitter statements against Catholicity, which it made months ago, about priestly ignorance and papal arrogance—statements both ignorant and arrogant. Now it retorts against us and the Abbey Student, which also protested. We would like to be friendly in such a controversy, but that is difficult: besides, indignation is often mere common sense. The controversy was forced by unpardonable aspersons cast upon the Church, without any provocation. In its last attack, the two strong contentions of the "Spectator" need but to be stated to be branded by public opinion as bigotry. They are that "a greater

foe than Leo XIII. American liberties never had," and "The Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind." The first proposition contradicts public opinion and the public press of the Country flatly. But the "Spectator sees things we poor mortals fail to discern: all we have to do is to bow down in wonder. The second statement is a wild sentence culled from a bigoted anti-Catholic, Walter Lecky. However, these are serious statements and recall to the writer's mind that the grandmother of his thirty-first cousin was once told by Leo XIII. that he intended to cause a San Francisco earthquake out of spite to the U. S. Doubtless when he saw his end approach, he left the job to his successor.

Gas and Steam Engines
Steam Pumps
Motors and Generators

Electric and Power Pumps Refrigerating Machinery Air Compressors

# N. C. DAVISON CO.

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS

701 EMPIRE BUILDING, PITTSBURG.

JOHN A. SIMON

JOHN J. McDERMOTT

GILDING AND REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

With special permission from his Grace Most Rev. Archbishop P. J. Ryan

JOHN A. SIMON & CO.

Sole Agents for the United Mr. O. TETE, 4 Quai de L'Hopital, States of America for Mr. O. TETE, 4 LYON, FRANCE,

Manufacturer of all Catholic Church Goods.

Room 1036 Drexel Building,

Philadelphia.

# F. W. IMMEKUS

DEALER IN

CARPETS, WALL PAPER, LINOLEUM,

Lace Curtains and Window Shades.

Corner 13th and Carson Streets, Pittsburg.

Bell Phone 157 R Hemlock.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON PAPER HANGING

# Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. XII.

Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1906.

No. 10.

# St. John, The Aged.

(Ultimus Apostolorum)

I'm growing very old. This weary head That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast, In days long past that seem almost a dream, Is bent and hoary with its weight of years. These limbs that followed Him-my Master-oft From Galilee to Judea! yea, that stood Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans Refuse to bear me even through the streets To preach unto my children. E'en my lips Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth. My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs Of my dear children gathered round my couch: God lays His hand upon me-yes, in love It strokes my brow—the gentle hand that I Felt these three years, so often pressed in mine, In friendship such as passeth woman's love. I'm old, so old I cannot recollect The faces of my friends, and I forget The words and deeds that make up daily life; But that dear Face, and every word He spoke, Grow more distinct as others fade away, So that I live with Him and holy dead More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide

Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time, on that sweet Face. These eyes
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claimed me for Its own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

O, what holy walks we had
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes.
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn; I was young and strong,
And so upbore Him. Lord, now I am weak
And old, and feeble! Let me rest on Thee!
So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace,
Come let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come James, the Master waits, and Peter, see!
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His Kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so,
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. O, how oft I've seen
The touching of His garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my Church! once more.
There let me tell them of the Savior's love,
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice.

Just now, I think He must be very near—Coming I trust, to break the veil which time Has worn so thin that I can see beyond And watch His footsteps.

So, raise my head,
How dark it is! I cannot fail to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush,
My little children. God so loved the world
He gave His Son. So love ye one another.
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy into a troubled world was this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What, call the folk my name? The Holy John?
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved
And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide The eastern window. See, there comes a light Like that which broke upon my soul at eve, When in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came And touched me on the shoulder. See it grows As when we mounted toward the pearly gates. I know the way! I trod it once before, And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds! And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul Can join it now. But who are those who crowd The shining way? Speak! joy! 'tis the eleven, With Peter first! How eagerly he looks! How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face! I am the last. Once more we are complete To gather round the Paschal Feast. My place Is next my Master. O, my Lord, my Lord! How bright Thou art! and yet the very same I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years, To feel this bliss! So, lift me up dear Lord, Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide!

ANON.

## QUAE EST ISTA?

Prophets of old prayed that they might behold the advent of the Messiah, but were disappointed. Death would have come as balsom to a suffering soul after witnessing the glorious Conception of the Mother of God and her victory over the serpent. Did they know that through a human creature the Redeemer of the world was to be incarnated? Yes; for does not Isaias say: "The Lord Himself shall give you a sign. Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Emanuel."

The Virgin mentioned by Isaias is none other than the Blessed Virgin Mary, at once virgin and mother, the Masterpiece of God. Was she an ordinary daughter of sinful man? Could an ordinary daughter of Adam have become the Mother of the Redeemer? No. humanity of Jesus Christ could not be taken from the flesh of an impure creature, as the perfection of His purity could not come in contact with that which to it was most repulsive. Mary was an Immaculate creature, conceived without the taint of original sin through the the intervention of God, and preserved in grace for the mission which she was destined to fulfill. Her entire existence proclaims this truth, for which reason she is deservedly called the glory of our race. Oh! what a world of meaning in the oft repeated words: Mary, Mother of God." Could anything so beautiful or sublime be said of any other creature? The full perfection of her calling and the fulfillment are embodied in her title-Mother of God.

Her piety and purity were manifested at the time she was visited by the Archangel Gabriel, whose salutato this Immaculate Virgin will remain among the faithful as long as the Church itself exists: "Hail," he said, hail, full of grace!"

When told that she was to be the Mother of God her consecrated virginity took alarm, until she was informed

of the miraculous manner in which the mystery was to be accomplished. No doubts entered her mind; no thought of trials and hardshiys marred her simple submission to God's will. The heights of sublimity were surmounted by her answer: "Behold the handfnaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." And through her the "Word was made flesh." From that time, she was aware of her own position, with which knowledge she gave expression to the words: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Her prophesy has been fulfilled, for in no country to which Catholicity has spread, has devotion to the Mother of God in any age been forgotten.

Nothing we can say of Mary is too glorious, unless it be that which is due to God alone. She, who nourished the Divine Babe and guided His young footsteps, must necessarily have great favor in His eyes. If we expect to find favor with God, we must practice a firm devotion to Mary, as constant intercourse with Him during the thirty years of His private life gives her untold influence. We cannot but love her, immaculately conceived and sinless, who shows the world what human nature is capable of through the grace of God. God will not be jealous of the love we show her, any more than is the artist jealous of admiring glances bestowed on his favorite picture. She has often been called the Masterpiece of God and certainly she deserves to be so called.

He chose to bestow marvellous blessings upon her, knowing that her piety was of such a nature as to insure willing response to every grace; even at the tenderest age she kept the thought of God uppermost, growing stronger and more lovely each succeeding year, until the glorious climax was reached—the announcement that she was to be the Mother of God. By the co-operation of God, the Holy Ghost, the Redeemer was conceived in her, raising her to the loftiest possible dignity among women.

We may ask, therefore, in wondering awe--who is she? And to those blessed with faith the answer comes

quickly: Jesus Christ is her Son: She is the Mother of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, in His human nature. As such She commands the respect of the world, the veneration of every creature.

Jos. B. Keating, '07.



# "The Father of fhe American Navy."

A great controversy has been raised in the last few months: To whom belongs the title, Father of the American navy?

On one hand are arrayed anti-Catholic forces, seeking to confer the title on John Paul Jones, not so much on account of his merits, as to withhold the honor from John Barry. On the other hand, lovers of truth and justice defend the title for one who is of their ranks and to whom the honor belongs.

This opposition comes from a few admirers of Jones, who, since the supposed removal of his body from France, have been endeavoring to have him called the Father of Our Navy, a title which he was unable to earn in his own time. This lauding of Jones is a base conspiracy to rob Barry of his honor and title.

Ambassador Porter was induced to hunt for the body of Jones. He sent us some man's body, but it is impossible to call that corpse Jones without proofs. The Chicago Record-Herald says these proofs "are almost ludicrous in their remoteness from the main point of issue."

Here are some of the facts given out by the New York Sun concerning Mr. Porter's search. First, he sought a graveyard as the most likely place. He selected one, and then hunted for a grave with a headstone bearing Jones' name, but could find none. So he picked out a grave without a headstone. He opened the grave and found a coffin without a nameplate. He thought this is surely Jones.

He had two doctors examine the body; imagine, it had been buried 113 years. And they declared it died of the same disease as Jones! This is the body they are honoring as Jones. Why, this skeleton has no more right to be called Paul Jones than I have.

This is the origin of the controversy, of the plot to rob Barry of his title. But, Jones was not considered, nor did he consider himself, as great as some of his present admirers. In Vol. XI. of his papers Jones said, "I did not find myself perfect in the duties of first lieutenant." He belittles himself when he says, "Will posterity believe that the America was taken from me, that ten commands were taken from me, and that the Ranger was the best vessel my country ever gave me?"

The chief exploit for which he is extolled is the taking of the Serapis. This he did in a vessel given him by the King of France when America left him seven months idle. But for the French Jones would be entirely forgotten. If Jones were so able a captain, why was he treated so lightly by the Continental authorities? If Jones was so valuable, why was he left idle in France? If Jones was so capable, why were ten commands taken from him, as he says himself they were?

But worst of all, Jones was not a true American. In one of his letters to Lady Selkirk, he said: "I am not in this war as an American, I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of country or climate, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy." May we consider this a suitable inscription for his monument, or an example for the naval cadets at Annapolis?

Mr. Chas. Henry Lincoln, the editor of the Calendar of Paul Jones' Manuscripts in the Library of Congress states: "Jones was not the Father of the American Navy. This claim, to be sure, has been made by certain of his biographers; but let us be just, rather than generous."

When the dove of peace settled over the Colonies

Jones enlisted under the tyrannical flag of Russia, and fought for the perpetuation of that despotic power. Was this becoming a patriot? Was this becoming one whom some would call the Father of Our Navy?

If Jones were really a worthy subject, or had the true blood of a patriot in his veins, then no ruler, no country, no filthy lucre could seduce him to leave his country in such dire straights. Jones, by his disgraceful act, effaced all his previous good deeds, which, however, nowise compare with Barry's.

John Barry was an Irish Catholic, born in County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745. At the age of 15, he came to America, and at 25, we find him Captain of the Black Prince, plying between Philadelphia and Bristol.

When he returned to Philadelphia, the battle of Lexington had been fought. All alike united in the defense of their homes against the foreign oppressor, tyrannical England.

The ocean was as the king's highway. British cruisers patrolled the seas as their soldiers policed the land. There was no craft sailing under the American flag. A sailor's prospects were very poor; yet Barry commanding the finest ship, and having the first employ in America, gave them up and espoused the cause of American freedom.

Our navy was founded October 13, 1775, when Congress ordered two armed cruisers built. The larger, the Lexington, was given to Barry, while Jones was made lieutenant on the other, the Alfred. This was the first fleet to sail from Philadelphia.

Barry was not long at sea when he captured the Edwards. This was the first capture of any vessel of war by any regular American cruiser in battle, and it caused John Adams to say, "We begin to make some figure in the naval way." Barry for honorable service, was soon transferred to the Effingham.

Lord Howe, knowing the full worth of Barry, offered

him nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, and the commission of a British ship in line, if he would but turn this ship over to her enemy. Barry's answer was worthy of a great man: he said: "I have devoted myself to the cause of my country, and not the value or the command of the whole British fleet could seduce me from it."

Soon Barry succeeded in the most daring enterprise in the Revolutionary War, or perhaps in any war. With twenty-seven men in four rowboats he started from Burlington, down the Delaware to the mouth of the harbor of Philadelphia. He met the British warship, the "Alert," with two vessels loaded with provisions. Barry and his men jumped aboard the vessel and beat 130 sailors down the hatches and then turned the ship's guns on the other two vessels, capturing the whole three. The enemy could not believe such a defeat accomplished by twenty-seven men. It set fear into the heart of every approaching British captain and sailor. They thought every rowboat concealed a Barry; every dark night they expected to see him crawl over the side of their ship. This was a potent factor in causing the British to evacuate Philadelphia.

Frost's Naval Biographer says of this deed: For boldness of design and dexterity of execution it was not surpassed, if equalled, during the war." The Biographer of Captain Barry in the National Portrait Gallery says, "This enterprise must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consumate skill, by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force." Washington thanked Barry in a letter too long to quote.

In 1778, Captain Barry was given the Raleigh. In 1781, he was in command of the navy of the colonies and received the frigate "Alliance," the favorite ship of the navy and the nation. M. Thevenard, Intendant of the French navy, in speaking of the Alliance to John Adams, said: "There is not a frigate in the king's service or in England's navy more perfect. There is not in Europe a

more perfect piece of naval architecture than your 'Alliance.''' This shows the high esteem and confidence in which Barry was held by the American Colonists.

He carried Col. Laurens on his important mission to France, where he succeeded in borrowing 6,000,000 livres. This money satisfied the demands of Washington's army, and enabled him to proceed to Yorktown, where the decisive blow of the Revolution was struck. He carried Lafayette back to the U. S., and on the way captured the Mars and the Minerva. Later, he took the Atlanta and Trepassay.

Barry fought the last battle of the Revolution, when he encountered the English squadron, and succeeded in disabling the Sibylle.

Barry received the first official commission, from the first official head, of our first official government, and it clearly establishes his title of Father of the American Navy. The Commission is as follows:

SIR:—The President of the U. S., by and with the consent of the senate, has appointed you to be captain of one of the ships to be provided for in pursuance of the acts, to provide a naval armanent, herein enclosed. It is to be understood that,—"the relative rank is to be in the following order:—First, John Barry. Second, Samuel Nicholson, etc. You will please inform me as soon as convenient whether you accept or decline the appointment. I am, Sir,

### HENRY KNOX,

Secretary of War.

With his usual promptitude, Barry accepted the next day, as follows:

SIR:—The honor done me in appointing me commander in the navy of the U. S. is gratefully acknowledged and accepted by,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN BARRY.

This Commission is No. I., and is among historical records.

The first entry on the first book on record in the Navy Department, is the record of the delivery to Captain John Barry of his Commission signed by Washington, on his birthday. At that time, the senior captain was the commanding officer. The legal rank of commodore was not established until 1862, during the Civil War. Barry superintended the building of, and commanded, the "U.S." –the first ship under the Federal Constitution.

Captain Barry was in a two-fold way the Father of the American Navy—he received the first Commission in the Revolution, and the first Commission under the new Republic. March 1, 1800, the Secretary of War wrote: "Considering you as *senior* officer and entitled to the most respectful consideration, I cannot resist the inclination of presenting a medal to you."

Barry continued at the head until he retired in 1801, on account of ill health. He died two years after, a true Catholic, a noble Irish-American, and a brave fighter. His private life was as amicable as his public life was brilliant.

Within ten years after Barry's death, Mr. Dennie, the editor of the *Portfolio*, the chief literary journal of that period, wrote:

"Captain John Barry may justly be considered the Father of the American Navy. His eminent service during our struggle for independence, the fidelity and ability with which he discharged the duties of the important stations which he filled, give him a lasting claim upon the gratitude of his country."

In the face of these proofs, which are matters of historical record, how can anyone rightfully deny Barry's claim to the title? These facts are undeniable and unanswerable, and render Barry's position, as Father of the American Navy, impregnable, so that all the world can but say he is the real Father. Why try to deny these facts? They attempt to turn history into fiction?

If John Barry is not the veritable Father of the American Navy, then George Washington is not the true Father of our country. The facts in proof of the former are as strong as those in proof of the latter. The honor rightfully belongs to Barry. His title is proved by the archives of the Continental Congress, and of the Congress of the U. S. It is testified to under the seal of the Union, and attested by the signature of Washington.

We know where the real body of the Father of the American Navy reposes. It rests where the vibrations of the Liberty Bell can penetrate it, in pure Revolutionary clay, drenched with the blood of Washington's heroes.

It rests in the dear old cemetery of St. Mary's in the city of William Penn, and when our noble President shall pay homage to the *real* Father of the American Navy, he will need no guides, no ambassadors, to identify his venerated remains.

MARTIN J. BRENNAN, '08.



## IMMIGRATION.

One of the most important questions this Nation has to settle in its relations with the rest of the world, and in regard to its own future, is the question of Immigration. God created the world as a home for man; He did not set the East apart for one, the West for another; neither did he so mark the South and the North. God intended that the posterity of Adam and Eve should all be free and equal, that they might roam where they delight; settle where they please. But now, after a few centuries have piled upon one another, after the posterity of Adam and Eve has attained vast proportions; we find ourselves claiming to be above our brothers, and thinking to prevent them from entering a part of this world which we have marked off as our home.

Wisely, indeed, have we left the doors of this our

new home open to all who would enter. What countless and splendid opportunities have we laid bare to our How many millions of the poorer class needy brothers. from European countries have come here, and now are sharing and enjoying with us, ennobling liberty. And to-day we find the daily average of immigrants to be about a thousand. The glorious sun shall rise tomorrow to see us enriched by another thousand souls, which the vast and mighty ocean-greyhounds, have placed upon our shores to-day. To-morrow will find our treasure in heaven augmented by a most ennobling deed, that of charity. Can anyone say with truth, that God will reward this act of charity in a manner detrimental to our Yet, this is exactly what is claimed by those who advance that selfish, false doctrine of exclusion.

Does immigration benefit this country? Every immigrant adds his mite to the yearly output of this nation, whether it be in the manufacturing or agricultural line, and hence adds his mite accordingly to its revenue. Every immigrant must be sheltered, hence a boom to real estate. It is in the West we need men, and where we profit greatly by the labor of thousands in the West—a land now idle; a treasure yet untouched. There we find the lands crying out for farmers. The more farmers the more grain, the more gain, the cheaper our bread. So for our own benefit, if not for the benefit of foreigners, we should encourage immigration.

Does immigration not benefit the health of this country? Do we not receive healthy, strong bodied men, from the stalwart Russian, down to the small and brawny Italian? Will this not in time add to the pure, powerful blood of America? Will not the blending of our present strength with that which we are daily receiving, in a short time produce that powerfulness, which we now can scarcely imagine? Then, indeed, immigration is a thing to be desired. If we put any obstacles in the way of immigration, we will injure ourselves.

Are European countries shipping their people over to

America? Are they willing to part with them? Far from it, they are doing all in their power to prevent it. For they see the dormant buds they are losing, soon spring up beautiful and luxuriant flowers of our nation. They also see that the sting of despotic tyranny pricked into their subjects will be extracted in America, and in time those inspired with the love and beauty of freedom here in the U. S. will lend a helping hand to their brothers still under the yoke of despotism, and, at the same time, extract a just revenge for the wrong done to themselves. European countries are losing their best men and we are receiving them. It is a business transaction for us in which all is gain, nothing lost, nothing invested. What could be more payable? Bismarck, once said, the U. S. was draining the most valuable blood of Germany, and that he would pass laws preventing Germans from immigrating. Andrew Carnegie said: "If I owned the U. S., and was considering it as a business proposition, I would not only look for the sober, upright, honest foreigner, but I would give every man of that sort a premium to come here, and consider it the best bargain ever made." And Andrew knows something about bargains.

Here in the U. S., chiefly in the eastern part, we have mills and factories in countless numbers. This very city is famous for its great output of steel. How are we able to hold our place amongst the first in the manufacturing world? We owe this all to immigrants. They are the ones who stand before the intense heat of the furnace; they are the ones who risk their lives in transporting molten metal from one part to another. It is not the book-keeper and stenographer, the learned doctor and lawyer who give Pittsburg its riches, but also the plain, industrious foreigner. Take the foreigners away from Pittsburg, and you put out the fires of its great mills. Take away its mills, and you have a deserted village. The same conditions exist in our large eastern cities. So if we will hold our place in the manufacturing world, if

we will maintain our commerce, we must encourage immigration.

Those who favor exclusion endeavor to non plus us with the arguments, that nearly all the immigrants are of the poor class, and most of them uneducated. What if the immigrants are poor? So much the more will they appreciate the liberties, the splendid opportunities, this nation offers them. What if they are uneducated? It will take us but a short time with our present excellent system of education to raise them to our own standard. We are not receiving the noble blood of Europe. This indeed is true. But, do we desire it? Do we want it? No. For the only thing, the noble blood of Europe has ever done for this country is to come over here and marry some of our thoughtless young ladies.

Again, we are asked, are the immigrants patriotic? Have they this country's cause at heart? And we must certainly answer, yes. For, in how many ways already have they shown their patriotism! For instance, during our late war with Spain, we found them filling in the ranks of the volunteers, marching off in defense of their country's action. And we found them, among our own American heroes, on victorious battlefields, at the close of day, with the dense smoke of the deadly firing slowly ascending to the clouds, with the last echoes of the cannons' roar dying in the distance. Ah! we found them there, breathing their last, and uttering the same dying words of that heroic standard bearer at Gettysburg, "I have never once let Old Glory touch ground." What could be more heroic, more patriotic?

How can we stop immigration, when we see the worlds of good it is doing for our country? The foreign element in this country has never done us any harm, and we have not one single reason for stopping immigration, but many for encouraging it. Will true American citizens retard the progress of our nation? Will they allow other nations to pass her in the race for supremacy, to gain her deserved throne, then to dictate to her, aye,

to trample upon her? No! No! We cannot, we will not allow it. Then we must encourage immigration. Immigration is giving us a healthy nation, a full treasury, the most valuable blood of Europe and true American citizens. Can we stop immigration, when we recall the fact that all of us are immigrants? Where would we be if some few years ago our noble sires were not allowed to enter this land of the free? How many of us have crossed the ocean in the last score of years or more! Would we return? Will we prevent a child born under a despotic sun to-day, from entering this land of liberty tomorrow? Let us rather remember that Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Let us have immigration, free and unrestrained forever!

JOHN A. P. GWYER.



## The College Graduate in Business.

A subject that is arousing wide-spread interest among business men at the present day is the value of college training for commercial pursuits. A few short years ago, not much was required to render one capable of holding a good position. Now, however, the great progress of the commercial and industrial world demands high training and education, and, at the same time, affords many valuable opportunities to the ambitious young man.

That education is necessary for the successful business man is a fact now admitted by all. We cannot take one step, however remotely connected with a business transaction, without being confronted with the absolute indispensibility of education. Many people still fancy that it is necessary only to be accurate in figures and to write a legible hand. But, the time, when that was the case, has passed and now the rule holds good; the broader the education, the better the business

man. A business education should be broad and thorough to fit one for a responsible position. This stands to reason from the very nature of education itself. Education is a drawing out and development of our natural qualities and talents. It helps us to make the best use of what we have. It enables us to think and think quickly, for it gives us complete control of our intellectual powers, in order that we may turn them in any special direction. Readiness to attack any problem, with every hope of success, is one of its chief results. It begets, moreover, a confidence in our abilities that stands us good stead in the battle of life. Education cannot make a man, but it will develop his faculties, so that he is able to turn them to the best possible use.

To-day, more than ever, is a broad education essential to the business man. Business is so complex, that a good grasp is necessary to understand it. As it is constantly developing and becoming more and more complicated, there is a growing need of men who have a good hold not only of all its details, but also the general principles which underlie them. This is what education gives. It broadens the mind and enables one to look, not only to certain minor points of business, but to embrace it in its complexity and to see the relation of part to part.

Take one who enters business by beginning as an uneducated office boy, and who works his way up. He is able to see and to do only what is pointed out to him. He does not see the business, as a whole, nor does he see the relation of what he does to the general outcome. He works as in a groove, mechanically. On the contrary, the college graduate, by reason of his training, can assimilate an idea more quickly. His education gives him a broader view, enables him to see the relation of the different things connected with the business, to perceive the inner working of parts. It is to persons so educated, that a business looks for improvement, for one with such a grasp can develop a business.

One so trained, easily becomes a leader, because he is always advancing. He produces new ideas and improves on old ones and is ever setting a higher standard of excellence. He classifies his work, makes divisions, uses the shortest methods. He works systematically, takes means to save time and labor, and to increase in accuracy and effectiveness. There are many things obtainable in a college education that it would take years to learn from practical experience. The whole training of the college graduate is thus a reserve force which brings victory to him in the battle of life. For this reason, no other class of men are inspired with greater enthusiasm or take more interest in their work, than college graduates. Having a broader grasp of business, as a whole, they like to know all they can about it, and feel that they themselves are part of it. This is one of the most valuable assets of a business. Hence it is that employers prefer to get young college men, especially in the larger concerns.

In the training of the business character also, college education plays a large part. College training develops energy and habits of perseverance and a capacity for work. For, to succeed in college, a man must work and work perseveringly. One cannot allow himself to drift along with the tide, for the man who does, will soon find himself a veritable cork tossed about on the waves. Neither can he allow himself to be discouraged, for if he does, he will drop by the wayside, and soon give up. The ability to overcome the problems of the school-room is a step in the right direction, because it helps to make us self-reliant and resourceful.

Another great characteristic of the college-trained man, is his manliness and honesty. We often hear it said that college graduates are dreamers. That is a mistake. The very nature of a college education is such as promises a cool, hard-headed, practical man of affairs. In many instances, those who were inclined to be dreamy are changed into sound-thinking, manly men.

In college, too, a strict sense of honor and uprightness is implanted. We are taught the necessity of truth and fair dealing in all our actions.

College training is, then, as we see, practically indispensible to the up-to-date business man. The college graduate from his comprehensive grasp of affairs, from his training in systematic habits, from the livelier interest he takes in the working of things, and from his well-developed character, stands far ahead of his less thoroughly educated brother. No one, then, can consider the years spent in college training as useless for practical life, seeing that the student thus receives a large handicap over non-college men, and an immense reserve force.

Especially in our own country and day, is such an education necessary. Never before has business seen such development as at present, and in no country of the world is that development more rapid or more complete than in our own. If, then, the young man of to-day, would embrace all the possibilities that the business world extends to him, he must make himself ready by a more thorough discipline of mind and character, and by a broader knowledge of all the technicalities and of the economy of business.

Such training, the commercial department of a college like ours imparts. Not only is the mind broadened by a thorough instruction in English and polite literature, but both the science and practice of business are thoroughly taught along with those technical branches which are requisite for every business man. Such an education, as has been proven in the past, not only fits one to occupy a prominent position in the realm of commerce, but so equips the college man that he may take his place in the first rank of those who are developing the business of to-day, and who are placing our nation at the head of the commercial world.

JAS. F. THORNTON, '06.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES, . . . . J. BRENNAN, '05.
LOCALS, . . . J. B. KEATING, '07.
ATHLETICS, . . C. A. DUFFY, '09.
ALUMNI, . . F. J. TOOHILL, '08.
SOCIETIES, . . J. H. MCGRAW, '10.
CONCERTS, . . E. M. MORALES, '07.
BUSINESS MANAGERS, E. F. JACKSON, '07.
A. F. WINGENDORF, '07.
J. L. MCGOVERN, '06.

#### PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1906.

No. 10.

## EDITORIAL.

### The Retrospect.

This diocese may be proud of Pittsburg College. It steadily grows. We have thirty professors, seventeen clergymen, and thirteen laymen. Our alumni's annual banquet assembles men prominent in business, in law, medicine and the Church: our alumni clergy alone are near a hundred. This year fourteen graduated in our Commercial Department, six attained bachelor's degrees and two the M. A. Six gold and three silver medals were conferred. Our Commencement must be in the largest theatre, to accommodate our friends. Our play, Caius Gracchus, our gymnastic exhibition, our elocu-

tionary and oratorical contest unfolded evidence of competent training: our orchestra reflects notable credit on the Director.

Qualis rex, talis qrex is a keynote of truth; but howsoever excellent the Faculty or training, students must co-operate for results. Well, conduct and application have been commendable. Qualifications for distinctions have been constantly raised, so keen is the rivalry. Withal, we had nine ball teams. This year's schedule for the 'varsity was the hardest ever, yet the notes on Athletics show how creditably it was met.

As the 400 students occupied all available room and the number increases, some building may be soon required. We have five sodalities now, instead of four; and it is inspiring to see 400 youths go to Communion every first Friday. Most of them belong to our C. T. A. U.



## Religious Education.

The largest and strongest non-Catholic religious body in the land is Methodist. In the editorial column of the Methodist we read: "In our judgment, the denominational schools of the land as compared with the purely State schools are, on moral grounds, incomparably the safest. Our State institutions, as a general thing, are hotbeds of infidelity, not less than of vice. We have said, and we thoroughly believe, that our Church should spend \$10,000,000 in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why? Because we believe that this system is the American one and the only safe one." Catholics always bear the brunt of public opinion on important questions till the others are able or forced to recognize the truth.



# farewell.

Farewell, ye hallowed walls and spires, Wherein our days of youth were spent; Where bloomed the flow'r of fond desires To seek fair Wisdom's fragrant scent.

With mournful brow, and wat'ry eye
We bid you now a last farewell.
The longing glance, the stifled sigh
Make friendly hearts with sorrow swell.

'Tis hard to part with comrades dear; And bid good-bye that diamond broad, Where college spirit's rousing cheer Oft spurred our heroes o'er the sward.

'Tis hard to leave that class of ours,
Where day by day we toiled so hard
Where joy and grief each had their hours;
Where each obtained his due reward.

But cruel fates decreed it so
We must obey and enter life:
Be joy our lot, or be it woe,
We must at last begin our strife.

Farewell to hours of glee and joy,
Which made our college-life so bright!
Farewell to sport, and every toy!
We now must sing, "Lead, Kindly Light."

While bidding all this last adieu
On one desire our minds we fix
That you remain friends blunt and true
To Senior Class, 1906.

J. J. Dekowski, '06.



#### The Closing Day.

Thursday morning, June 21, the boys assisted with the Faculty at Solemn High Mass, at eight o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. A. B. Mahler, C. S. Sp.; the deacon, Rev. H. J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., the sub-deacon, Rev. John Laux, C. S. Sp. Father Goebel preached the baccalaureate sermon.

The graduates and all the other students went to Holy Communion. The chapel services were closed by solemn benediction. After the students had partaken of luncheon, they assembled in the college hall for distribution of certificates and honor cards.

#### Commencement Exercises,

The Bijou Theatre, the largest in Pittsburg, was filled to its utmost, when the Pittsburg Catholic College of the Holy Ghost celebrated its twenty-eighth annual commencement, Thursday evening, June 21. The stage was elaborately decorated in the college colors—red and blue—also conspicuous on the boxes, and waving palms. On the stage were seated the college choir of some forty voices, the graduates and the Faculty.

The Latin salutatory had been confided to J. L. Jaworski. James F. Thornton gave an address on "The College Graduate in Business. Erminio M. Morales delivered a speech on "Church Extension." The master's oration on "The Church and the Lawyer' was ably handled by Albert J. Loeffler. The valedictory was rendered by John J. Dekowski. The music was creditably given by the regular college orchestra.

The Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, Bishop of the Pittsburg diocese, was on the program as the principal speaker, but, owing to an indisposition, could not attend, and the Rev. John Price, rector of St. James' church, of West Pittsburg, addressed the graduates. He spoke on education as of such known necessity that to insist upon it were a mere platitude; but his eloquence became replete with witticism when he pictured the one-sided and unpractical scholar who wanted either balance or breadth of human interest. He strongly deprecated the scholarship which followed the course of the heavenly spheres and failed to discern the Creator above.

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College, before announcing the graduates and conferring the diplomas, spoke of the growth and development of the college, and of the scientific course about to be introduced in the college curriculum at the beginning of the next scholastic year. In his statements Father Hehir said that the present year was the most successful one in the history of the college, as 425 students had been registered.

Father Hehir made a strong appeal to his auditors, urging those

blessed with this world's goods to come to the aid of institutions like the Pittsburg College, and by means of scholarships and endowments to help educators in the grand work of higher Catholic education.

Diplomas in the Commercial Department were awarded to George Henry Born, Samuel Augustus Conway, Christopher John Enright, Emil Charles Kvatsak, Joseph Leo McGovern, Frank Irving Rutledge, Jr; James Francis Thornton, Francis Andrew Burlaga, Richard Thomas A. Ennis, Joseph Anthony Glock, Stephen John Laux, Francis Joseph O'Neil, Charles Francis Swain and Joseph Robert Zetwo.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Edward Lawrence Davin, Joseph Leo Jaworski. John Joseph Dekowski, Eugene Nicholas McGuigan and Erminio Millard Morales.

The degree of Bochelor of Science was conferred on James Francis Neilan, B. A., '05.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on John A. McVean, B. A., '99; Albert J. Loeffler, Esq., B. A., '97; LL. D. '99.

The following were awarded medals:

- (a) Under-graduate Medalists: Silver Medal for Elocution, Division III, John F. Corcoran; Silver Medal for Elocution, Division II., George H. Born; Silver Medal for Elocution, Division I., Eugene J. Ley; Gold Medal for Oratory in the College Department, Edward F. Jackson; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in the Academic Classes, Theodore J. Szulc.
- (b) Graduate Medalists: Gold Medal for Excellence in Commercial Department, Richard T. A. Ennis; Gold Medal for Bookkeeping, Frank I. Rutledge, Jr.; Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, Erminio M. Morales; Bishop Phelan Gold Medal for General Excellence, John J. Dekowski.



#### VALEDICTORY.

'Twere hard, indeed, adequately to express the feelings that animate the heart of a young man, who after years of labor has at last reached the goal of his aspirations. We feel upon our youthful brows the fresh breath of a new life and behold a widening prospect opening before us. We are moved by the attentions paid us, and by all this display of art and feeling manifested in our behalf. We can hardly realize that the academi

exercises of tonight and the magnificent assemblage, that has gathered here to encourage us by their presence, and stimulate us by their applause,—are both intended to do us honor on the occasion of our graduation. Elated by your cordial congratulations "joy rises in us like a summer's morn." We rejoice that after many years of studious application our efforts have been crowned with the success we ambitioned; and hardships remembered sweeten present joy. We rejoice at the sight of the tender sympathy shown us tonight by our fellow-students, kind friends and devoted guardians. Those smiling faces and kind looks which we notice on every side augment that joy. We gaze with wonder and admiration at the changes that have taken place in our behalf in these last few hours. Even those thoughtful, self-sacrificing professors of ours, whose very presence in the class-room was a reminder of the exacting duties we had to perform, cast on us affectionate glances that bring back to us the memories of happy childhood and the fond caresses of loving and tender parents.

But, in the midst of all this joy, every now and then a sadder chord vibrates in the inmost recesses of our young hearts, a chord of prophetic foreboding, that with this hour, the days of gay but thoughtless boyhood, with their idle dreams, are past, never, never to return.

In vain would we cry-

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight And make me a child again, just for tonight: Backward, turn backward, O Tide of years! I am so weary of toil and of tears:

Toil without recompense—tears—all in vain—Take them and give me back boyhood again."

Yes, our future is veiled from our eyes, and this is why our joy is commingled with sorrow. Bnt, even into that misty future we go with a slow but firm step. Our beloved *Alma Mater* in her tender anxiety for our future welfare, foresaw by her long and tried experience what dangers await us on the stormy sea of life; and she has

given us a compass that shall safely lead us through those storms. She has taught us how to be men in our relations with others, citizens in relation to our country, and Christians in regard to God.

We are about to step forward into the arena of life. From now on, we are to undertake painful duties and great responsibilities. We are to accept our cross and carry it through the sandy deserts of life. Are we ready for such a task? Shall we shrink at the sight of such a burden? Oh! these are questions very difficult to answer. However, having received from our beloved Alma Mater a thorough, Catholic college training, a training of body, intellect and soul, we are resolved to be ever faithful to that grand ideal, that has crowned so many past generations with glory and success; the ideal which is expressed in the words: science and religion, faith and charity.

"O, stay! O, stay!"
Cries the poet,
"Joy so seldom, weaves a chain
Like this tonight, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon."

Yet, dear friends, the supreme moment is at hand. We must part. "There is an end to all things; to the shortest path and the longest lane there comes an end." There is not a tongue on earth, but we find in it one word—the word that draws down the curtain upon the brightest scenes of earthly life—the word, which to utter we have assembled here tonight—that sad, melancholy word, farewell.

#### Most Honored Professors:

You were tasked with the duty of impressing upon our minds those truths that shall develop the truest manhood; and of implanting in the fertile soil of our brain and heart the germs of knowledge and duty to God and man, destined, we fondly hope to spring up, and in God's own good time to produce abundant fruits for time and eternity. The present but fully shows how well you have discharged your duty; the future alone will disclose in all its fulness how faithfully and with what self-denial you have labored in our behalf. We leave you with trembling and fear. Up to the present, we could rely on your wisdom and guidance; now we are to put out to sea in our own frail barks—away from the port—away from the master-builder's hands. We go to battle with the waves of life with no one to guide or assist us. Our own eyes must now watch the compass and scan the chart—our own hand must control the rudder. Farewell, then, kind and faithful Teachers and Fathers, farewell!

Fellow Student of the Undergraduating Classes:

After many a laborious day, you are about to begin a well deserved vacation. A few months of rest and pleasure, and you will return into the hallowed walls of your *Alma Mater* to enjoy, in turn, the opportunities which we have enjoyed. O! may you improve them. You will fill the places left vacant by us. O! may you fill them more worthily! May that college spirit that has animated all the part generations be quickened within you. Bidding you this last sad farewell, we repeat with the bard:

"A sacred burden in this life you bear! Look on it! bear it solemnly, Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly! Fail not for sorrow—falter not for sin, But onward, upward, till the goal you win."

#### Dear Comrades and Fellow Classmates:

The long expected moment has come at last. After many years of common joys and griefs, toils and pleasures, we now must part, part never perhaps to meet again. But though parted, let us be ever united in spirit. Let us always cherish a fond remembrance of college days. We have had the happy opportunity of learning the best that has been taught and known in the

scientific and literary world. Let us show that we have profited by those priceless lessons. Wherever the tide shall bear us, let us always be faithful to those principles, which our beloved *Alma Mater* impressed with such care and diligence on the tablets of our hearts. Let us, in a word, show ourselves worthy to be called her children.

"Farewell—a word that must be and hath been,
A sound, which makes us linger, yet farewell.
And as the Avon bard sings,
Forever, and forever, Comrades!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made."
"Once more, then Alma Mater, dear halls, each fav'rite spot,
Companions loved, and Teachers kind, that ne'er will be forgot;
Once more with fond affection, deeper than words can tell,
We utter from our swelling hearts, a loving, sad farewell.

J. J. DEKOWSKI, '06.



#### ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL.

#### The 'Varsity Season.

On June 18, the 'Varsity team closed the season of 1906, with a glorious victory over the strong Slippery Rock Normal team. The largeness of the score was a surprise, as the Slippery Rock team has always been one of the fastest in Western Pennsylvania. Kummer established the College record for strike-outs, making seventeen opponents smite the atmosphere. The batting of the whole team was terrific. Six doubles, three home runs and ten singles were secured off the three Normal pitchers. The boys were particularly elated over this victory, as it more than wiped out the defeat suffered at Slippery Rock on June 4. A short review of the games played since the last issue of the Bulletin will perhaps interest our readers.

On Tuesday, May 22, Westminster, fresh from a victory over Waynesburg College, came to Pittsburg. Our nine sent them on their way to Washington, Pa., with a 6 to 2 defeat, as a souvenir of the Smoky City and the institution on the Bluff. Kummer was master of the situation, allowing eight scattered hits. Our boys only

got seven, but they were timely.

On Thursday, May 24, the team visited the hill country of West Virginia, and showed the descendants and followers of Alexander Campbell how to play the national game. Pat White was a puzzle to the Bethanians, and the boys behind him hit the ball in every direction, piling up twenty-one hits and seventeen runs. They made their hosts a present of one run in the ninth inning.

The good hitting which marked the Bethany game was kept up at Wilmerding on May 26, our boys pounding a certain auburn-haired twirler, named Ainsworth, who had a reputation until then for strike-outs, for twenty-two hits in eight innings. The score was 12 to 4, when rain put a stop to the contest. McKeown pitched

a good, heady game in spite of a sore arm.

Beaver Falls always had a strong nine, and this year's was supposed to be exceptionally strong. The 'Varsity spent Decoration Day in the burg, and gave the good folks of the valley a base ball treat. Kummer pitched the morning game, and won with ease 10 to 4. Rimby, the man who opposed him was hit hard and often. The afternoon game went to the home team in the eighth inning, when, with score 4 to 3 in our favor, Pfeiffer knocked a home run with a man on base. It was a pretty game to look at, and the eleven hundred spectators manifested their satisfaction by applauding good plays on both sides. Pat White really outpitched Hagermann, and our boys outhit the Athletics, but what does that signify when the other side outscored us?

On June 2, Bethany College brought a strengthened

On June 2, Bethany College brought a strengthened team to the Bluff. But it was no use. Pat White moved down the batters in one, two, three order, and a very doubtful single was the extent of the visitors'

hitting. The score was 6 to 0.

The trip to Slippery Rock on June 4, was disastrous. Kummer had one bad inning—allowing the Normals enough runs to win the game, 7 to 5. The boys played a fast, clean game, and batted hard, but could not overcome the odds against them. They evened up later on, as we have already seen.

After Slippery Rock had put our boys down—but not out—Charleroi, the leaders in the Monongahela Valley League, jumped on us on June 7. Eddie McKnight, by a clean home run, saved us from a shutout. Score 4 to 1. It was easily the finest game played

on the college campus this year. Charleroi "got the drop" on Kummer this time, but Adam was on the Alert when he faced the magic city aggregation on their own stamping ground on June 14. He let them down with one single and one run—the result of two free passes. The whole team played national league ball—no need to enter into particulars.

The Wabash Athletics were easy on June 16, although a patched-up nine was pitted against them. It was Pat White's last turn in the box, and he landed the game hands down, 12 to 5. Urben, W. White and

Kummer did some hard hitting.

The second Slippery Rock game, mentioned above brought the season to a glorious conclusion.

#### Smoker and Elections.

In the evening after the Slippery Rock game, the members of the team, the Athletic Committee and several invited guests, met in the college parlor and enjoyed a few pleasant hours rehearsing the events of the past season, and forecasting the season of 1907. Father Giblin was unanimously chosen toast-master, and he acquitted himself in his own masterly fashion, interspersing wit and humor amongst his appropriate remarks.

Father Laux was called on as Faculty Manager and President of the Athletic Association, to review the work

of the team.

Manager Duffy and Captain Keating made short speeches, and Howe and McKnight shorter ones still. Walter Urben, Billy White and Adam Kummer preferred to sing. The hit of the evening, musically, was scored by Mr. Michael Relihan in a clever parody on "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke," in which the forms of Kummer, White and the other stars loomed up "hazy, misty, indistinct," to the utter confusion of their rivals.

The election of officers for 1907 resulted as follows: Manager, Mr. J. B. Keating, '07; Assistant Manager, Mr. Fred C. Howe, '09; Captain, Mr. C. A. Duffy, '08. The new officers were lustily cheered. The college letters, P. C., in the shape of handsome silver and enamel college pins were presented to the following members of the team of 1906: Duffy, Keating, Harrell, Kummer, McKnight, Howe, W. White, P. White, McGuigan, Urben, Daschbach, McKeown, Schmoldt.

#### Players' Averages.

The appended batting and fielding averages speak for themselves. We do not know of any college team that can show up as many three hundred batters. The fielding, also, of several is remarkable. McKnight leads the batters with the high percentage of 417 in 18 games. He also leads in home runs. Only the players who took part in five or more games are considered.

	BATTING						FIELDING				
	G.	A.B.	В.	2b.	3b.	H.R.	Pct.	C.	E.	Pet.	
Duffy, 1b	18	60	16	5	0	1	.266	139	7	.949	
Harrell, 3b	15	66	25	3	3	0	.377	79	4	.949	
Howe, m	20	87	31	6	0	0	.356	41	3	.926	
Keating, c & l	19	74	24	7	0	1	.324	29	1	.965	
McGuigan, 2b	11	43	12	1	3	1	.279	52	4	.923	
McKnight, r	18	72	30	10	1	3	.417	21	3	.857	
Schmoldt, 3b	9	32	7	2	0	0	.218	31	4	.871	
Urben, s	14	58	18	4	1	0	.310	62	6	.916	
W. White, c	17	68	24	5	0	0	.353	152	2	.986	
P. White, p	8	33	9	1	0	0	.272	24	1	.958	
Kummer, p	13	40	16	2	0	0	.366	50	6	.880	

#### The Independents.

Though the Independents started rather late in the season, they made a good show and more than held their own with teams of their age. Out of seven games played, they won six and lost one by the narrow margin of 6 to 4

The following is a li	ist	of ·	the	ga	$\mathbf{m}$	es 1	wit	h s	cores:		
I	MA.	y 1	2ті	ī.							
									R.	H.	E.
Bruner A. C P. C. Independents	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	00	4	8
P. C. Independents	7	U	0	1	0	0	1	1	x-10	9	2
MAY 24TH.											
GL M. C. III. J. G.L I	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	R.	Н.	E.
St. Mary's High School P. C. Independents	0	3	3	4	0	1	0	0	0 6	9	11
					0	1	0	4	X-24	23	0
Мау 26тн.											
T Amatama	0	0	0	۸	0	Λ	0	4	R.	Ц.	E.
Lawrenceville Amateurs P. C. Independents	0	4	0	0	2	0	6	4	U— 6	ല വെ	4
							U	1	A-14	20	2
MAY	30T	н—	1st	Ga	me.				T	TT	
Oakdale High School	2	0	1	Λ	9	٥	Ω	٥	R.		
P. C. Independents	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	14	10	A
							~	U	1 1	10	7
MAY 8	SUTI	I—	2nd	Ga	me	•			R. 1	LT 1	177
Oakdale High School	0	2	9	0	1	0	0	0			
Oakdale High School	2	õ	4	0	1	0	2	5	0-14	13	5
z. o. machonacas		0	-	-	-		_	0	0 11.	10	0

#### JUNE 9TH.

									R.	H.	Ε.
Oakdale High School	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0 - 1	2	5
P. C. Independents	6	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	x- 9	8	3

#### JUNE 16TH.

							K.	н.	E.
P. J. Boylans	0	1	1	1	0	0	2-4	4	2
P. C. Independents	0	1	$^{2}$	2	0	0	x-5	8	5

The following composed the Independents:—Doyle, c., Harrigan, Egan and Szabo, p., Cregan, capt. 1st, Hauck, 2nd, Bishop, 3rd, Truxell, l., Creighton, c., Wackermann, r., Kehoe, c. and r., Tucker, mgr., s. s.

#### Tennis.

At last tennis has a strong hold with the students of the college. During May the first tennis court was constructed and a tennis club was formed. Tice Ryan was elected President; Harry Malone, Vice-President, and John Gwyer, Treasurer. The tennis club has just held its first annual tennis tournament, and considering the short time the boys had for practice the playing was wonderful. The winners of the tournament were awarded beautiful prizes. Next season the students will have a team that will defy the best of college teams.

In the singles, first round, Szabo defeated McGraw, 6-2; King defeated Vislet, 6-4; McGrath defeated Malone (by default); T. Laux defeated Ryan, 6-1. Second round, Gwyer defeated S. Laux, 6-0; Szabo defeated King, 6-2; McGrath defeated Lawlor (by default).

Semi-finals—Gwyer defeated Szabo, 6-1; McGrath defeated T. Laux, 6-4.

Finals—McGrath defeated Gwyer, 6-2, 6-2.

In the finals for the double championship McGrath played an excellent game, and he received strong support from his partner, H. Lawlor, but nevertheless they were not able to down Ryan and Gwyer, whose team work and accuracy in returning and placing the ball could puzzle far superior players.

In the doubles Ryan and Gwyer defeated King and McGraw, 6-2; McGrath and Lawlor defeated S. Laux and Malone, 6-1; McGraw and Vislet defeated Szabo and T. Laux, 60; McGrath and Lawlor defeated McGraw and Vislet, 6-4; Ryan and Gwyer defeated McGrath and Lawlor, 6-2, 6-2.

In the finals for single championship both players fought bravely, and were hampered by the poor condition of the court. Gwyer played an excellent game. McGrath's play was characterized by a speedy and powerful delivery.

Gas and Steam Engines
Steam Pumps
Motors and Generators

Electric and Power Pumps Refrigerating Machinery Air Compressors

## N. C. DAVISON CO.

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS

701 EMPIRE BUILDING, PITTSBURG.

JOHN A. SIMON

JOHN J. McDERMOTT

GILDING AND REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

With special permission from his Grace Most Rev. Archbishop P. J. Ryan

JOHN A. SIMON & CO.

Sole Agents for the United Mr. O. TETE, 4 Quai de L'Hopital, States of America for Mr. O. TETE, 4 LYON, FRANCE,

Manufacturer of all Catholic Church Goods.

Room 1036 Drexel Building,

Philadelphia.

### F. W. IMMEKUS

DEALER IN

CARPETS, WALL PAPER, LINOLEUM,

Lace Curtains and Window Shades.

Corner 13th and Carson Streets, Pittsburg.

Bell Phone 157 R Hemlock.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON PAPER HANGING

C. F. HUBER.

D. PATTON, JR.

# OELBERMANN & HUBER, WOOLENS.

1107 Market Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Wittmer & Schoenherr, Nachf., Gera. J. Oelbermann & Hamm, Wepperfurth.



## FINE RAZORS

We have a Well Selected Stock of

Pocket Knives, Shears and Scissors, Key Rings, "Star" Safety Razors, Razor Straps, Carving, Cook and Kitchen Knives, Cork Screws.

Razors and Scissors Ground.

OTTO HELMOLD, 612 Smithfield St.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

INCORPORATED 1903.

## AMERICAN SPIRAL SPRING & MFG CO.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Manufacture Spiral Springs for Coach, Freight and Street Cars. Agricultural Implements, Governors, Machinery and Special Flat Springs of all kinds.

We carry a stock of all sizes of Flat Steel, Brass, Steel, Music and Iron Wire.

Tempered in Oil. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

## John T. Comes.

Architect. Washington Mational Bank Bldg. Dittsburgh. Da. Tel. Grant 2858=TUL.

## F. MARTY & CO.

Bleachers and Refiners of

Manufacturers of

eeswax. 🕂



ANDLES.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.







